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EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDINB.), F.S.A.
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XVI.

✓ CHARLES FITZGEOFFREY'S Poems. (1596, etc.)



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1881.

Chas. Fitzg.
120

XXVIV.

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OF THE
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 No. 2. ~~Principles~~ Principles and some pages have been already

INTRODUCTION.



CHARLES FITZGEOFFREY (or, as the name is sometimes spelled by himself, FITZGEFFREY and FITZJEFFRY) was son of an Alexander Fitzgeoffrey, of Fowey, in Cornwall. Except Anthony a-Wood's conventional phrase that our Poet was of "a genteel Cornish family," nothing hitherto has apparently been told concerning his parentage or descent. It is again my good fortune to be able to add a little. First of all in *Affaniæ*, our Poet thus celebrates his father :

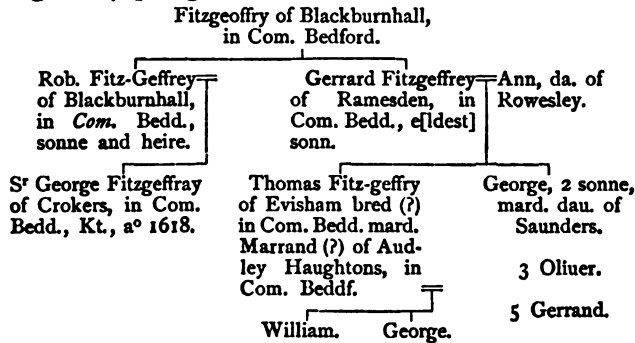
Alexandro Fitzgeofrido Theol.
Patri semper colendiss. defyderatiss.
Marmor viatorem alloquuntur.
Nō defunt mihi verba, deest mihi lingua, viator,
Hanc tu si præstes vel lapis ipse loquar ;
Ne mirere tamen, Pietas et pondus amoris
Muta potest vestris saxa animare sonis.
Credidit exuuias hominis mihi Fitzgeofridvs
Cui dedit induuias Cælitis ipse Deus.
Nascenti dias Bedfordia præbuit auras,
Granta artes, vitam Cornubia, Ipsa necem :
Divitiæ, cupijse nihil ; studium ætheris ardor,
Victus, sobrietas ; nobilitasq: Fides.
At tu, quis quis eris, nisi me sis durior ipso,
Molliter optabis dormiat iste cinis.

(*Cenotophia*, pp. 187-8.)

From this Epitaph (or Cenotaph) several things are clear :

- (a) That the paternal Fitzgeoffrey was also a clergyman ('Theol.').
- (b) That he was educated at Cambridge ('Granta'), and hence, doubtless, his son's lines, 'Ad Amicos Cantab.', in *Affaniæ*.
- (c) That the family originated in Bedfordshire. Now, in

confirmation of this, I find in *Harleian MS.* (1184, f. 212*b*), Visitation of Northampton, 1619, this Fitzgeoffrey pedigree :



The same *MS.* also gives a short pedigree of Northampton Fitzgeoffreys (f. 213*a*).

(*d*) That the father had removed to and died in Cornwall.

These new *data* may yet lead to more 'finds.'

CHARLES was born at Fowey, in 1575. The Parish Registers of the period having disappeared, only the year of birth is known, and that collaterally, from his age on entering the University of Oxford, viz., in 1590. In that year he was of Broadgates Hall, afterwards Pembroke; and the *Fasti* informs us that he proceeded B.A. January 31, 1596, and M.A. on July 4, 1600. While at the University, he won for himself a name as a Latin Poet, more especially as Epigrammatist of the type of his countryman John Owen. A record, and in a way, a justification of his 'famousness,' as such, is found in his *Affaniæ*—of which more anon.

It was while still at the University that he first appeared in print. This was in his celebration of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, which forms the first moiety of our present volume. It must have 'taken,' for within a few months of its publication a second edition was called for and furnished—"Newly printed, with Additions." Agreeably to our 'Note' pre-

fixed to the Poem (page 2), it now falls to us to give these "Additions." At page 5, the verse-dedication is the same. At page 7, the lines 'To the Author,' by Richard Rous, are headed 'To C. F.' At page 8, the sonnet of Francis Rous is the same. Following it comes an English poem by Thomas Mychelborne—also known as a Latin poet, and, along with his brothers and other kindred, often celebrated by our Worthy in the *Affaniæ*—thus :

To C. F.

MAny greate Honours, many a verteous prize
 DRAKE wonne, unto his foemens greate diseafe ;
 And many soules, and ships did sacrificize
 Vnto the irefull Regent of the seas :
 But Tymes hard yron-teeth have worne out thefe :
 He wrate his vertues in the liquid mayne,
 New waves still raising what he wrate in vaine.
 But well haft thou, fayre friend, with stronger quill
 Incarved them in time-rebating brasse ;
 That Fame might through the world resound them still,
 As farre as DRAKES large Sepulcher doth passe,
 That all might knowe how greate his glorie was :
 Well haft thou raught from that infernall lake
 The high deserts of now-immortall DRAKE.
 And well haft thou, by penning forth his story
 In golden lines of Æviterntie,
 Gain'd to thy selfe a like immortall glory :
 O goodly meede to learnings votarie !
 O sacred force of tongue-tun'd melodie !
 Whose sugred words can force the dead to rise,
 The living save, and both immortallize.

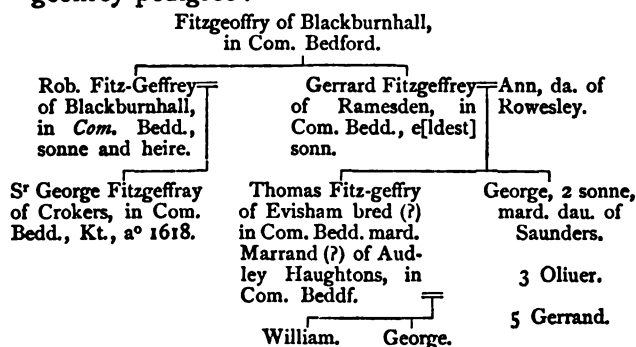
Thomas Mychelborne.

At page 9, 'Authour' is spelled 'Author,' and the signature instead of D. W. is 'Diag. Vvh.' The Latin Hexameters of Mychelborne, on pp. 11, 12, are not in the new edition, but after the stanzas on page 9, is the following :

AD DRACVM.

WEste not greate Alexander, worthy DRAKE,
 Because Fames herauld (*Homer*) liv'd before thee ;
 Lo, *Homer* liveth, thee alive to make,
 Restor'd to life, to life for to restore thee,
 And for thy vertues, cause the world t'adore thee :

confirmation of this, I find in *Harleian MS.* (1184, f. 212*b*), Visitation of Northampton, 1619, this Fitzgeoffrey pedigree :



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He living cauf'd dead *Orpheus* image sweate,
But *Orpheus* image lives, and gives thee heate.

Matchlesse he cals thee ; true : yet he hath matcht thee,
Suting thy royall acts with royall verfe :
By sea, by land, at every turne he watcht thee :
What hast thou done that he doth not rehearse,
With all thy vertues flowres t'adorne thy hearfe ?
And maugre Envi's guts, gainst tales untrue
Of lying *Mercury*, gives thy Fame her due.

Featellie, and well his pen befits thy hand ;
His muse befeemes thy *Mars*, thy minde his sp'rite ;
By thee his praise, by him thy praises stand ;
Thy sewell, his flame, his glasse thy face makes bright.
As colours actuated are by light :

Two names I finde, I knowe not which to take,
Wheth'r *DRAKES Fits-geffrey*, or *Fits-geffrey's DRAKE*.

Worthies, proceede, let Poets blaze your name :
Poet, proceede fuch worthies so to raise :
Mercury, spoile not our Worthies of their fame :
Momus, detract not from our Poets praise :
Reader beware the fault of these rash daies ;
Suspend thy verdite, censure not in hast,
But ere thou iudge the first, first reade the last.
Ty. Co.

There succeeds, an 'Epistle to the Reader,' thus :

To the Reader.

C^Vrteous or captious Reader (Whether, I know not, because I heare thee not reade, nor reading censure) of custome, rather then occasion, permit me to detaine thine eies awhile with the surveying of these few superfluous lines, ere thou farther devise them on this impolished Poeme. If any faulte were committed, because in the first edition this was omitted ; impute it rather to timiditie, in too little daring, then to temeritie, in too much presuming on thy clemencie ; choosing rather to omitt some thing that might adorne, then commit any thing that might offend. But now more animated by the curtesies of the ingenuous, then amated with the cavils of the iniurious and also provoked rather then perswaded by the Printer to a seconde impression, I haue imboldned my selfe to present it againe to the eie of the world, presuming no farther then before on thy patience, saue with this epistles admonitions,

and some few other additions : these, thine owne sagacitie will smell out quicklie, the other, I will here set downe (as I may) succinctlie. First I deprecate the note of improvident, if not impudent audacitie, in that I, who never slept in *Parnassus* with *Hesiod*, nether (with the Satyrift) euer liquorisht my chamfred lips with the pure Christalline *Aganippe*, should take on me (especiallie in this golden age of Poetry) to bring Owles to *Athens*, Crocodiles to *Nilus*, and Swans to *Thames*, whose *Castalian* bankes are embordered with more Muses than *Helicon*, more *Graces* than *Greece*, more admirable conceited Poets, then the flourishing age of *Augustus* ; and if I needes must bee doing, that I should thus audaciously adventure at first on this loftie subiect of that euer-highly but neuer-sufficiently honored & admired S. F. DRAKE, of whom the best cannot write too loftilie, nor the loftiest too worthily, nor the worthiest sufficiently, who better deserveth a *Homer* then *Achilles*, a *Virgil* then *Aeneas*, an *Ennius* then the great *African*, and woulde not rather begin with a gnat, as *Virgil* did; or the battle of frogs; as *Homer* did, or with some amorous preludiate preambles, as *Ennius* did ; as the Falcon doth

First flagge a while her fluttering wings beneath
Till the her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

These suspicions of temeritie I intreat the indifferēt Reader not to impute unto me. For I write not volūtarily, but fatally; neither did I seeke occasion, but occasion sought me; and seeking (when it could no other) found me; and finding (when none beside would) enforced me to adventure on a matter so far beyond my feeble capacite.

Ecce tacent omnes, Nervole dic aliquid.

Well could I wish (if in so wishing I did well) that this larum-bell of death and destruction had not so suddenlie and sorrowfullie sounded that shrill peale of horror and desolation in the harts of all true harted *English*, where-with if now I had not awaked I might have slept securelie in the close Cabinet of silence longer then *Endimion* or *Epimimides*. But now seeing necessitie urgeth so extremelie, that either I must seeme culpable of presumption or vertuely drownnd in the *Lethe* of oblivion, I (mindfull of the *Lacedemonian*, who, when he had betrothed a wife of small stature, saide menlie, of evils the least is to be chosen) thought it best

When better choices were not to be had,
Of force to chuse the seeming best of bad.

Farther I admonish, or rather entreate thee (curteous reader), not preiudicatelie to subscribe to the censures of the captious *Zoilist*, of whome I may truly say that a country-man of ours untruely said of that revered *Erasmus*, *Quantum gloriæ detraxerit aliis, tantum ad se-accessisse putat*. He saith it wanteth method, and therefore is not compendious, it is obscure, and therefore tedious, full of fixions, and therefore ridiculous,

With such poore crimes as shew his spite is founde,
And yet bewray his matter wanteth ground.

But I cannot stand to make an Apologie, therefore I leave him to his follie, and my Muse to her fortune. I have prefixed some few verses out of sūdry late Latine Poets (who have worthilie mētioned this our Worthie in their writings), partlie to supplie the superfluitie of vacant paper, partlie to upbraide our *English-men*, whose negligence hath left him unremēbred. And thus (kinde and curteous) as the poorer of the *Spartans* brought their young childrē unto their *Yefche* (a publique place among them ordeined to that purpose), where the towardest were bought up and brought up, the rest reiected and cast out : so I, an impotent parent to mayntaine my infant, present him to your publique view ; if he seem amiable, affect him, if he prove toward, protect him, if he dislike, reiect him, so may you save that should be wasted, he wāder as a vagabound, I grieue that I begat an outcast, and cease hereafter to bring forth any more such improfitable ympes.

Broade-Gates. Novemb. 17. 1596.

C. F.

The Epistle is succeeded by these Latin tributes.

Nicholaus Eleutherius in Triumphal. &c.

Fortunate DRACO, nunquam tua fama fatiscet,
Nunquam honor arefcet, laurus ceu Delia nunquam
Frondebis absistit proprium servare vigorem :
Æternūm vives ; exesa teredine pinus
Vt tandē penitus longinquo marceat avo :
Tu pelagi Deus alter eris : Fas, maxima Tethys
Vnam Nereidum tibi despondere laborat.

Id. ibid. ad Sereniss. Regin. Angl.

Ignivomum opponis præcincta classe DRACONEM
Velivoli scitum salis, Oceanig. viarum :
Leucothoe lato sequitur quem prospera vultu,
Frondebis Aoniis crines incincta decoros :
Enantem Thameſi cycni comitantur ovantes,
Caruleus Triton concham intonat ore canoro.

*Testatur hoc finus minoris Adria,
 Testantur hoc & Cyclades :
 Euxini Neptune & Tomitani salis
 Neptune, tibi isthaec nota sunt.
 Nosces DRACONEM Hispanae, nosces Anglicos
 Animas, & invictas manus :
 En fortis urget te DRACO, tibi
 En obicit robur virum :
 Tede catenis illigabit, te DRACO
 Damnabit atro carcere.
 Quae tu minatus es Britannis vincula,
 Haec ipse victus indues.*

Ioh. Tolmerus in Naumachia.

*DRAKIVS irrumpens horrendum fulminat armis ;
 DRAKIVS insignis bello, quem expertus Iberus
 Saepius, atq. Indus, domiti quem debita mundi
 Alterius caelo sublimem gloria collit.*

Th. Watsonus Londin. Amint. Gaud :
 Epist. 5.

*Ille DRACVS, lacero qui ditia pondera liguo
 Imponit Thamefi.
 Hac serè sunt quae de DRACO nostro
 apud exoticos poetas
 legimus.*

So far as the text of the poem is concerned, there seem merely slight changes in the spelling of certain words, *e.g.*, in the verse-dedication, l. 1, for 'divorced' reads 'divorc'd'; l. 2, for 'loue' correctly prints 'Love'; l. 4, for 'her make' reads 'his make'; l. 6, for 'wise-mans' reads 'Wise-mans'; and l. 10, for 'Muse' punctuates 'Muse.'. So on page 9, l. 7, for 'Waye,' punctuates 'Waye:.'; l. 9, for 'duell,' punctuates ';;'; l. 11, for 'Vnto' prints 'Ynto'; l. 13, for 'Time' punctuates comma; l. 14, for 'her power' reads 'his power'. It were waste of pains to note further such variations.* But at end of page 103, after "our owne mishap, not his," and before "This and," &c., there is this new insertion :

The fairest plot in all th' *Elysian* field,
 By *Joues* commaund, is unto him assign'd ;

* 'slacke' (p. 64, l. 10) and 'blooming' (p. 89, l. 12), if misprints, are left uncorrected still in the 2nd edn. ; but it is 'enjoy'd' in 2nd edn. (p. 48, l. 6).

to reproduce the whole. But having gone over the entire volume critically, I have gleaned such as commend themselves from the names illumined by them. I feel assured that my Selection will be more acceptable than a complete Collection would have been.

The great name of Sir Philip Sidney first of all arrests attention :

DE PHILIPPO SYDNÆO

Equite Aurato, Poeta incomparabili
Pastor, Arator, Eques cecinit *Maro*, celsior illo
Sydnæus cecinit, Pastor, Amator, Eques. (lib. ii. p. 55.)

In Arcadiam Ipsius.

Arcadia, Arcadiaq; pecus, pecudifq; magistri,
Atq; Magistrarū est dum tibi carmen amor ;
Cuncta hæc qui stupidus non admirabitur, illum
Arcadicum possim dicere iure *pecus*. (ibid.)

Next comes Daniel and Drayton :

AD SAMVELEM DANIELVM.

Spenserum si quis nostrum velit esse *Maronem*,
Tu DAN'IELE mihi *Naso* Britannus eris.
Sin illum potius *Phæbum* velit esse Britannum
Tum DANIELE mihi tu *Maro* noster eris.
Nil *I'habo* vltcrius ; si quid foret, illud haberet
Spenserus, *Phæbus* tu *Daniele* fores.
Qulppe loqui *Phæbus* cuperet si more Britanno
Haud scio quo poterat, ni velit ore tuo. (lib. ii. p. 47.)

AD MICAELEM DRAYTONIVM.

Quæ mihi mellitis blanditur fama susurris,
Et lepidis aureis influit illecebris ?
Draytonium (at quem, *Phæbe* virum !) ludibria rerū
Carmina, ludibrio non habuisse, mea ?
Nec modo (quod magnum est) non irrississe, sed illa,
Legisse, et limâ lecta probasse suâ.
Majus adhuc, laudasse palam, dixisse poetam,
Atq; hæc *Daphnæis* tempora digna comis.
Maximū adhuc tacui ; quin & me provocat vltro,
Invisumq; suâ dñat amicitia !
Credimus hæc fatui ? quid non meus credit Arnātū ?
Inq; ea quæ cupinus credula turba sumus.
Nunc ego næ vere placeo mihi, nam pudor, illud
Displicuisse mihi, quod tibi, *Magne*, placet.

Illa dramata, teq ; condidisse
 Sese non modò confcio, at iuvante :
 Vndè ergò sibi PLAVTVS illa tandem
 Nactus exhibuit *Iovi* Deisq ; ?
Maia filius, en, nepos *Athlantis*
 Pennatus celeres pedes, at vngues
 Viscatus, volucer puer, vaferq ;
 Furto condere quidlibet iocofo,
 Vt quondam facibus fuis *Amorem*
 Per ludos viduavit & pharetrâ,
 Sic nuper (siquidè Solet frequenter
 Tecum ludere, plaudere, & iocari)
 Neglectas tibi clepfit has papyrus
 Secumq ; ad superos abire iussit :
 Iam victus tacco pudore, vincis
 Phæbo iudice, IONSONI, & patrono. (lib. ii. pp. 60-1.)

Again :

AD IOSHVAM SYLVESTERVM.

Gulielmi Salustij genuinum interpretem.

Fare agè, divini cultissima lingua SALVSTI,
 SYLVESTER, *Clarij* ceu fuit ille *Dei*,
 Elyfii quâ parte iugi convenerat, & te
 Edocuit sensus & sua verba *senex* ?
 An magè corporeâ *Herois* compage soluta
 In te Anima Elyfium fecerat ipsa sibi ?
 Credo equidem, & *Samij* rata dogmata sunt *senis* vnde,
 Non translata mihi, sed genuina canis.
 Quin & posteritas si pagina prima taceret
 Interpres dubitet Tunc vel Ille fiet.
 (*ibid.* p. 61 ; cf. Works of Sylv., C. W. Library, i. 12.)

Once more, Meres and Campion :

AD FRANCISCVM MERESIVM.

Theolog. Et Poetam.

Tenè etiam nostras apinas legisse *Meresi*,
 Et nugas aliquid fortè putasse meas ?
 Meq ; Poetarum postremū, si modò quenquâ
 In non postrema classe locasse tamen ?
 Iam deplorati palmam preciumq ; laboris,
 Cùm tibi non videar displicuisse, fero.
 Ergo triumphales ausim deposcere currus,
 Ite meas circum laurea ferta comas :

Quandoquidem qui *Ficq's Phoeby*, probatur
Me probat, et laura haec tempora digna putat.
Cur ego quid nullius plebis suffragia censem,
Dum me *Patricij Consul* et ipse probet? (Act. II. p. 62.)

AD THOMAM CAMPANVM, P.
 Cordula mi cordi est, *Thomas*, tui *Miles* meli,
 Inde mochi mihi et lachrymarum sile; *mochi*.
 Nefas: quid melius tu dux tui *Miles*, vates
 Hoc scis me excoarct *Cordula* nostra facit.
 (lib. i. 2. 26; et ibid. 2. 26.)

Important as setting that Nash was dead in 1951:

TELETYPE UNIT

Quam Mater cunctum Iam impendit lacrimis,
 Triplex lignis exstinguitur ara sacris;
 Et cunctum iuncti ingemunt circumdantibus
 Filium hunc prius matris viscera matris,
 Mox Iam agnoscitur matrem ante; necesse est
 Ante ea se vultu ante impia vultu.
 Ca i se cunctis pariter et ingens fuit,
 Iam pariter matrem ante matrem matrem.

Сот Стромантис ије Мачеда :

CONCLUSIONS

3-17-2000

THEIR ZEPHYRUS

Summary:

~~James Earl Ray~~ ~~James Earl Ray~~ ~~James Earl Ray~~ ~~James Earl Ray~~ ~~James Earl Ray~~

The machine is a very simple one, and is made of
 brass and steel. It is very light and portable, and is
 very easy to use. It is very accurate, and is very
 reliable. It is very cheap, and is very popular.

1. Suppose you were writing a letter to a friend
 2. about the importance of being a good citizen.

**WARNING: THIS BOOK IS NOT
TO BE LOANED TO ANY OTHER**

SECTION 1011, CHAPTER 1, THE ILL.
 CIVIL SERVICE LAW, PROVIDES THAT ANY PERSON
 WHO VIOLATES IT SHALL BE DEEMED TO BE IN VIOLATION OF THE ILL.

Is 3-2000

RESEARCH WITH THE FIRM

~~SECRET~~ ~~SECRET~~

Import and Export Tax

~~Incident 100~~

Ad amicum Tullianum
Chamære natus est Hyblæm.
Spectantem exibat hic, Chamære state prius
Inferior, tumulo proximus, ara prior. (ibid.)

Next, we are glad to meet with merry Dick Tarlton :

RICHARDO TARLTONO.

Conspicienda arripe portus daret oro Theatre
Tarltonas leporem non sine dense caput,
 Spectantem horridum coram incant omne carchæno
 Antiqui & planities sua suprema Iovis.
 Attoniti frangere Poë stagnare polorum
 Indigere indigites corinthiæ; cohors.
 Hauriri ergo nos omnes TARLTONO lepores
 Elysi in terras valle redire parant.
 Id metuas, ne fors deserti IYSTER nulli
Bellerophonæ transgat viq; dies,
 Ha ! crudele tibi scelus imperat *Atropos*, et tu
 TARLTONVM ad *Plures* insidiola rapis.
 Quod nisi tu peteres superos *Tarltonas*, petissent
 Te superi, at blandos confusa turba jocos. (ibid., pp. 194-5.)

Again — the patriot Pym :

Ad IOANNEM PIM.

Phæbi delitæ, lepos puelli,
I'eri dextime ocelle, ocelle *Carli*,
 Mellitissime IANE PIMME, qui res
 Absentis CAROLI tui fodalis
 Procuras adeo fidele curâ
 Vt quisquam haud pote sit fideliori,
 Quantumvis pater aut patronus effet.
 Aut, majus loquor, ipse *I'erus* esset ;
 En gratus tibi res tuas remitto,
 Quas gratans mihi mutuas de disti :
 Cumq; illis totidem remitto grates,
 Quot in te radij eruditionis,
 Virtutum quoq; stellulæ nitescunt,
 Si grates modò tot potestur vilis
 Fando farier, assequi putando.
 Verum adhuc habeo atq; habeo semper
 Vnum à te mihi mutuum ; Tuum Cor :
 Tuq; habes simul atq; habeto semper,
 Vnum à me tibi mutuum ; Meum Cor :
 O in secula longa vterq; seruet
 Hoc suum sibi mutuum fodalis,
 CARLI PIMMVLS, illiusq; CARLVS. (lib. iii, pp. 131-2.)

Looking back upon these representative examples of the Epigrams and Epitaphs of the *Affaniæ*, I have deemed it well that a few of them should 'speak English' for the benefit of the 'general Reader,' as follow :

I. TO SAMUEL DANIEL.

If one in Spenser would our Virgil see,
Our British Ovid, Daniel thou shalt be :
If him our British Phœbus he would name,
Then Daniel for our Virgil I would claim :
Could aught beat Phœbus, that were Spenser's due,
And for our Phœbus, Daniel I crown you :
Would Phœbus wish to sing in British speech,
Beyond our Daniel's tongue he could not reach.

2. TO A LETTER SENT TO ME BY JOHN DEBILL.

Dear letter, dearest writing of my friend,
His soul's true messenger, with wisdom penn'd ;
More dear than can be told, come, give me leave,
A thousand kisses from my lips receive.
I eye the cover, joy my name to view,
Then with quick hand the waxen bonds undo :
I eye the sheet, my friend's dear name I see,
My heart within me beats tumultuously.
From top to bottom love fills all the lines,
Read ten times o'er, it pleases and it shines.
O precious paper, dropping purest myrrh,
From my fond bosom never shalt thou stir :
My hands, my eyes—touched, pondered—thou hast blessed,
Now glad my heart, O Letter, as its guest.

3. TO BEN JONSON.

(Hendecasyllabics.

Jonson, I call thee, come thou forth to justice,
I'm here to drag thee to the bar of Phœbus,
Guilty of stealing and of wicked thieving,
All the nine Muses sitting by in circle.
Know then that certain plays of wondrous beauty,
Which in the shade of an Elysian rose-bed,
Plautus most merry of the choir of poets
Lately composed, and to the gods recited
On starry seats, all sitting round to listen,
Moving to peals of laughter the Eternals,
And drawing smiles from Jupiter's grim visage.
Each pole of heaven thundering with applauses.

These plays, I say then — plays so wondrous clever,

Thou stolest basely while the gods were busy,
 And now proceedest as thine own to vend them :
 Jonson, to justice come thou forth—I call thee !
 Lo, to defend thee, King and father Phœbus
 Rises at once, O Jonson, and before all
 Bears solemn witness that indeed thine own were
 These famous plays, and that thou didst compose them,
 Himself being privy to them and assisting.
 Whence then, I pray, did Plautus having got them,
 Read them aloud to Jove and the Eternals ?
 Lo, Maia's son and Atlas clever grandson,
 Wings on his swift feet, on his fingers birdlime,
 Mercury, sharp boy, and a very rascal,
 Aught to conceal with merry theft and laughter ;
 As once before, when love of his own torches
 He deftly stripped, and robbed him of his quiver,
 So, lately (since he often is accustomed
 With thee to play, and clap his hands, and crack jokes),
 From thee he stole these scattered sheets of paper,
 And bade them mount up with him to the Heavenlies.
 Now, put to shame, I'm silent, thou dost conquer,
 O Jonson, Phœbus being thy judge and patron !

4. TO JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

The true Interpreter of William Salust.
 Come say, O cultured tongue of Salust rare,
 Sylvester, or was't Phœbus speaking there ?
 On what Elysian height the old man stood
 And gave to thee the sense and words he would ?
 Or had his soul, from mortal cage set free,
 Made its Elysium in the heart of thee :
 Yes, and Pythagoras teaching is made clear,
 Your own and not another's words are here :
 And future men—the title page-torn out—
 If you or he translator were, might doubt.

5. TO THOMAS NASH.

When Death obeying Jove's commandment came
 To seize on Nash, and quench his vital flame,
 First his sharp pen, and formidable tongue,
 (Twin light'nings) from the youth with craft he wrung ;
 Then rushes on the bare and unarmed foe,
 And o'er the vanquished poet triumphs so.
 But if his tongue and pen had but been nigh,
 Death would himself have feared that he must die.

6. TO HOMER.

Translated from Greece to Britain by George Chapman.

O Smyrna, Chios - all ye wrangling seven,
A limit to your old disputes be given ;
For your great Homer's birthplace fight no more,
He finds a country now on England's shore.
Britons to him their public honours give,
Henceforth their fellow-citizen to live.
Chapman, we owe this citizen to you,
To you he owns his fatherland is due.
Whom Phoebus and the Muses ne'er forsake,
With you alone a constant home he'll make.

(1.)

7. TO EDMUND SPENSER.

Our Virgil in Dan Chaucer dost thou see?
Badly ! if aught can badly come from thee :
Chaucer our Ennius, thou our Virgil be !

(2.)

8. FOR EDMUND SPENSER.

A Cenotaph.

While England of her poet proudly boasts,
And singly challenges the world's wide coasts,
And thou, O Tasso, tacitly dost yield,
And men see Barlas, worsted, quit the field,
And Ariosto's lips in silence sealed ;
Not only o'er the earth does Envy reign
But scorns the heavens and puts the gods to pain :
From thee thy poet Spenser, he, they snatch,
England, because his still they cannot snatch.
Great bard, for thee our realms of earth have striven,
Thy rivals are the very gods of heaven.

9. FOR THE TOMB OF SPENSER.

Next to Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

Spenser lies here, who after Chaucer comes
His age, in man's comparison, not surpasses.

10. TO RICHARD TAYLOR

Left in the theatre as Taylor's face
Was seen, instead with accident as with grace.

A thundrous roar of laughter straight arose
 From all who saw, and shook the sky's repose ;
 The heavens were all astonished and the host
 Of native deities who crowd heaven's coast.
 To enjoy the pleasantries they all prepare,
 Tarlton, to quit for earth the elysian air.
 Jove, fearing lest his halls being vacant made,
 His lonesome days should pass in lowering shade.
 A cruel crime he wreaks upon thy head :
 The treacherous Fury bids thee join the Dead.
 But if thou hadst not sought the gods on high,
 The gods to seek thee would have left the sky,
 Circling thy gracious jocularity !

Cf., though in another vein, on the penultimate line,
 Richard Crashaw on the ascension of our Lord :

"Tis vain : since Thou acendest not on high,
 To Thee, O Christ, descends the very sky."

(Vol. ii. p. 160, Fuller Worthies' Library edition.)

It does not appear in any of the county-histories (*e.g.*, Davies Gilbert's) when our Worthy was given 'orders' as a Clergyman, or when he was 'presented' to the 'living' of St. Dominic in his native county, or whether this was his first and only benefice. We learn from his sermon on the death of Sir Anthony Rous, that it was to him he owed the 'presentation' to St. Dominic. Richard Rous was a fellow student at the University, and his 'callow Muse' inspired him to pay verse-praise before "Sir Francis Drake," as did also the more famous 'Francis Rous'—whose version of the Psalms has got somehow to be known as the 'Scotch Psalms,' albeit not one syllable of them was written by a Scot, any more than the 'Westminster Confession of Faith,' that is known as the 'Scotch Confession,' was the composition of Scots.*

The parish of St. Dominic is a picturesquely situated one, corresponding in part with our Poet's birth-place of Fowey. It is "situate in the hundred of Eastwellshire, and hath upon the North, Calstock ; east, the Tamar river ; south, part of Landulph ; west, St. Mellen." So writeth "Mr. Hals" in

Davies Gilbert's *Parochial History of Cornwall*, (4 vols. 8vo, 1838). There is disputation as to the origin of the name of the parish. "Mr Hals" thus puts it — "For the modern name of this parish and church, it is derived from St. Dominick the monk of Spain, presidual saint and tutelar guardian of this church, who instituted that religious order of men called *Ordo Prædicatorum*, or the order of Preaching Monks or Friars, (who taught the Gospel without hire or reward, except what was given them of charity or alms, as the Franciscans did): he flourished anno Dom. 1215." Against this—being inflamed at the idea of the Founder of the Inquisition being the patron-saint of the parish, "Mr. Tonkin" writes — "I believe this parish does not derive its name from St. Dominic de Gusman the first author of that barbarous tribunal the Inquisition, the name being anterior to him; but from that of a female patroness, *Sancta Dominica*: for in the *Taxatio Beneficiarum* A.D. 1291, it is called 'Ecclesia Sanctæ Dominicæ'. The editor of the Hals and Tonkin MSS. adds—"I believe that St. Dominica must be sought for in the same Canon with St. Veronica and St. Kurie Eleeson." Granted; but none the less is it historic fact that churches were dedicated to 'St. Dominica,' as witness the *Iter Lancastrense* of RICHARD JAMES, B.D.†:

— I from Wickham, if he be not nesh,
Will fetch Saint Sunday to make vp a lesh
Of retrivd Saints; and George for Sunday stand
Or els he feares y^e strong Maypolian band (ll. 345-48).

I for one am willing to believe "Mr. Tonkin" rather than "Mr. Hals" in this instance was right.

The Parish "at the time of Domesday Roll, 20 William I., 1087, was taxed under the name of Halton." But in the

* In the *Affanie* (lib. 5, pp. 167-8) is an address, 'Ad Amicos Oxonienses' in which the Rouses are honoured, and elsewhere in the same collection. So the Mychelbournes *frequenter*. He has a kindred poem, 'Ad Amicos Cantab. (pp. 171-2.)

† Poems, &c., by Richard James, B.D., edited by me, 1 vol. 4to, 1879—and see relative note.

"Inquisition of the Bishops of Lincoln and Winchester, 1294," it is designated "Ecclesia Sancti Dominici, in Decanatu de Estwellshire," being then "rated to first-fruits or annats iij^{li} vjs viij^d." The older name 'Halton' denoted either "a town notable for a hall, or a moor-town," according to "Mr. Hals."

It was a covetable residence to which Charles Fitzgeoffrey was 'presented.' The inhabitants were few and of 'good report.' There were in the immediate neighbourhood cultured and bookish 'University' men. Altogether I do not doubt that as our Worthy seems to have been a "Priest of the Temple" very much after the ideal of George Herbert, he was happy enough in his village cure.

The kind of Preacher he was is revealed by a number of 'published' Sermons. I have read them all, in rare exemplars. It may prove of interest to some to learn more about them. They are fully and admirably registered in the "Bibliotheca Cornubiensis" of Boase and Courtney (2 vols. royal 8vo, 1874), and thither I refer the student-reader for all details that possibly can be wished.

The first Sermon was a funeral-one for "the religious Ladie Philippe, late wife vnto the Right Worshipfull Sr Anthonie Rous of Halton in Cornwall, Knight," 1620. It is entitled "Deaths Sermon Vnto the Liuing." Its text is Ecclesiastes vii. 2. "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to heart." As Lady Rous was mother-in-law of the illustrious JOHN PYM — of whom every slightest memorial is to be gathered as one would grain of gold — the sermon is dedicated to him; and every one will be pleased to read the somewhat noticeable Epistle-dedicatory. It is as follows:

TO MY MOST HONOVRED FRIEND, IOHN PYM ESQUIRE:

Grace, Mercy and Peace.

SIR

I Present you here with that whereat you could not bee present, your dearest Mothers Funerall. A labour which I could willingly haue spared, if God

had been so pleased. But seeing the great Disposer hath otherwise decreed, I gladly publish what I sorrowfully preached. Neyther will I vie that trimiall Apologie for this Publication, *The importunitie of Friends*. I confesse mine ambition to divalge my obsequance of that House to which I owe my best endeaours, that the World may see that my worthy Patron hath conferred his free favours on him who is therefore not altogether unworthy, because not vnthankfull. What his religious care receivd with some comfort, I here offer to your iudicious eye; that as you are interestd in the same sorrowes, so you may bee partaker of the same Comforts. Poore, I confesse, are these of mine to those rich ones which the rare Gifts of Nature and Grace affoord to your selfe; yet herein I would haue you symbolize with the Great Ones of this World, Who although they possesse whole Cities and Kingdomes, will yet accept an offer of a few acres.

You may well take vp the complaint of the Patheticall Prophet, *I am the man that haue seene affliction*; A great affliction first in being deprived of a most louing, holy, helpfull Wife; whose Learning rare in that sexe, whose Vertues rarer in this Age, whose Religion, the rarest Ornament of all the rest, could not chuse but leuell the sorrow of losing her with the former comfort of enjoying her. This Croffe is now seconded with the losse of a deare Mother, and such a Mother as was worthy that Sonne, who was worthy such a Wife. With the Prophets complaint, I doubt not but you also take vp his Comfort, *It is good for a man that he beare the yoke in his youth*. And as Saint Hierome saith, that the zealous *Saluina* did by her deare *Nebrius*, whom shee lost in her youth, so I hope you doe by your deare *Saluina* and deare Mother, turne the greatnesse of Orbitie into a greater occasion of Pietie, so grieving for their absence from you, as reioicing that they are present with Christ.

I haue fairly gained by this Publication, if hereby you take notice of my thankfulnesse to your selfe, the world of my seruiceablenesse to my Patron. If God shall conferre a farther blessing (as commonly hee doeth in all good attempts) that as some receiued comfort in hearing, so many may bee edified by reading these my weake Endeauours: this I shall esteeme my happinesse. In this hope, bequeathing the successe to him who is able to doe aboue all that wee can doe or thinke, your selfe to his chiefeest blessing, my best affections to your worthy selfe, remaineth

Yours in all Christian loue and duty,

CHARLES FITZ-GEFFRY.

The Sermon itself is a pathetic and suggestive one, but I have only happed on these grains of thought in any way noticeable—"As the former booke of Salomon is called his *Prouerbs*; so this of Ecclesiastes may be called his *Paradoxes*" (p. 1). Again: "Wee haue knowne some who have liued well, many who have liued ill, but none who have liued still" (p. 8). Once more: "The end is the crown of the whole

work and the last act (if any) carrieth away the applause. If the end be well, then all is well ; true, but this is most certaine, that life shall end well that is well ledde. The men of this world make their life like an Epigram, which if it be closed vp with a good strain at last, passeth for currant, how loose soever all the verses were that went before" (p. 29).

A second funeral sermon was for the ' Knight ' of the ' fair Lady ' already ' preached ' of, and it is entitled, " Elisha His Lamentation, for his Owne, and all Israel's losse, in Elijah. The subiect of a fermon preached at the Funerall of the Right Worshipfull Sir Anthony Rofs, late of Halton in Cornwall, Knight " 1622. The text is 2 Kings ii. 12, " And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father ! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." This sermon is of the same kind with the former. He thus quaintly apologizes for delay in publication : " When the Ilian ambassadours came somewhat late to comfort Tiberius for the death of his sonne Drusus, the old Fox deriding their slow officiousnesse, answered that he likewise condoled their case in loosing their worthy citizen Hector, who died aboue a thousand years before. Better entertainment doth Elisha his Lamentation hope for at your hand, though it have layen buried now a yeare in my deske, since the funerall of your religiovs grandfather. I hoped to have sent forth with him that other starre of our West, whom God removed from vs but foure days before him [M[aster] Carew of Antony]. But failing of that hope for the present, I now promise this, to make way for the other, and some more to succeed shortly, if God grant life and leisure". The division of the text is terse :

1. Appellation, ' Father '.
2. Appropriation, ' *My* father '.
3. Iteration or ingemination, ' *My* father, *my* father '.

These *bits* may serve for further specimens :

1. *Hard Rich Men*. " The byas of Bloud, carrieth away our affection from the right marke, the grace of God in his saints. Even when men leave the world, the worldly corruption leaveth not them ; they will

rather leave all to a reprobate, a roarer, a sonne of Belial, then in their wills insert the least legacie to a saint, or bequeath so much as their mantle to some Elisha, who, if they were saints themselves, is more neerely allyed vnto them by grace." (p. 10.)

2. *Unsuspicious praise.* "The best praising is at parting, as here Elisha doth by Elijah; for then is praise freest from suspicion of flattery, none supposed to be so base as to fawne upon the dead; also then we are sure that we praise a man safely when we are sure that he is in safety." (p. 31.)
3. *Before and after.* "Before His Passion, when Hee had done a miracle Hee gave this charge, See ye tell it to no man; after His Resurrection, Hee gave the commission Go ye into all the world." (p. 32.)
4. *Remembrance of 1:31.* "These drive away more dangers then our Fleet in eighte eight, and import more commodities then ever the Carricks, or the East Indian Adventurers brought into the Land." (p. 37.)
5. *Personal regard.* "Ever since he made choice of mee freely with this place to be mine him by himselfe, a father he hath become in love and affection not so much a parent as a father. Pardon me therefore if I seeme somewhat exuberant in complimenting or commendation. It is not my custom but I never spoke at the funeral of a father such a father before." p. 38.
6. *How to do with Father.* "He had learned how to make the camel passe through the needles eye, namely by taking off the burth of the backe the superfluous load of riches and by being as the camels and immediately do it in the proper way, first good and hence with the Lord. Jesus c. 1. He knew that riches would take themselves wings and flye into the ayre. To prevent that he made or gave them some wings the wings of a dove."

that they might flie higher, namely, into heauen." (p. 46.)

7. *Old Age.* "He is carried to his grave like a ricke of corne, not mowed down before his time." (p. 49.)

A much more memorable Sermon comes next, viz :

"The curse of Corne-horders: with the blessing of reasonable selling. In three Sermons on Proverbs, 11, 26. Begun at the general Sessions for the County of Cornwall, held at Bodmyn, and continued at Fowy." 1631.

This Sermon is dedicated to Sir Reginald Mohune, and he assumes a high tone: "In the Dedication I crave not patronage but onely acceptance." He is fearless and drastic, with touches of odd sardonic humour, in his rebukes of the Corne-hoarders in the midst of local and national famine. "As Quailles" says he, "grow fat with hemlocke, which is polson to other creatures, so these grow full by dearth, which is the famishing of others" (p. 7). He enumerates, "1, The greedy Farmer; 2, The couetous Merchant; 3, The cunning Huckster, or Badger as they are called" (p. 11). In opposing wholesale dealings, he charges, "Breake thy bread to the hungry." Why? "To set a whole loafe before a childe who hath neither strength to breake, nor knife to cut, is not to feed him, but to famish him" (p. 22). Then as Thomas Fuller might have written, "A bad bargaine (bare-gaine it may well be called) to buy the curses of God and man" (p. 13). Here is a graphic saying, "double toil and trouble, first to get a little money for corne and then to get a little corne for money" (p. 37). Nor is this less Fullerian, "I have heard strange language from some of their lips: the markets are worse furnished and the price of corne more risen, since the Justices have been so industrious. Strange inferences! Just like Tinterton steeple the cause of Goodwin sands" (p. 48). A singular woodcut adorns the title-page.

Still more noticeable Sermons are the following: "Com-

passion Towards Captives, Chiefly Towards our Bretheren and Country-men who are in miserable bondage in Barbarie. Vrged and penned in three Sermons. On Heb. 13, 3, Preached in Plymouth, in October, 1636.....Whereunto are annexed an Epistle of St. Cyprian, concerning the Redemption of the Bretheren from the bondage of Barbarians: And a passage concerning the benefits of Compassion, extracted out of St. Ambrose his second booke of Offices, Chap. 28." 1637.

These every-way remarkable sermons are dedicated to "the worshipfull John Cavse Maior of Plymouth, and Congregation." "To whose eyes" says he, "should these meditations, now made publique, be first presented rather then unto yours, whose cares first gave them attentive entertainment? I made choice (not without justifiable inducements) of your Congregation for their first breathing. But it was not mine intent that they should be barred within the walls where they first breathed, but that they should from you travel over the whole land, where they might get admittance and acceptance. I confesse an ambition in me of pressing forth (sometimes) into the publique, but it is only in some publique pressure, that when others are silent, I may be Drummer, (I dare not say the silver trumpet) to give the march unto the Lord's Armies against his and his people's enemies. Therefore I come not abroad until some incumbent or imminent calamity doth driue me; not as the sea-porpeses to prenuntiate a storme, but rather with the Halcion to procure a calme. Heretofore I stood on mount Ebal denouncing curses against those whose covetousnesse, (in a yeare of so great scarcitie) induced or encreased a dearth, and so caused the calamity of their bretheren at home. Now I stand on mount Gerizim to proclaime blessings on them whose hearts God shall touch to commiserate and relieve the miserable captivity of our bretheren abroad under a barbarous and cruel generation. The former found good acceptance among the godly, and (by God's

gracious blessing) produced good effects from some whose former uncharitableness proclaimed them ungodly. God giue the like blessing to these poore labours, and prosper them in the errand whereunto they were sent. For your parts, your monethly collections for this pious purpose (whereof I have been credibly informed) doe shew the forwardnesse of your mindes."

He in no case forgets his main function as a Minister of the Gospel, exclaiming "To the Reader"—"Redemption, Redemption! The greatest benefit we receive by Christ, the best work of mercy wee can extend to Christians."

The pictures he draws of the sufferings of 'English captives' and 'their number as cattle at fairs' must have stirred no common emotion. Thus pungently does he hurl back the selfish pleadings of the luke-warm: "If any doe alledge that our owne wants will not suffer us to succour them in theirs, I say so too: I acknowledge it, that our wants who are at libertie doe restraine us from releiuing our brethren, who are in barbarous captivity. But what wants? Want of charity, want of the bowels of mercy, want of Christian compassion, want of feeling our brethrens want, and consequently of true Christianity, these, these are the wants that doe hinder us. How much there's been lavishly expended in Pompes and Playes, in Sabariticall-feasts, in Cameleon sutes and Proteus-fashions, besides other vanities; and yet there is no complaining of want? How many soules might have been ransomed from that hell on earth, Barbarie, with halfe these expenses." That Preacher had the courage of his opinions of a surety.

Incidentally there are things that the hastiest reader cannot pass, *eg.*:

- 1 *Authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews.* "As in the letters of princes, it is not greatly regarded who was the scribe that wrote them, while the seale that is on them doth manifest from whence they came, so in holy writings, we stand not too much on the penman

while we finde the seale of the Spirit upon them and doe perceive by the character of the Holy Ghost that they were indited by him" (p. 2).

2. *The division of the text.* "1. Others misery. 2. Our duty. Their passion, our compassion."
3. *Bonds.* "Paul in his wish that both king Agrippa and all that heard him were as he was, excepted his 'bonds,' as if he would not wish them to his greatest enemy, not to them who kept him unjustly in these bonds" (p. 4).
4. *Remember.* "Our memory herein, is like unto glasses or vyals which having beene broken are cemented up againe. Cold liquor they hold something handsomely; but powre warme water into them or set them against the fire, they leake immediately. So we in the cold ayre of affliction doe retaine some remembrance of our afflicted brethren, but being bathed and warmed with the heate of prosperity, the cement dissolveth and the crazed vessel soone leakes out the remembrance of others adversity" (p. 13).
5. *Words deficient.* "I want words well to expresse the persecutours wickednesse or the sufferers wretchednesse" (p. 17).
6. *Barbarie.* "If there be a hell upon earth, it is not in Ætna nor in mount Hecla, nor in any of the Indian Vulcans, it is in Morocco or Algier for miserable Christians" (p. 17).
7. *An Ancient Actor.* "Polus, a famous actor among the Grecians (as is recorded by him) being to represent on the stage Electra mourning for the death of her brother Orestes, and bearing in her hands his vrne, instead thereof he brought forth the vrne of his own deceased sonne, that by the apprehension of his owne, he might the more feelingly act another's passion" (p. 25).
8. *Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when*

it is in the power of thine hand to do it. "Let Solomon's counsell cause you to giue a quick loose to your liberality: Proverbs 3. 27. Observe from them to whom it is due, *i.e.*, from the owner, from the master of it, as the originall will well beare. Know that in this case thou art not owner of thine owne, not master of thine owne money. It is not his who hath it but his who waiteth it. He hath more right to it then thyself who hath more need of it then thyself: delaying to give unto him thou deniest him his owne. His necessity maketh him the master of it" (pp. 32, 33).

9. *Audacity of Pirates.* "See how audacious they are growne! How their shalops brave us at our harbours mouthes! What threatens haue they sent us of late that ere long they will make some of us see Algiers! And who were these but some of our owne nation turned Turkes, threatening to bring us into their owne condition because we would not fee them in season" (p. 46).

With reference to 'English Captives,' the reader will find it rewarding to turn to the *Negotium Posterorum* of Sir John Eliot, wherein evidence upon evidence is given of the terrible reality of the humiliation of England before 'the unspeakable Turk' at that time and earlier.

Such must suffice for the Sermons of Fitzgeoffrey. They vouch that he was a man, every inch of him — brave, high-hearted, out-spoken, patriotic, and in the finest sense, 'evangelical.' It is something to know that, in this secluded parish, such 'preaching' was provided for the 'commonalty' and gentry alike. It is as a shaft of light opened on the darkness that lies over the condition of the Established Church in Cornwall fully 200 years ago.

Between the "Curse of Corne horders" (1631) and "Compassion towards Captives" (1636) was published the second moiety of our present volume, viz., "The Blessed Birth-day"

3.30 A. A. A. M.

with him entertaine.

~~1. The word "and" on page 70 and 7 lines on page 71,~~
~~"the 1st edition after line 19,"~~
~~page 71.~~

It was very gratifying to Fitzgeoffrey that both of his poems passed into 'second' editions. He was married; but to whom is unknown. He had one son, the University (of Oxford) who died young. A third Henry has his niche in our literature from his *Travels*. *Signs and by sundrie excellent Wits, with Satires*

and *Epigrams*. 1617 : again in 1618 : again 1619, and again 1620.*

At last the old old event took place. "He died" on February 24th, 1637-8, and was buried under the communion-table of his Church. Eheu! no memorial of him there exists; nor is his present successor mindful of him in any kind of way—knowing nought of him and apparently not concerned to know. "Tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." He lacked not, however, the 'melodious tears' of elegiac verse. Robert Chamberlain, at end of his *Nocturnall Lucubrations* (1638),—one of the most charming little books of the age, worthy indeed of a place beside Fuller's 'Good Thoughts'—has the following "On the death of Mr. Charles Fitz-Geffrays, Minister of Gods Word" :

O Thou the saddest of the Sisters nine,
 Adde to a sea of teares, one teare of thine.
 Unhappy I, that am constrain'd to sing
 His death, whose life did make the world to ring
 With ecchoes of his praise. A true Divine
 In's life & doctrine, which like Lamps did shine
 Till they were spent and done, did never cease
 To guide our steps unto eternall peace.
 Thy habitation's now the starry mount,

* Henry's Epigram to our Worthy may be given in a note :

Maxima amicitia inter æquales.

The Younger Brother to the Elder. Epig. 56.

If amongst equals greatest Friendship bee,
 Our Love was best in our minoritie;
 When as this mutuall Lesson wee were taught,
 To bee as *Equall* branches from *One* graft.
 Then did wee *Goe* and *Grow* alike, as *One*,
 No *Difference* had in Education.
 So our Affections *Sympathis'd* in all,
 That no event could come but *mutuall*
 So *Near* to *Deare*, we both did *Love* and *Live*,
 That each *ones Breath* to each might Being giue,
 What more? So *Life* and *Love*, in all did linke vs,
 That *One* that knew vs both, both *one* would thinke vs
 Which in our *Father bred* this soule mistake,
 Who gaue *One all*, and so did *Difference* make.

No wanton flashes, to make sin
 Seeme sweet to him that ioyes therein :
 No loofe conceits, to flatter vice,
 And make Hell thought a Paradice :
 All that is here, is pure and high,
 And locked up in mystery ;
 Nor can be rightly vnderstood,
 But of such only as be good.

H. B. ex. A. A. A. M.

I have also noted that in the "Holy Raptures," pp. 56-7, commencing with "Fitly the Lamb," the following were the original :

————— will him entertaine.
 Come let vs with these joyfull Shepheards hie
 Vnto the Cratch, where this sweet Babe doth lie ;
 That is his *Church* : This place doth still afford,
 This heavenly Infant swathed in his Word :
 Let vs when there he doth his words impart,
 Lay them vp all with *Marie* in our heart.
 More blest by hearing them she did become,
 Then by her bearing him within her wombe.
 O blessed Man who in his heart doth swathe,
 And bind vp sure his Word. For he that hath
 His word hath him. The word it selfe is He,
 Then where his word is, needs himselfe must be.

So in place of 9 lines on page 70 and 7 lines on page 71, ending "shall hereafter see," the 1st edition after line 19, "wonders wrought," has this :

The dead must first be vnto life restor'd,
 To shew that he of life and death is Lord :
 Of all his Enemies malignant crew
 Death is the last he meaneth to subdue.

It must have been gratifying to Fitzgeoffrey that both of his larger poems passed into 'second' editions.

He was married ; but to whom is unknown. He had one son at the University (of Oxford) who died young. A brother Henry has his niche in our literature from his *Certayne Elegies done by sundrie excellent Wits, with Satires*

"The up of these things makes of thee account.
 "The up of these things makes of thee account.
 "The up of these things makes of thee account.
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The name of the poet John Dunbar, (1616), occurs

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(lib. ii. 70.)

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Trauell the Earth (as Phœbus doth the skie)
 Till you begette newe Worlds vpon this olde.
 Would any wonders see, yet liue at rest,
 Nor hazard life vpon a dangerous shelve?
 Behold, thou bear'st a World within thy brest,
 Take ship at-home, and sayle about thy selfe.
 This Paper-Bark may be thy Golden-Hinde, *The shippe wherein*
Davies the Drake and true discou'rer is, *Sir Francis Drake*
 The end, that thou thy-felfe thy-felfe maist finde; *compassed the*
 The prize and pleasure thine, the trauell his: *World.*
 See here display'd as plaine as knowledge can,
 This little World, this wondrous Ile of Man.

Charles Fitz-Ieffry.

As might have been expected, Fitzgeoffrey finds a place in Davies's *Worthy Persons*, before his *Scourge of Folly*, Here is the Epigram :

To my deere friend Mr. Charles Fitz-Ieffry.
 Great-little Charles (great in thine arte and witt,
 But euer little in thine owne esteeme)
 To thee that now dost minde but Holy Writ,
 These lynes (though louing) will but lothsome seeme.
 Yet fith in Latine thou on such didst fall;
 In British now (for now we Brittaines bee)
 I fend in such: What? nothing but mine all;
 That's lesse then nothing in respect of thee:
 But if thou tak'st in worth my lesse then nought,
 He giue thee more then all, when I am ought.

Finally — Fitzgeoffrey has 'Lines' (Latin and English) prefixed to THOMAS STOREK'S poem on Wolsey (1599), and also to WILLIAM VAUGHAN; but they really are so commonplace that they and others may as well be allowed to sleep undisturbed. But that he should have been asked for such 'commendatory poems' proves that his name was one to conjure with. He has worked all his occasional Latin pieces into the *Affania*.

Turning now from the little Memoir of the man to his Poems, as now "after so long a time" revived, they are in my judgment eminently worthy of such revival, as well intrinsically as extrinsically. Intrinsically, both his *Sir*

Introduction.

Francis Drake, and Blessed Birth-day, and Holy Raptures
 &c. "leave transitory things," as I would now proceed
 ready to show.

Surely to begin with, there is the unmistakable 'touch'
 of the dedicatory-sonnet to "the beauteous and vertuous
 Lady Elizabeth, late wife unto the highlie renowned Sir
 Francis Drake deceased." I ask the reader to dwell upon it.*

Divorced by Death, but wedded still by Love,
 (For Love by Death can never be divorced)
 Loe *Englands* Dragon, thy true turtle Dove,
 To seeke her make is now againe enforced.

Like as the Sparrow from the Castrels ire
 Make his Asylum in the wife-mans fist :

So he, and I his tongue-man, doe require
 Thy sanctuary, Envie to resist.

So may heroique *DRAKE*, whose worth gave wings
 Unto my Muse that nere before could flie,
 And taught her tune these harsh discordant strings,
 A note above her rurall minstrelsie,

Live in himselfe, and I in him may live :
 Thine eies to both vitalitie shall give.

Your Ladships vertues devoted

CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY.

(page 5.)

In the very opening stanzas occur those colour-like epithets
 that throughout arrest the student and remind of Joshua
 Sydenham's contemporary and later felicities of this kind. It
 needs no effort to accentuate these :

Blacke night, the sov'raigne of *Cymmerian* black,
 Th' inhabitant of pitchie *Acheron*,
 Mounted upon *Alcyons* snaky backe,
 From *Pomona* (her blacke pavilion)
 Ride through the world in sad progression ;
 Now-tripping mists, and darkenesse duskie bloome
 Attend, as Heralds, to proclaime her roome.

Blacke *Hyperion*, cloath'd in sable shade
 (Night's shadow harbinger, colde *Hesperus*)

* She was daughter and sole heiress of Sir George Sydenham of Combe-
 stonham in the county of Devon, knight. She subsequently married Wil-
 liam Sydenham of *Winterton-Castle* in the same county.

Runs on before to see that way be made ;
 And being authorized her Prodomus,
 Rides on the Vulture-bearing *Caucasus*,
 Vailing the golden tapers of the light,
 And bids Olympus entertaine the night.

(p. 13, st. 1, 2.)

So p. 15, st. 3, l. 2, "morning-breathing hofes," and l. 7, "swan-white age"; p. 19, st. 3, l. 2, "winde-winged steede"; p. 31, st. 1, l. 6, "Oule-fighted eies, that dazled are with light"; p. 43, st. 2, l. 2, "siluer-fhining darling Albion"; p. 88, st. 3, l. 1, "winter-fcorning lawrell boughes"; and so frequently.

One's eyes brighten on coming upon the heart-warm 'praise' of Spenser, then still living — and of Daniel and Drayton, also living — and of 'dead Sidney.' I must quote the fine and finely-wrought appeal :

Then you, sweete-finging Sirens of these times,
 Deere darlings of the *Delian* Deitie,
 That with your Angels-foule-inchauntinge rimes
 Transport *Parnassus* into *Brilanie*,
 With learnings garland crowninge Poefie ;
 Sdaine not that our harfh plaints should beate your eares :
 Arts want may ftop our tongues, but not our teares.

SPENSER, whose hart inharbours *Homers* foule,
 If *Samian* Axioms be autenticall :
 DANIEL, who well mayft *Mars*'s text controule,
 With proud *Plus ultra* true note marginall :
 And golden-mouthed DRAYTON musically,
 Into whole foule sweete SIDNEY did infuse
 The effence of his Phoenix-feather'd Maile :

Types of true honour, *Phæbus Tripodes*,
 Hell-charminge *Orphæi*, *Sirens* of the fence,
 Wits fabftrance, *Joves* braine-borne *Pallades*,
 Soules *Manna*, heavens *Ambrofian* influence,
 True centers of refovrnes circumference,
 The gracefull *Crucis* faire triplicitie,
 Of moderne Poets rareft trinarie.

Imbath your Angel-feathers ickie quill
 In fweet amber-dropping *Cafalie*,
 That liquid gold may from your pen diftill,

Francis Drake, and *Blessed Birth-day*, and *Holy Raptures* have "brave translunary things," as I would now proceed briefly to show.

Surely to begin with, there is the unmistakable 'touch' in the dedicatory-sonnet to "the beauteous and vertuous Lady Elizabeth, late wife unto the highlie renowned Sir Francis Drake *deceased*." I ask the reader to dwell upon it.*

Divorced by Death, but wedded still by Love,
 (For Love by Death can never be divorced)
 Loe *Englands* Dragon, thy true turtle Dove,
 To seeke her make is now againe enforced.
 Like as the Sparrow from the Castrels ire
 Made his Asylum in the wife-mans fist :
 So he, and I his tonguef-man, doe require
 Thy sanctuarie, Envie to resist.
 So may heroique DRAKE, whose worth gave wings
 Vnto my Muse that nere before could flie,
 And taught her tune these harsh discordant strings,
 A note above her rurall minstrelsie,
 Live in himselfe, and I in him may live :
 Thine eies to both vitalitie shall give.

Your Ladships vertues devoted

CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY.

(page 5.)

In the very opening stanzas occur those colour-like epithets that throughout arrest the student and remind of Joshua Sylvester's contemporary and later felicities of this kind. It needs no *italics* to accentuate these :

Darke night, the fov'ralgne of *Cymmerian* black,
 Th' inhabitant of pitchie *Acheron*,
 Mounted upon *Alastors* snaky backe,
 From *Tanarus* (her blacke pavillion)
 Rides through the world in sad progression ;
 Dew-dropping mists, and darkeneffe duskie bloome
 Attende, as Heraulds, to proclaime her roome.
 Blinde *Vesperugo*, cloath'd in fable shade
 (Nights cloudie harbinger, colde Hesperus)

* She was daughter and sole heiress of Sir George Sydenham of Combe-Sydenham, in the county of Devon, knight. She subsequently married William Courteney of Powterham-Castle in the same county.

Encarving characters of memorie,
 In brazen-leav'd bookes of eternitie :
 Be DRAKES worth royalized by you,
 That DRAKES high name may coron

Let famous RED CROSSE yeld to famous
 And good Sir GVION give to him his laure
 Let all the MORTIMERS surrender make
 To one that higher did his fame advance
 Cease LANCASTERS, & YORKEES iars to sing
 Sing all, and all to few to fing DRAKES
 Your Poems neede no laurell save his
 (p. 21, st. 20)

He thinks of how his hero should have
 the classic days of old ; and is roused to
 pity that, in his own time, the 'unworthies'
 celebrated. In the knowledge of how very
 temporary verse-eulogy was, one cannot help
 the stout out-spokenness of our Singer, which
 we have also found. Let us again read :

Had he beene borne in *Agamemnons* age
 Whē stout *Achilles* launce scourg'd *Troies*
 When men gainst mē, and Gods gainst
Eneus, *Achilles*, nor *Plyffes* powres,
 Had beene so famous in this age of ours
 All poets would have written in his
 Their *Eneads*, *Iliads*, and *Odyssies*

But now (o shame !) the vertuous are forgot
 The *Herms* are contemn'd, and *Nerves* forgot
 The auncient orders all are dead and rot
 Gone is the purtite of Poets old,
 And now eternitie is bought and sold ;
 Free Poesie is made a marchandize,
 Oulie to flatter is to Poetize.

Wel-worth *Augustus* laurel crowned times
 Pure *Halicron* houres, *Saturnus* golden dayes
 When worthies patronised Poets rimes,
 And Poets rimes did oulie worthies praise,
 Stalning base *Plytus* groomes with fame to
 When now, save mercenaryes, few do
 And be a Poet is be a Parasite.

Encarving characters of memorie,
In brazen-leav'd bookes of eternitie :
Be **DRAKES** worth royalyzed by your wits,
That **DRAKES** high name may coronize your writs.

Let famous RED CROSSE yield to famous DRAKE,
And good Sir GVION give to him his launce ;
Let all the MORTIMERS surrender make
To one that higher did his fame advance ;
Cease LANCASTERS, & YORKES iars to enhance ;
Sing all, and all to few to sing DRAKES fame ;
Your Poems neede no laurell save his name.

(p. 21, st. 2, 3 ; p. 22, st. 1, 2, 3.)

He thinks of how his hero should have been exalted in the classic days of old ; and is roused to half-scorn, half-pity that, in his own time, the 'unworthy' rather were celebrated. In the knowledge of how venal much of contemporary verse-eulogy was, one cannot help admiration of the stout out-spokenness of our Singer, which in his Sermons we have also found. Let us again read :

Had he beene borne in *Agamemnons* age,
Whē stout *Achilles* launce scourg'd *Troies* proud towres :
When men gainst mē, and Gods gainst Gods did rage,
Æneas, *Achilles*, nor *Vlysses* powres,
Had beene so famous in this age of ours :
All poets would have written in his praise
Their *Æneads*, *Iliads*, and *Odysseys*.

But now (o shame !) the vertuous are forgotten,
The *Heroes* are contemn'd, and *Neroes* told :
The auncient orders all are dead and rotten ;
Gone is the puritie of Poets old,
And now eternitie is bought and sold :
Free Poesie is made a marchandize,
Oulie to flatter is to Poetize,

Wel-worth *Augustus* laurel crowned times,
Pure *Halcion* houres, *Saturnus* golden dayes,
When worthies patronized Poets rimes,
And Poets rimes did onlie worthies praise,
Sdaining base *Plutus* groomes with fame to raise :
When now, save mercenaryes, few do write,
And be a Poet is be a Parasite.

But you (sweete foules) the *Graces* trinarie,
 Straine up your tunes with notes angelicall ;
 From heavens faire house (ô Fames Trium-viri)
 Fetch *Orpheus* harpe with strings harmonicall ;
 And musicke from the Spheares melodical ;
 And with sweete quires of Swans, and Nightingals,
 Sing dolefull ditties at *DRAKES* funerals.

(p. 23, st. 1, 2, 3 ; p. 24, st. 1.)

Very modest and lowly and sweetly-worded is his symbolization of himself in his purpose to 'sing' of Drake, as thus :

My Muse all mantled in death's livorie gowne
 Shall mourne before his hearfe in sad araie,
 With fable Cyparissus hanging downe
 Her mournfull brest, whose boughes shall fan awaie
Titans bright beames, bedarkning all the dale :
 And while with teares you fit melodying,
 Shee shall weepe with you, though shee cannot sing.

Even as the Larke, when winters waft drawes neere,
 Mounteth her bafinnetted head on high,
 And through the aire doth tune her trebles cleere
 Quav'ring full quaintlie forth her Tireli,
 Beyond the ken of any piercing eie ;
 While as the Red-brest on an humble thorne,
 With weeping notes the summers loft doth mourne.

(p. 24, st. 2, 3.)

A passionate couplet next arrests us :

— damozell Ladies doe imparadize
 Your thoughts within the Eden of their eyes (p. 25, ll. 6, 7).

I like to think that even thus early our Poet had Shakespeare in chief mind when he made a further 'appeal' to contemporary makers, and especially to "the quaint tragedians." Let the reader judge :

Whose Muse is so inravish'd with the looks
 Which from your Mistresse ivorie browes do fall,
 As makes you fill the largest volum'd bookes
 With foule-perfwative songs pathetical,
 And minde-alluring speech methodicall ;
 Talking your pens to pen a womans praise,
 And shee the actresse of your owne diseafe.

Let us now make an Apostrophe
 From *Pharos* comes unto *Bellona's* camps ;
 Give but a glance on *DRAKE's* high dignitie
 Imprest with unanimitie true stamper :
 And when your fence is lightned with these lamps,
 Commemore to the world his funerals,
 In all your sonnets and your Madrigals.

Let *(foundlings)* henceforth to idolatrize
 With *Pharos*, your *Carpathian*-sea borne Queene ;
 And to herique *DRAKE* do sacrifice
 As expiation of your former sinne,
 Erect his statue whereas hers hath beene ;
 Make *DRAKE* your Saint, and make the shrine, his hearse ;
 Your selves the Priests, the sacrifice your verse.

O you the quaint tragedians of our times,
 Whose statelie thanks embuskind by the Muses,
 Draw all the world to wonder at your rimes ;
 Whose sad *Melpomene* robs *Euripides*,
 And wins the pulme and price from *Sophocles* :
 While *Po* and *Sire* are sicke to thinke upon
 How *Pharos* doth ebbe and flowe pure *Helicon*.

Who at your pleasures drawe, or else let downe
 The thund-hatches of all spectators eies ;
 Whose sub-braind temples deck't with laurell crowne,
 The world of harts with words do tyrannize ;
 Whom all Theaters sing Plaudities :
 While you with golden chaines of wel-tun'd songes,
 Make all mens cares and teares unto your tongues.

Let us to sterles in your marble verse
 The men of fortune-tossed Venerists ;
 And stutue your tragicke Muses to rehearse
 The high exploits of *love*-borne Martialists,
 Whose thundre gun-shot clouds the aire with mists ;
 Whose groves of speares pitch'd ready for to fight,
 Waite up the element from Eagles flight.

What needs you summon from the silent hell
 The shades of *Hector* and of *Priamus*,
 And thousand others that beneath us dwell,
 What need since through *Styx* to *Erebus*,
 To bid *Achilles* *Trope* glorious ?
 Whose acts by auncients often have beene told,
 And all love novels, few like that is old.

Loe heere a moderne subiect for your wits,
But loftier than anie heere to fore
Eternized by former Poets writs ;
Whose worth thei sacred Muses did adore,
And hee scarce entred yet th' *Elysian* dore ;
Whom dead, yet all mens thoughts alive doe make :
For who wold think that death could cōquere *Drake* ?

Heere Poets, spend your wits chiefe quintessence,
And bandie verses with the God of verse,
Imbalme him with your wits best influence,
All intellectual powres his praise rehearse,
And with your poems bewtifie his hearfe :
 Feare neither *Theoms* tooth, nor Critique lookes,
 DRAKES onlie name shall patronize your bookes.

(p. 25, st. 2 to p. 28, st. 1.)

Three things are noteworthy with reference to these appeals to the 'poets' and to 'the quaint tragedians' of the time, (1) That he draws a distinct line of demarcation between the 'poets' and 'tragedians,' though lauding the latter equally; (2) That the stanza commencing "O you the quaint tragedians of our times" in its comparison of them with Euripides and Sophocles agrees with Francis Meres's well-known praise of Shakespeare, *e.g.*, "As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Euripides, Sophocles so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeoufflie inuested in rare ornaments and replendent abiliments by *Shakespeare* (*Palladis Tamia* 1598). (3) That the couplet —

**"What neede you summon from the silent hell
The soules of *Hector* and of Priamiss"?**

at once, spite of chronology, recalls *Troilus and Cressida* wherein both 'Hector' and 'Priam' play prominent parts. If the profounder homage of all this was meant for Shakespeare, it atones for the absence of his name in the *Affania*! I must add that Mr. J. Payne Collier, in his *Bibl. Catal.* (i, v*), quoting the three stanzas ("O you the quaint," &c., onward) observes—"That Fitzgeffrey had Shakspeare in

O let your Muse make an Apostrophe
 From *Venus* courts unto *Bellona's* camps ;
 Give but a glance on *DRAKE's* high dignitie
 Imprest with magnanimities true stampes :
 And when your sence is lightned with these lamps,
 Solemnize to the world his funerals,
 In all your sonnets and your Madrigals.

Cease (fondlings) henceforth to idolatrize
 With *Venus*, your *Carpathian-sea* borne Queene ;
 And to heroique *DRAKE* do sacrifice
 Of expiation of your former sinne,
 Erect his statue whereas hers hath bene ;
 Make *DRAKE* your Saint, and make the shrine, his hearse ;
 Your selves the Priests, the sacrifice your verse.

O you the quaint tragedians of our times,
 Whose statelie shanks embuskind by the Muses,
 Draw all the world to wonder at your rimes ;
 Whose sad *Melpomene* robs *Euripides*,
 And wins the palme and price from *Sophocles* :
 While *Poe* and *Seine* are sicke to thinke upon
 How *Thames* doth ebbe and flowe pure *Helicon*.

Who at your pleasures drawe, or else let downe
 The floud-hatches of all spectators eies ;
 Whose ful-braind temples deck't with laurell crowne,
 Ore world of harts with words do tyrannize ;
 To whome all Theaters sing Plaudities :
 While you with golden chaines of wel-tun'd songes,
 Linke all mens cares and teares unto your tongues.

Cease to eternize in your marble verse
 The fals or fortune-tossed Venerists ;
 And straine your tragicke Muses to rehearse
 The high exploites of *Love*-borne Martialists,
 Where smokie gun-shot clouds the aire with mists ;
 Where groves of speares pitch'd ready for to fight,
 Dampe up the element from Eagles flight.

What neede you summon from the silent hell
 The soules of *Hector* and of *Priamus*,
 And thousand others that beneath us dwell,
 Wafted long since through *Styx* to *Erebus*,
 Or to th' *Elysian Tempe* glorious ?
 Whose acts by aunicients often have bene told,
 And all love novels, few like that is old.

Let here a modern fellow for your wit,
 But loftier than mine here to live
 Exalted by former Poets writs ;
 Whole work their sacred Muses did advise,
 And he scarce e'erred yet th' *Elysium* lives :
 Whom dead, yet all men's thoughts alive do make :
 For who would think that death could silence *Deale* ?

Here Poets, spend your wit choice excellence,
 And handle wits with the God of verse,
 Imbalm him with your wits best influence,
 All intellectual powers his praise rehearse,
 And with your poems bewitch his hearse :
 Fear neither *Plagues* death, nor *Curtains* hides,
Gravestones will none find purchase your bodies.

7. 25. & 26. 7. 21. & 1.

Three things are noteworthy with reference to these appeals to the 'poets' and to 'the quaint tragedians' of the time, (1) That he draws a distinct line of demarcation between the 'poets' and 'tragedians' though lauding the latter equally ; (2) That the stanza commencing 'O you the quaint tragedians of our times' in its comparison of them with Euripides and Sophocles agrees with Francis Meres' well-known praise of Shakespeare *eg.* 'As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Euripides, Sophocles . . . so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorged with innumerable rare ornaments and resplendent embellishments by . . . Shakespeare (*Palladis Tenuis* 1595) ; (3) That the couplet —

" What neede you summon from the dead, and
 The voices of *Ereos* and of *Phrygia* ? "

at once, spite of chronology, recalls *Tragicke and Comedie*, wherein both 'Hector' and 'Paris' play prominent parts. If the profounder brooding of all this was meant for Shakespeare, it atones for the absence of his name in the address. I must add that Mr. J. Payne Collier in his *Ess. Crit.* (1855, v^o), quoting the three stanzas 'O you the quaint tragedians' and so forth, observes — 'That *Proterius*, that Shakespeare's

He makes up his resolution himself to celebrate Drake, and even if he fail, "The brave attempt the shame shall countervail" (p. 58, st. 2, l. 7).

Recalling the far voyage in the Golden Hinde, he thus splendidly summarises its achievements :

Tell how he bare the round world in a ship,
A ship, which round about the world he bare,
Whose saile did winged *Eurus* flight out-strip,
Scorning tempestuous *Boreas* stormy dare,
Discrying uncouth coasts, and countries rare :
And people, which no eie had ever seene,
Save Daies faire goldē Eie, & Nights bright Queene.
(p. 61, st. 1.)

If only Homer had had a Sir Francis Drake for theme, "Homer himselfe had Homer far surmounted" (p. 62, st. 2, l. 7) ; and he continues fantastically yet graciously :

Marke how a civet-smelling damaske rose,
In laurel-leaved garland quaintlie placed,
Yelds bewtie to the baie, where best it shoes,
And nether by the other is defaced,
But graceth that where with it felfe is graced :
So each the other should more famous make,
DRAKE *Homer* should adorne, and *Homer* DRAKE.

The fierie-sparkling precious Chrysolite,
Spangled with gold, doth most transplendent shine :
The pearle grac'd by the ring, the ring by it,
The one the others bewtie doth refine,
And both together bewties both combine,
The iewell decks the golden haire that weares it,
Honour decks learning that with honour rears it.
(p. 63, st. 1, 2.)

He pays a sweetly-toned further tribute to Lady Drake (p. 65, st. 1), and then returns on the lineage of her illustrious husband, of which he affirms, "Noble discents make vertue more divine" (p. 65, st. 3, l. 7).

What a radiant vision is this of our Thames !

What though his worth above yours is extold ?
Yet thereby is not yours extenuated :
What though your neighbours iewels dearer fold,

Than for the price whereat your gemme is rated ;
 What thereby is your Diamond abated ?
 Wherefore to give both him and you your due,
 I saie he was the best, the next were you.

Like as some travel-tired passenger,
 By silent-sliding *Thames* rose-shadow'd side
 (Poore care-accloyed pilgrime traveler,) Sits downe to view the fight-reviving slide,
 The wanton bubbling-waters gentle glide ;
 Smiling to see the rivers quav'ring flanks,
 Dallie upon the daylie-diap' red bankes. (p. 81, st. 1, 2.)

Companion picture is this of the Bee :

Looke how th'industrious Bee in fragrant May,
 When *Flora* guilts the earth with golden flows,
 Invellop'd in her sweete perfum'd aray,
 Doth leave his hony-limb'd delicious bowrs
 More richlie wrought than Princes statelie towrs,
 Wavinge his silken wings amid the aire,
 And to the verdant gardens makes repaire.

Firft falls he on a braunch of sugred *Tyme*,
 Then from the marigold he sucks the sweete,
 And then the mint, and then the rose doth clime,
 Then on the budding rosmarie doth light,
 Till with sweete treasure having charg'd his feete,
 Late in the eveninge home he turn's againe ;
 Thus profite is the guerdon of his paine. (p. 83, st. 2, 3.)

Surcharged with genuine emotion, through all its quaintness, as is the clipped and figured yew of the olden time with life, is this lament :

O heavens, why take you that which late you gave ?
 O seas, why hold you him that once held you ?
 O earth, how hast thou mis'd that thou didst crave ?
 O *England*, how art thou bereft thy due ?
 O unto whom wilt thou for comfort sue ?
 To earth ? why thats partaker of thy mone ;
 To heavens ? ah they with-hold that is thine owne !
 (p. 88, st. 1.)

Finer still is this :

Sorrow be thou my Muse, sadnesse my song,
 And death the subiect that I versifie :
 The destinies despight, and fortunes wronge,

Is that which now I muſt historiſie,
 In ſilent cell of ſad Melancholie :
 My *Heben* pen ſhall poure out ynkie teares,
 That he may weepe that readeſ, he ſigh that heares.

(p. 89, ſt. 3.)

Nor leſſ ſo this :

Come heere and reade (ð that no eie might reade it !)
 The ende of him whom all did love and feare :
 Heare what is ſaid (ð that no tongue had ſaid it !)
 His death, in whom all vertues numbred were :
 And if you this can either reade or heare,
 Not ſuffring teares from yron eies to glide,
 Boaſt you can doe that none can doe beſide.

(p. 90, ſt. 3.)

The ſea held the 'dead body' of the great Sea-man,
 and his Poet is wroth with it :

O *Neptune*, never like thy ſelfe in ſhew,
 Inconſtant, variable, mutable,
 How doſt thou *Proteus*-like thy forme renew ?
 O where to is thy change imputable ?
 O where unto art thou beſt futeable ?
 Rightly the moone predominateth thee,
 For thou art all as changeable as ſhee.

(p. 93, ſt. 3.)

Simple, yet proud, is another thought of the dead :

What ſay they ? Death doth grieve and ſorrow end ?
 O how they are deceav'd in ſaying ſo !
 Death onlie did this grieve and ſorrow ſend :
 Death was the onlie agent of our woe,
 Death was our drerie and our diſmall foe :
 For had not Death himſelf ſubdued *DRAKE*,
 The world beſide could not him captive make.

This onlie comfort is unto us left,
 (O ſimple comfort in ſo great diſtreſſe !)
 That no prowde *Spaniard* hath his life bereft,
 No man may boaſt he cauſ'd our wretchedneſſe,
 Nor triumph be ſubdued earths worthineſſe !
 But onlie Death our treaſure hath bereaven
 And that was due to earth, he gave to heaven.

To heaven ? ah why is heaven covetous ?
 Why are the Gods (ð pardon grieve) ſo greedie,
 To raviſh from the earth, the precious,

Extrinsically, the poem is packed with contemporary facts and opinions, and memories, constituting it one of our too-few biographical-historical poems. Compared with Gervase Markham's celebration of Grenville it is as gold to lead.

Over-passing the *Affuniae* as having given enough from and on its Epigrams and Epitaphs already — there remains the *Blessed Birth-day* and the *Holy Raptures*. To do these full justice it must be remembered how very little sacred poetry England then possessed. It was a 'brave adventure' — characteristically brave — in Fitzgeoffrey to so venture on a religious poem. His invocation strikes a high key-note :

Lascivious Songs, vaine Carols hence avaunt.
 And whatsoere prophane throats use to chaunt,
 Which through the eare powre poyson to the heart :
 A better subiect doth this day impart.
 The King of Kings is subiect of our verse,
 Whose praise all tongues are too few to rehearse.
 That what the maker shall in verse offend,
 The subiect may both Verse and Maker mend.
 To sacred songs is *Sions muse* inclin'd :
 Some holy matter, fits an holy mind.
 Sing we high mysteries in an humble straine
 And lofty matters in a lowly veine.
 The sacred subiect which we sing, affords
 Strong lines, but strong in matter, not in words.
 For things so high they cannot be exprest,
 By any words ; the plainest are the best.
 He who was borne so humbly, doth refuse
 To haue his birth sung by a swelling muse.
 Ill doth a flaunting Phrase *devotion* fit :
 Wee sing to show our zeale, and not our wit.

(p. 120, ll. 9, 28.)

As noted in the *Notes and Illustrations* he anticipated by nearly a decade of years, the 'Paradoxes' of HERBERT PALMER, RALPH VENNING and others, in his ingenious antithetic statement of the blessed contradictions between the divine and human in "God manifest in the flesh." For myself I can think only of Sir John Davies's *Nosce Te ipsum* in comparison with the arguings and answerings of these

'blessed contradictions' of which he says reverentially "Beleeu'd they may, conceiu'd they cannot be." * Sometimes a profound thought takes the form of almost the grotesquerie of a cathedral garcoyle, as this of the denial of God the Son as 'The Word,' the Eternal Word :

If that the Word in time from God did come,
A time there was, when God himfelfe was dumbe.

(p. 128, ll. 11-12.)

Here is a condensed summary of the Paradoxes in 'the Man Christ Jesus' :

Let all the world shew fuch a sonne againe
Whofe birth fo many wonders did containe ?
A Lamb new faine, flaine ere the world begunne
His Mothers Father, and his daughters sonne.
A Doue hatcht in the nest himfelfe did build,
A Flowre in winter sprung that fram'd the field
From whence it sprung ; A *Lilly* risen new,
That made the bed and garden where it grew ;
A stone cut without hands which with one dafh
The Iron, Clay, Braffe, Silver, Gold, doth quash,
Of which that dreadfull Image was compos'd,
Which to the great *Chaldean* was disclos'd
In visions of the night.

(p. 131, ll. 4-16).

Again :

Let all the world againe shew fuch a child,
Of Adams feed not with his sinne defil'd :
A child, who nere by man begotten was,
Who doth his mother far in age surpasse,
And match his Father in antiquity,
Elder than th'eldest of his pedegree.
A child who made all Children and the place,
And time wherein and when himfelfe borne was.
A child that's God, and God mighty to faue,
All thofe whom vnto him his Father gaue.
Th' ancient of daies, borne in an houre : the light
Of both the Worlds arising in the night.
A child who had he not to Vs beene borne,
All generations had beene quite forlorne.
Should not the strangest Child who came to faue
The World, the strangest Mother likewise haue ?

* See page 124, l. 23 onward.

And so he had : We truely may averre,
No Sonne like him, no Mother like to her :
For such a Mother never was before,
And such an other never shall be more. (p. 132, ll. 3-22.)

Yet again :

Astronomers of the Zodiack cease to talk,
 And the twelue signes, through which the Sun doth walk.
 Say what you will, you cannot well avow,
 The Sunne *in Virgo* truely was till now :
 You never did untill this day espie
Heaven low as Earth, & Earth as Heaven made high.
 (p. 135, last 4 ll. ; p. 136, ll. 1-2.)

More fully thus :

He whom the heauen of heauens cannot containe
 In narrow bowels doth impent remaine.
 Borne is he in a base vnworthy stall,
 Who Vs advanceth to Heauens glorious Hall :
 He who doth all things fill, fils not a Cratch,
 Heaven vnto Earth, God vnto man doth match.
 He who doth filly man like Angels make
 An homely lodging with poore beafts doth take :
 The Worlds Creator and Commander great
 An Inne for loue or mony cannot get :
 But from fit lodging they doe him expell,
 Who with a word can lodge them all in Hell :
 He cries, to whom all hearts for helpe doe call,
 He cannot helpe himfelfe who helpeth all :
 Even he from whom th' Angels their knowledge learne,
 His right hand from his left cannot discern.
 Who all things by his word vpholds, even he
 By womans feeble hand vpheld must be
 For feare of falling. And th' *Almighty* one,
 Without his Creature cannot stand alone.
 The way as yet the way to none can show,
 The truth not yet can truth from falshood know,
 Th' immortall putteth on mortality,
 The everlafting life begins to die,
 That by his death, he may that debt defray
Which man did owe, but none save God could pay :
 The foules Physitian is to death giuen over,
 That so the sin-ficke patient may recover :
 A desp'rate cure for desp'rate malady
 The head must off, or the whole body dye.

Who is mans head but God? But ô how can
 God dy? God may if he become a man;
 God is become a man subiect to death:
Because the children were of flesh compos'd,
 Their Father would be in that flesh inclos'd:
 That so by death he might orecome that evill,
 Which had the power of Death, that is, the Devill.
 (p. 140, ll. 1-30; p. 141, ll. 1-8.)

This reminds Sir John Davies:

That golden eye which gilds the world with day,
 Reaching to earth yet still in heauen doth stay.
 So doth the sonne of God to vs arriue,
 On earth, and yet with God in heauen doth liue.
 And as my speach arriueth vnto thee
 Whose eare receiues it, yet remains with me,
 So did the Fathers word to me attaine
 And with the Father vntremou'd remaine.
 Or as mine arm extended doth abide,
 With joints and sinnewes to my shoulder tide,
 So reach't the Lord his Arme to me in loue
 Yet from himselfe he did it not remoue.
 (p. 143, ll. 15-24; p. 144, ll. 1-2.)

Fuller-like, as in his Sermons, is this of the election of a successor to Judas:

The place made void by *Judas* krole defection
 Must be replenisht: two are on th' election,
 Both worthy deem'd: the lot must arbitrate
 Whom to the Office God doth destinate:
 The one furnam'd *Iust*, the other little,
 Who would not deeme the *Iust* the greater title?
 Or who is he that both their titles heard,
 But would conclude the *Iust* should be preferd
 Before the *Little* one? But *hail*: what odds
 Is there betwene mans suffrages and Gods?
 The *little* one of God advanced is
 Vnto the honors which the *Iust* hath well merited;
Who to himselfe and to the world doth forme
The Iust, him God the greatest doth esteeme. (p. 146, ll. 12-25.)

Finely-put is an inculcation of humility:

Is not God high? yet he that will attaine
 Vnto his highnesse, lowly must remaine?
 Ereth thy side; hee hath from thee receiue:
 Ereth thy side, thus teacht v. him aduise. (p. 147, ll. 9-12.)

Once more re-calling Fuller, is this :

Once God of Adam in derision said,
Behold the man like one of vs is made.
 The sons of Adam now of God may say
Behold Gods made like one of vs to day. (p. 148, ll. 20-23.)

GEORGE HERBERT, if ever he saw the *Blessed Birth-Day*,
 must have relished an apt putting of Faith as against Sight
 and that of the lowliest beside the loftiest :

Come Faith, and fathome the profundities,
 Of these so secret sacred misteries :
 The line of Reason is too short to found
 This sea, which neither bottome hath nor bound :
 All learning here is pos'd, all wit to seeke,
 Doctors and dunces here are learn'd alike :
 The wisest here no wiser are then fooles :
Christ in a Stall was borne, not in the Schooles.
 His byrth by th' Angell was not first made knowne
 To Scribes and Rabbins, but to Sheapheards showne :
 People who in simplicity did liue ;
 Dispute they could not, but they could belieue.
 Vnto his feast which was for all men fitted
The Wisemen were the last that were admitted :
 Who humbly did fall downe when they were come.
 Their humane wifdome they did leaue at home ;
 And thus their great inviter more contented,
 Then all the pretious presents they presented.
 True wifdome doth her feast for none prepare
 Saue such as of their owne first emptied are :
 These shee dismisfeth full, but such as come
 Full vnto her, shee sendeth empty home :
 The simple shee invites, it is her guise,
 To take the foolish and to make them wise.
 Had not these Sages faith 'boue wifdome pris'd
 To come so farre to Christ they had despis'd :
 Had they not come their empty pailles to fill
 At wifdomes well, they had beene empty still :
 And had they not from him true wifdome gain'd,
 For all their owne, they had but fooles remaind.
 (p. 152, ll. 9-27 ; p. 153, ll. 1-11.)

Correspondent with this is a burst on God's 'hidden
 ways' :

(Gods works to vs apparent are, the way
 Whereby he works clos'd in himselfe doth f[t]ay.

So doth some skilfull Artisan reveale
 His Master peece, but doth his skill conceale :
 So God his works doth vnto mortalls shew,
 But how he works he doth not let them know ;
 Least if they knew both art and worke they might
 The Art, the worke, the Worker, basely flight.
 Those workes doe quickly starue their estimation
 Which are not fed and fild with admiration :
 Praise is but cold, which from a tongue is sent
 Not warm'd with wonder and astonishment.
 But when we stand amazed at the deed,
 Best praise vnto the doer doth proceed
 From wondring silence. Then at length we straine
 Our tongues, to tune forth some Angellike vaine,
*Glory to God on High, on earth be peace,
 And let good will towards Christians never cease.*
 (p. 154, ll. 8-25.)

Again :

Sufficient for salvation is revealed,
 Why should we search for that which is concealed ?
 Sith God to Vs enough for Vs hath showne,
 Can we not giue him leane to keep his owne ?
To brake into Gods sealed secretes
 This is not searching, but bold *burglary*.
 This life is for beleece, the next for light,
 Heere we doe walke by faith, and there by fight.
 (p. 155, ll. 14-21.)

Once more :

The humble sinitor doth by prayer obtaine,
 That which the curious searcher seekes in vaine.
 Let him who dines into Gods secretes,
 Dread to b' orewhelmed with his maiesty.
 Here nothing both *brad knowledge more aduance,*
 Nor is more learn'd then *humilie Ignorance.*
Cease then to argue, as if you dispute,
 Let Faith be *moderation, reason mute.*
 Twere hard for me, and many a silly man,
 Wer't not that wit that made a Christian,
 Not Faith, nor Hope, nor Charity. These *three*
 As well in simple as in wise may be.
High in Gods majesty this dole must exclude
In heavenly matters. Here the true and false
May with the wisest walke. The wisest man
Can but beleeue, not in the simplest can.

Yea sometimes sooner then the wiser doe,
 Who humane wisdom trusting too much to
 Runne mad with reason, and then furiously
 Doe cut the knot they know not to vnty. (p. 156, ll. 3-22.)

And so he exclaims :

O let me wife vnto saluation bee,
 Lord giue me faith, take wit who will for mee
 (p. 158, ll. 15-16.)

Henry Vaughan would have been proud of the authorship
 of this on the Lord's life-long suffering :

Thinke not that Christ did then begin to suffer
 When *Iudas* sold him, and the Iewes did offer
 To apprehend him. He did then begin
 To make his soule a sacrifice for sinne,
 When he tooke body. He began to dy
 Then, when assuming our mortality,
 He made himselfe one able to be slaine :
To put on man is but to put on paine.
 His death was at his birth, he then began
 To dy when he begun to put on man.
 This Flowre ere it sprang forth began to fade ;
 Thus was his Crosse before his Cradle made.
 The drops of bloud which at his death he shed
 Were but his infant drops of teares di'de red :
 His swathing clothes did with that linnen meet,
 Whereof good *Ioseph* made his winding sheet :
 (p. 162, ll. 26-28 ; p. 163, ll. 1-13.)

It is to be noted how musically the refrain is worked in
 from commencement to close :

Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.

The *Holy Raptures* are much in the same vein, with per-
 haps more concinnity. In "Of the time of His birth : by
 night," he asks :

What meanes the Day-starre in the night to rise? (p. 171.)

He enlarges on the thought :

What is it night with our *Antipodes*,
 That thus by night the Sun to vs doth rise?
 It should be so. The Sun though bright he be,
 Never at once doth the worlds both sides see.

But when his sight is vnto vs confin'd,
His eye vnto our opposites is blind :
Nor but the surface is to him reueald,
Earths bowels and seas depths remaine conceald.
Nor is an hayre by him furrounded quite,
But one side still is shaded from his sight.
But our pure Sunne aboue shines and below,
And no *Antipodes* at all doth know :
But with an unconfin'd ken, he lookes
Both into Earths and Hels abstrusest nookes.
This Sunne which now by night doth rise, is hee
Who neuer sets, but rising still doth see.

(p. 172, ll. 1-16.)

Surely this reminiscence of Paulinus is memorable ?

Let me feare him who saith, Feare not, alone :
How many doth he feare that feares not One (p. 177, ll. 3-4).

We come unexpectedly upon a pleasant personal bit :

Great shepheard of our foules, who dain't to grace
Me most vnworthy, with a shepheards place,
Who wouldst to shepheards haue thy birth reueald
Which yet from Kings and Iudges was conceald,
And while they watcht, thy light to them didst send
Which they from thee to others might extend ;
First manifest thy selfe, ô Lord to mee,
That I to mine may preach and publish thee.
Dispell my darknesse with thy light diuine,
Shine thou on me, that I on them may shine.
Reflecting on my flocke that double light
Of doctrine pure, and conuersation right.
Thou who doest watch ore them who watchfull are
Grant me to watch ore mine with heedfull care :
Least if I faile to keepe a carefull watch
The ravening wolfe both sheep and shepheard catch.

(p. 177, ll. 4-19.)

Again :

If he who sends vs no respecter bee
Of Persons, (as he saith) then why should wee ?
Looke we when on our message we are bent
Not vnto whom, but from whom we are sent.
*As welcome vnto Heaven is he that brings
A shepheards soule, as he that doth a King's.*

(p. 180, last 6 lines.)

I like the quaintness of this :

How quickly did this heavenly Sermon found
Throughout the World ! How many hath it found
To entertaine it with such constancie,
That all Hel's rage could not them terrifie ?
This long expected newes desir'd so much
And by so many, when it came was such
As that one Angell was enough to bring it,
But all the Angels few enough to sing it.

(p. 181, last 8 lines.)

The closing Transport reminds of Christopher Harvey, *e.g.*

Then be no bounds vnto thy rage assign'd
Deluded *Herod*, let it still proceed :
Wert thou lesse cruell, thou hadst beene lesse kinde,
Mischiefe it selfe doth please with such a meed :
Not all thy loue could them advance so high,
As doth thy rage and curst cruelty.

Bafe Butchers, who so prompt and ready are
To execute the cursd Tyrants will ;
What instruments of Death will you prepare,
Where-with these Lambs that liu'd but now, to kill ?
Scarce can you finde a knife so little, but
'Tis greater then the throats you come to cut.

(p. 196, st. 2-3.)

Again :

Peace, pretty Innocents, forbear to cry,
Receiue with willing sides the fatall blow :
Best is that Death which comes in infancy,
A longer life had but prolong'd your woe :
He that to day is borne, and dies to day
Comes to his port as soone as sets to sea.

Your journie's end at setting forth you met,
Your whole daie's taske you in the morning finisht :
Your Sunne no sooner did arise but set,
Yet was your day produc'd, your night diminisht :
You op'd your eyes and seeing nought but paine
In this bafe world, you clos'd them vp againe.

Death to be priz'd 'bove any lifes deare rate,
Save that best life, which doth such death ensue.
Your Saviours kindnesse you anticipate,
Dying for him ere he do die for you :
How soone are you of Martyrs crownes possessors
Who *Martyrs* were ere you could be *Confessors*.

Champions, what conquerors were ere you could fight,
What swiftness before you knew your foes,
Sunning them ere you had arms to smite,
Not by inflicting but receiving blows :
Swift runners were the grade & Carve had won
Before you had the skill or will to run.

p. 197. st. 3-5 : p. 198 st. 1.

I do not doubt that others could and would select many things that I have not done; but this only the more confirms my estimate of the genuine poetical faculty of CHARLES FITZGLOFFLEY. His single-hearted devoutness, his piety and yearning aspiration, that are as a 'sweet perfume,' through the whole substance of his sacred poems, are admirable and inestimable : but over and above them is his distinct poetical gift and lyrical cry. I feel sure that the present volume will win Readers and welcome.

It only remains to add that I owe thanks to the Rev. W. G. D. FLETCHER, B.A. and JOHN W. MACKAY, Esq., M.A., of Balliol College, for services in copying and collating texts; and to Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, for reading my *Notes and Illustrations* in proof-sheet, and giving me the great benefit. I have also to thank R. CLEMENTS MARKHAM, Esq., for excellent helpfulness about Drake's and other ships, &c., in the Notes.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Ferry.
Blackburne, Lancashire.
29th March 1881.

I.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

His Honorable Life's Commendation, etc.

1596.

NOTE.

See Introduction for 'additions' from a second edition in the same year with the first (1596), and for notices of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE and LADY ELIZABETH DRAKE.—G.

SIR
FRANCIS DRAKE,
His
Honorable lifes com-
mendation, and his
Tragicall Deathes
lamentations.

* *
*

Conamurennes, grandia.



AT OXFORD,
Printed by Ioseph Barnes,
and are to bee solde in
Pauls Church-yard
at the Signe of
the Bible.
1596.





TO THE BEAVTEOVS, AND
vertuous Lady ELIZABETH, late
wife unto the highlie renowned
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
deceased.

DIvorced by Death, but wedded still by love,
(For love by Death can never be divorced)
Loe *Englands* Dragon, thy true turtle Dove,
To seeke her make is now againe enforced.

Like as the Sparrow from the Castre's ire
Made his Asylum in the wise-mans fist :
So he, and I his tongues-man, doe require
Thy sanctuarie, Envie to resist.

So may heroique DRAKE, whose worth gave wings
Vnto my Muse that nere before could flie,
And taught her tune these harsh discordant strings,
A note above her rurall minstrallie,
Live in himselfe, and I in him may live,
Thine eies to both vitalitie shall give.

Your Ladiships vertues devoted

CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY.

A 2





To the Authour.

O Nce dead, and twise alive, thrise worthie DRAKE,
And worthie thou by whome he lives againe :
O would that thou who him alive dost make,
A life vnto thy selfe by him might'st gaine !
But if thou canst not get this for thy paine,
Yet will I offer heart and pen to thee,
And if one faile, the other thine shalbe.

Sure one will faile ; the other thine shalbe,
Admitting thee into her chiefeſt part ;
Wiſhing that art with nature would agree,
To ioine an able pen with loving hart,
That to the world ſhee might her minde impart :
So hart imagine ſhould, and art indite,
And art and hart ſhould both thy praifes write.

But now let DRAKE, unto whose ſhrine thou ſingeſt
Theſe lamentable accents on his tombe,
Retribute part to thee of that thou bringeſt,
And make thee famous, though himſelfe be dumbe ;
So by thy praizing, ſhall thy prayſes come :
Then let thy ſwan-ſweet verſe ſing to a DRAKE,
And that which makes him, ſhall thee famous make.
Richard Rous.





To C. F.

WHen to the bankes of sweete *Elysium*
Came worthy **DRAKE**, to get his passage there,
The ferriman denied his ghost to come,
Before his exequies solemniz'd were :

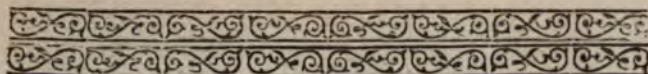
But none t'adorne his funerall hearfe did prove :
And long he fate vpon the haplesse shoare,
Vntill thy Muse (whome pittie still did move)
Helpt thee to rise, and him to rest no more :

And sent her mournesfull teares unto his ghost,
And sweete (though sad) complaintes, as exequies,
Passing him to those fields which long he lost,
And won his soule the ioy, thy pen the prise :

So still thy funeralles shall adorne his name,
And still his funeralles shall enlarge thy fame.

Francis Rous.





To the Authour.

*E*nglands *Vlyffes*, flaine by mortall fates,
His bodie *Tethys* caught within her armes,
Jove plac'd his soule amid the heavenlie states,
Setting him free from fortune-tossing harmes,
From *Scylla's* gulfes, and *Circes* deadlie charmes :
And both did chuse a place to keepe his pray,
Tethys her lap, but *Jove* the Milke-white Waye.

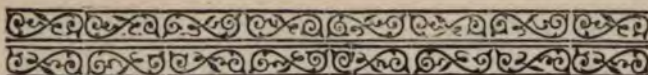
Yet shall his fame, his worth, his worthy deedes,
Eterniz'd by thy verse, amonge us dwell,
And whatfoeuer after-age succedes,
Vnto posteritie the same shall tell,
And make thy prayses with his owne excell :
Time that doth all things else in time deuoure,
Shall never have thy name within her power.

Old GEEFFREY CHAVCER, *Englands* auncient Muse,
And mirrour of the times that did ensue,
Yeelded to death, that nere admits excuse ;
But now in thee he seemes to live a newe,
(If grave *Pythagoras* sage sawes be true :)
Then sith old GEEFFREY'S spirite lives in thee,
Rightlie thou named art FITZ-GEEFFERY.

D. W.

A 4.



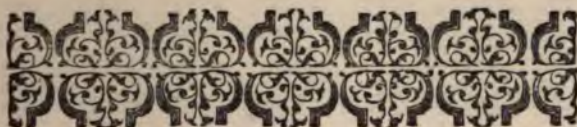


IN DRACVM REDIVIVVM;

Carmen.

Q Vis vostrum, Angligenæ, cui saltem illustria cordi,
Invisumq., scelus, falsam ingrathamq. negabit
Romanam gentem, quæ insignia tanta CAMILLVM
Post spolia, & partos fœlici Marte triumphos,
Indignum prorsus, nec quicquam tale merentem,
Pro meritis tantis, patriâ laribusq. relictis,
Diversas sedes peregrè seclariè urisit?

At vos, ô Britones, sic criminis illius illos
Vestra facit censura reos & digna referre
Præmia virtuti, & bene gestis rebus honorem
Ipsi negligitis, passim leviora canentes?
Nempe huic vaniloqui falsissima scommata GVLLI.
Aligerivè faces, Veneris petulansvè duellum
Materiem præbent, mollis fomenta Thalici;
Turpiter AIACEM canit ille, armisq. relictis
Ex cæno famam, fumos ex stercore captat.
Virtus intereâ ingenuo viduata patrono
Supprimitur, medijs tumultataq. fluctibus undâ
Corpore cum, magni iacuisset gloria DRACI,
DRACI, belligeri proles generosa QVIRINI
Qui fuit, & quo nil auriga illustrius unquam
Desuper ætherius lato despexit Olympo:
Quodq. malum peius, Lethæis obrutus undis





*Hic tantus iacuisset honos, ni acerrime vindex
FITZGEOFRIDE, etiam contempti numinis huius
Te causa ad numeros tam desperata coegit.*

*Næ meliore tibi debetur iure corona
Civica, qui DRACI perituram vindice famam
Carminè restituis, quàm qui civemvè patremvè
Hostibus ereptum dextræ virtute tuetur.*

*Eia age, quod reliquum, Musis faultricibus, esto
Maële tuis cæptis, quamvis non talibus, opto :
Euge ô maële (inquam) iuvenis lectissime, cæptis,
Non levior, quàm quam celebras, tibi gloria surget.*

Thomas MYCHELBORNE.





SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
HIS HONORABLE LIVES

commendation, and his
tragicall deathes la-
mentation.

* *

DARKE night, the sov'raigne of *Cymmerian* black,
Th' inhabitant of pitchie *Acheron*,
Mounted upon *Alastors* snaky backe,
From *Tænarus* (her blacke pavilion)

Rides through the world in sad progression ;
Dew-dropping mists, and darkenesse duskie bloome
Attende, as Heraulds, to proclaime her roome.

Blinde *Vesperugo*, cloath'd in sable shade
(Nights cloudie harbinger, colde Hesperus)
Runs on before to see that way be made ;
And being authorized her Prodomus,
Rides on the Vulture-bearing *Caucasus*,
Vailing the golden tapers of the light,
And bids Olympus entertaine the night.

B 1.

Shee





Sir Francis Drake.

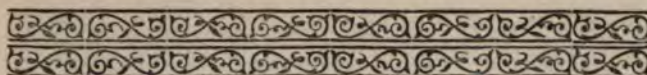
Shee bristling up her leaden-plated crest
Of feathers, broader then the dragons wings,
Whose space disioines the *Lycaonian* beast
From *Cynosure*, whose praise the sea-man sings,
That shee as patronesse directs his rings ;
 Enclaspeth with her winged eminence
The worlds orbicular circumference.

Now only is shee earth's high Monarchesse,
And tirannizeth ore this massie rounde ;
For hee, whose puissance quel'd her monstrosnesse,
Enchaining her beneath the waightie grounde,
By deaths fierce Heben trident hath his wounde,
 Repaying unto greedie destinie,
The int'rest of his life-lent usurie.

Drownd is the day-star in the *Hesperian* deepes,
The radiant *Eos* of white *Albion* :
~~Phosphorus~~ hve-lasse, faire *Aurora*, weepes,
And day-reducing *Phosphorus* doth mone
That he unto the other world is gone ;
 Denying them the traffique of his sight,
Nun whose faire lustre they deriv'd their light.

See





Sir Francis Drake.

See how *Apollo* talks his wearied teames
Vnto the Occidentall Axeltree,
Making th' Horizon maske in sable seames,
Abandoning the earth from mirth and glee,
Swearing it never more his lamps shall see,
But meanes (except the fates his wrath appease)
To live immur'd amonge th' *Antipodes*.

As when he left th' *Olympique* starrie rocks,
Living an exile long in *Theffalie* ;
And neere *Amphrysus* fed *Admetus* flocks,
Onlie accompanied with *Mercurie* :
Or when for *Phætons* sad tragedie,
Enrag'd with passionate woe he fell at ods
With thundring *Jove*, and all the minor Gods

But now nor *Clymenes* audacious boy
Torne by the morning-breathing horses rage ;
Nor *Amyclæan Hyacinth's* annoy
Cause this his griefe, impatient of asswage ;
These woes long since gave place to time and age :
The paines that now exagitate his soule,
Time cannot tame, nor swan-white age controule.

B 2

He





Sir Francis Drake.

He, from whose funne the funne deriv'd his shine,
(As does his sifter-planet from his light)
Whilome than crySTALL far more cristalline,
Now is opprest with deaths eternall night,
Exempt from intercourse of *Phæbus* sight ;
 Who wailes his losse, but sollaced in this,
 That his immortall foule survives in blisse.

The Gods *Pandora*, heavens bright firmament,
Faire *Albions* bulwarke, castle of defence,
The worldes rare wonder, th' earths rich ornament,
Harts adamant, mindes sacred excellence,
Wisedomes grave *Delphos*, virtues quintessence,
 Right perfect workmanship of skilfull nature,
 Some femi-God, more then a mortall creature.

Great God of prowesse, thunderbolt of war,
Bellona's darling, *Mars* of chivalrie,
Bloody *Enyo's* champion, foe-mens feare,
Fames stately Pharus, map of dignitie,
Joves pearle, pearls pride, prides foe, foes enemie :
 Spaine-shaking feaver, regent of wars thunder,
 Vndaunted DRAKE, a name importing wonder.





Sir Francis Drake.

All this, yea thrife a thousand times and more
Than this untold, though Angels eloquence,
Though all the foules of Poets heretofore,
And modern Muses made their residence
In mortall mould to pen his excellence ;
 More then all arts Arithmetique can summe,
 Ay me ! are now enclof'd in DRAKES rich tombe.

Tombe ? ah no tombe, but *Neptunes* froathing waves :
Waves ? ah no waves, but billow-rouling seas :
Seas ? ah no seas, but honour's hallowed graves :
Graves ? ah no graves, but bones eternall ease.
Ease ? ah no ease, but rest borne to displease :
 What ere it be where worthy DRAKE doth lie,
 That sacred shrine entombes a Deitie.

If Deitie in earth can be enrold,
Or maie participate with brickle claie ;
Or can be compas'd with so fraile a mould,
Or be invested in so base aray,
As transitorie flesh borne to decay ;
 Then where so ere it be that DRAKE doth lie,
 That sacred shrine entombes a Deitie.

B 3

If



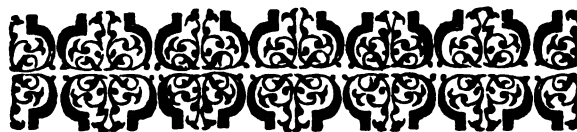


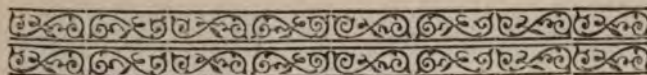
Sir Francis Drake.

If Deitie maie be a thing created,
The quaintest workmanship of skilfull nature ;
Or by a parliament of Gods enacted,
Or be appropriated to a creature,
Omnipotent *Joves* richest architecture :
Then where so ere it be that DRAKE doth lie
That sacred shrine entombes a Deitie.

But if mans soule his Deitie define ;
Which is an essence metaphysicall,
Immortal, heaven-infused, and divine ;
And flesh be but a prison temporall,
That for a season holdes the soule in thrall :
Then in DRAKES tombe doth this his prison lie,
But heavens bright shrine contains his Deitie.

O who will leade me to that two topt mountaine,
The *Heliconian* Muses laureat hill ?
Who will conduct me to that sacred fountaine,
Whence soule-infusing *Nectar* doth distill,
That Poets sp'rites with winged furies fill :
Where naked *Graces* use to bathe and swim,
While *Nymphs* and *Fairies* daunce about the brim ?
Where





Sir Francis Drake.

Where no *Actæon* stragling through the fields
Defiles those *Dians* with polluted eyes ;
No *Pyrenæus* this chaste forrest yelds,
Whose sugred words and soothing flatteries
Ioyn'd with constraint would cause them wantonize :
 No such polluted peffaunts haunt these places ;
 For lust is sacriledge unto the *Graces*.

Phæbus faire wel-springs, fountaines cristall bright,
Oile of invention, Poets paradise,
Impressures of conceite, sap of delight,
Soules sweete Emplastrum, unguent of the eies,
Drops, making men with Gods to sympathize,
 Baths of the Muses, *Hebes* sugred wine,
 Pure *Helicon*, the very name divine.

Mount me faire offspring of *Mnemosyne*,
Vpon *Bellerophon's* winde-winged steede ;
Lift up my leaden sp'rite, *Euphrosyne*,
Above the pitch of pastors rurall reede :
For he that sings of matchlesse *DRAKE* had neede
 To have all *Helicon* within his braine,
 Who in his hart did all heavens worth containe.

B 4

No





Sir Francis Drake.

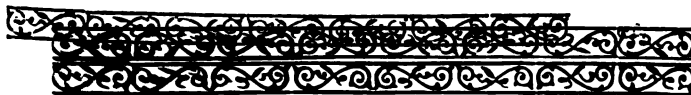
No common theame is subiect of my verse,
One Muse cannot suffice to pen this storie :
He that intends DRAKES merites to rehearse,
And pen the proceffe of his famous glorie,
Should in his hart all Muses spirites carrie :
Yet all inferiour to his worthines,
Whose soule did all the Worthies sp'rites possesse.

Audacious infant, proud presumptuous boye,
That dares presume to name with faltring tongue,
And voice vntaught to tune an humble laye,
A name which thundring Zephyrus hath songe,
And thousand Echo's through the world have ronge :
With fames triumphant trumpet often spred,
From th' Artique to th' Antartique famosed.

None but old *Atlas* heaven-up-holding armes,
Or greate *Alcides* adamantine brest,
To whose exploites all Poets singe alarmes
Should under-prop the Axel of the west,
And wield the heavē that DRAKES name hath addrest,
Whose waight will bruise the shoulders of the weake ;
Let children cease of such exploites to speake.

Yet





Sir Francis Drake.

Yet may we weepe, although we cannot finge,
And with sad passions volley forth our feares ;
While others accentes in the aire doe ringe,
Our Anthems may detaine the vulgar eares ;
And what we want in words, supplie in teares :
While *Philomela* tunes sweete melodie,
Progne may weepe her dismall tragedie.

Then you, sweete-singing Sirens of these times,
Deere darlings of the *Delian* Deitie,
That with your Angels-soule-inchauntinge rimes
Transport *Parnassus* into *Britanie*,
With learnings garland crowninge Poesie ;
Sdaine not that our harsh plaints should beate your eares :
Arts want may stop our tongues, but not our teares.

SPENSER, whose hart inharbours *Homers* soule,
If *Samian* Axioms be autenticall :
DANIEL, who well mayft *Maro's* text controule,
With proud *Plus ultra* true note marginall :
And golden-mouthed DRAYTON musically,
Into whose soule sweete SIDNEY did infuse
The essence of his Phoenix-feather'd Muse :

Typ





Sir Francis Drake.

Types of true honour, *Phæbus Tripodes*,
Hell-charminge *Orphæi*, *Sirens* of the sence,
Wits substance, *Joves* braine-borne *Pallades*,
Soules *Manna*, heavens *Ambrosian* influence,
True centers of renownes circumference,
 The gracefull *Graces* faire triplicitie,
 Of moderne Poets rarest trinarie.

Imbath your Angel-feathers loftie quill
In fluent amber-dropping *Castalie*,
That liquid gold may from your pen distill,
Encarving characters of memorie,
In brasen-leav'd bookes of eternitie :
 Be DRAKES worth royalized by your wits,
 That DRAKES high name may coronize your writs.

Let famous RED CROSSE yeld to famous DRAKE,
And good Sir GVION give to him his launce ;
Let all the MORTIMERS surrender make
To one that higher did his fame advance ;
Cease LANCASTERS, & YORKEs iars to enhaunce ;
 Sing all, and all to few to sing DRAKES fame ;
 Your Poems neede no laurell save his name.

Had





Sir Francis Drake.

Had he beene borne in *Agamemnons* age,
Whē stout *Achilles* launce scourg'd *Troies* proud towres :
When men gainst mē, and Gods gainst Gods did rage,
Ænæus, *Achilles*, nor *Vlysses* powres,
Had beene so famous in this age of ours :
All poets wou'd have written in his praise
Their *Æneads*, *Iliads*, and *Odysses*.

But now (o shame ! the vertuous are forgotten,
The *Heroes* are contemnd, and *Heroes* told :
The auncient orders all are dead and rotten ;
Gone is the praise of Poets old,
And now eternitie is bought and sold :
Free Poetrie is made a merchandise,
Onlie to fatter is to *Praise*.

Wel-worth *Augustus* laurel crowned times,
Pure *Halcion* hours, *Saturnus* golden dayes,
When worthies patroniz'd Poets times,
And Poets times in mine wretched praise,
Sdaining base *Plato* graces with *laure* to raise :
When now, for mercenary few in write,
And be a Poet is to *Parasite*.

Dr.





Sir Francis Drake.

But you (sweete foules) the *Graces* trinarie,
Straine up your tunes with notes angelicall ;
From heavens faire house (ô Fames Trium-viri)
Fetch *Orpheus* harpe with strings harmonickall ;
And musicke from the Spheares melodickall ;
And with sweete quires of Swans, and Nightingals,
Sing dolefull ditties at *DRAKES* funerals.

My Muse all mantled in death's livorie gowne
Shall mourne before his hearse in sad araie,
With fable Cyparissus hanging downe
Her mornefull brest, whose boughes shall fan awaie
Titans bright beames, bedarkning all the daie :
And while with teares you sit melodying,
Shee shall weepe with you, though shee cannot sing.

Even as the Larke, when winters waft drawes neere,
Mounteth her basinetted head on high,
And through the aire doth tune her trebles cleere
Quav'ring full quaintlie forth her Tireli,
Beyond the ken of any piercing eie ;
While as the Red-brest on an humble thorne,
With weeping notes the summers lost doth mourne.

Yee





Sir Francis Drake.

Yee that attend on *Cythere's* traine,
And feede her silver-feathered turtle-doves,
Which in their golden-wired cage remaine,
Whether at *Paphos* firme or *Cerylas* grown:
Whose foot-steps do dwell with dulciant i notes,
While damozel Ladies doe imagineize
Your thoughts within the *Elys* of their sea

While Music is in morrhie i with the notes
Which from your Mithras pipe issues to fall
As makes you fill the largest vault i notes
With music-perfume long pathetical,
And music-savouring speech methematical,
Taking your pens to pen a wondrous tale
And then the circle of your verse describe

O let your Muse make an *Apollonian*
From *Tamus* rivers into *Helios's* traine
Give her a *gowne* of *Helios's* rayne
Impeit with *supernatural* the *hymne*
And when your *hymne* is *hymned* with *hymne*
Interlude to the *hymne* as *hymne*
In all your *hymns* and your *hymns*

710





Sir Francis Drake.

Cease (fondlings) henceforth to idolatrize
With *Venus*, your *Carpathean*-sea borne Queene ;
And to heroique DRAKE do sacrifice
Of expiation of your former sinne,
Erect his statue whereas hers hath beene ; (hearse ;
Make DRAKE your Saint, and make the shrine, his
Your selves the Priests, the sacrifice your verse.

O you the quaint tragedians of our times,
Whose statelie shanks embuskind by the Muses.
Draw all the world to wonder at your rimes ;
Whose sad *Melpomene* robs *Euripides*,
And wins the palme and price from *Sophocles* :
While *Poe* and *Seine* are sicke to thinke upon
How *Thames* doth ebbe and flowe pure *Helicon*.

Who at your pleasures drawe, or else let downe
The floud-hatches of all spectators eies ;
Whose ful-braind temples deck't with laurell crowne,
Ore world of harts with words do tirannize ;
To whome all Theaters sing Plaudities :
While you with golden chaines of wel-tun'd songes,
Linke all mens eares and teares unto your tongues.
Cease



~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Mr. Thomas J. Ryan

Dear Mr. Ryan: I am writing you
in the hope that you will
be able to help me in my
present situation. I am a
man of about 40 years of age
and have been married for
about 15 years. I have two
children, a son and a daughter.

I am a graduate of the
University of California at
Berkeley and have a degree
in the field of Economics.
I have been employed for
about 10 years in the
field of Economics.

I am currently employed as
an Assistant Professor of
Economics at the University of
California at Berkeley.

I am writing you in the hope
that you will be able to
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~~CONFIDENTIAL~~



Sir Francis Drake.

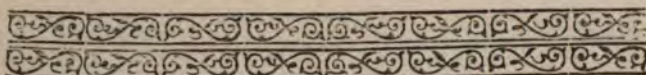
Heere Poets, spend your wits chiefe quintessence,
And bandie verses with the God of verse,
Imbalme him with your wits best influence,
All intellectual powres his praise rehearse,
And with your poems bewtifie his hearse :
 Feare neither *Theons* tooth, nor Critique lookes,
 DRAKES onlie name shall patronize your bookes.

Be DRAKES heroique deedes the argument,
His name the prologue of your tragedie,
The acts and scenes, his acts all excellent,
Himselfe chiefe actor of *Spaines* misery,
His lance the Scorpion-scourge of *Hesperie* ;
 Fettring with golden chaines their principates,
 And leading captive *Spaines* chief potentates.

The Muses hill shalbe the Theatre
And all the world spectators of the shoves,
A quire of Angels shall the Chorus beare,
The massacre shalbe of *Englandes* foes,
And such as thinke to worke *Elisa's* woes :
 And when DRAKES death ends the Catastrophe,
 Heaven shall clap handes, and give the Plaudite.

But





Sir Francis Drake.

But ah! our daies are stamp't in envi's mint,
And this our age cast in the yron mould,
Our hearts are hew'd out of *Caucaſean* flint,
And two-leav'd plates of braſſe our breasts enfold;
Hate waxeth yong, the world thus waxing old:
 And beſt wee like them that doe love us leaſt,
 And leaſt we love them whome we ſhould like beſt.

Impietie of times, vertues cheefe hater,
The dying worlds twiſe-infant-waxen dotage,
Worth's cankar-worme, deſert's ingrate abater,
Hard yron-ages death-declining fottage,
Foule ſerpent-eating envi's loathſome cottage:
 Poyſon-tooth'd viper, impiouſly that bites
 The wombe of thoſe who are her favorites.

False touch-ſtone, not diſcerning gold from braſſe,
False ſooth-fayer, divining alway lies,
False clocke, not telling how the day doth paſſe,
False friend, forſaking in adverſities,
False pilot, leading through extremities,
 False in election, false in amitie,
 And only true in infidelitie.

C I.

Such



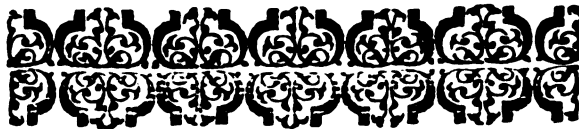


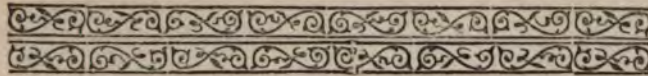
Sir Francis Drake.

Such is the worlde, as one that dotes with yeares,
Loathing things present, though of greater price,
Liking that which is past and not appeares,
And saies, the elder age was far more wise,
Of higher worth, and of more sound advise :
 All that it sees, it think's not worth the fight,
 But what it wants, it craves with maine and might.

Bleare-eyed elde, not seeinge dark from day,
Blinde with affection, ignorant of truthe,
Vnwain'd from selfe-love, never at a staye,
Leaning upon the crabbed staffe of ruthe ;
Vntoward to forecast for that ensueth,
 Iniurious to those that most befriend it,
 Obsequious to those that most offend it.

The auncient nobles are most noble deem'd,
And in Fames calender Saints registred,
While present worthies vassals are esteem'd,
Though worthier to be canonized
Than those that are in Legendaries red :
 Nor *Hercules*, nor *Mars* were Gods accounted,
 Before they died, and into heaven were mounted.
What





Sir Francis Drake.

What marvell then though some base humorists,
Foule whelps of fierce *Hyrcean* tygars seedes,
Extenuate the worth of Iovialists,
And such as merite heaven by famous deedes,
Returning base disdaine for worthy meedes :
 Oule-fighted eies, that dazled are with light,
 But see acutelie in the darkefome night.

Some such there are, (ô shame ! too great a summe !)
Who would impeach the worth of worthy DRAKE,
With wrongfull obloquies sinister doome,
And eagerly their serpent-tongues they shake,
And sith they cannot sting, a hissing make :
 But he, who made all *Spaine* quake with his fame,
 Shall quell such mush-rumps onlie with his name.

Monsters of nature, *Nile*-bred Crocodiles,
Sight-slaying Basilisks, poyson-swolne toades,
Fame-fretting cankers, shames infectious biles
Earth-gaping Chasma's, that mishap aboades,
Presumptuous gyants, waging war with Gods :
 Aire-putrifying *Harpyes* loathsome broode,
 Echidna's offspring, sworne foes to the good.

C 2

These





Sir Francis Drake.

These serpents mouths with tongues & teeth are filled,
With tongues they sting, with teeth they fiercely bite ;
By stinging, mindes ; by biting, hearts are killed ;
The mindes with griefe, the hearts with deadly spighte :
This spighte kils ioie, this griefe doth slay delight.
O what fierce hell begot this monstrous kinde,
Whose toüg, whose teeth, kills, slaies, the hart, the mind ?

Their brest, the harbour of an envious hart ;
Their heart, the store-houfe of a pois'ned hate ;
Their hate, the quiver holding slanders dart ;
That dart they shoote at men of highest state ;
That state, that soone is subiect to debate :
And that debate breeding dissention,
Procures all common-wealth's destruction.

Their heades lay complots, strife how to procure :
Their hands do practife what their heades desire :
Their hearts approove what hands have put in ure :
Their mindes in mischief with their harts conspire :
Their foules consent to that their mindes require :
Who will not saie they are spronge from the devill,
Whose heads, hands, harts, whose minds, whose foules
(are evill ?





Sir Francis Drake.

Celestiall Goddesse, eviternall Fame
Minerva's daughter by faire *Maia's* sonne,
Of all th' inhabitants of heavens faire frame
Most highlic honord since the world begonne,
And shalbe, till the fatall Glasse be runne :
Soules sweet receipt, the health's restorative,
Hearts cordiall, the mindes preservative.

Goddesse of thoughts, Muse animating spirite,
Aulter of honour, temple of renowne,
Shrine of devotion yeelding art her merite,
Lifes richest treasure, vertues gorgeous gowne,
Heavens best habilement, *Ariadne's* crowne ;
The *Cynosura* of the purest thought,
Faire *Helice*, by whom the heart is taught :

Send honour downe (ô chiefe of Goddeses :)
Honour thy royall persons messenger,
To ravish DRAKE from earth's unworthines.
(As *Jupiter* once sent his armour-bearer
To transport *Ganimed* from *Ida* thither :)
And as that boy was honoured of Jove,
So honour DRAKE, and let him be thy love.

C 3.

Daugh-





Sir Francis Drake.

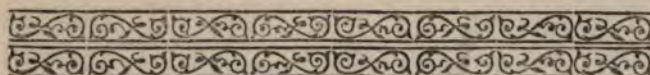
Daughter of time, sincere Posteritie,
Alwaie new borne, yet no man knowes thy birth,
The arbitresse of pure sinceritie,
Yet changeable (like *Proteus*) on the earth,
Sometime in plentie, sometimes ioyn'd with dearth :
 Alwaie to come, yet alwaie present heere,
 Whom all runne after, none come euer neere :

Vnpartiall Iudge of all, save present state,
Truth's Idioma of the things are past,
But still pursuing present things with hate,
And more iniurious at the first than last,
Preserving others, while thine owne doe waft :
 True treasurer of all antiquitie,
 Whom all desire, yet never one could see.

Be thou religious to renowned DRAKE,
And place him in thy catalogue of saints ;
In sterde of *Neptune*, God of sea him make,
Either to loose, or binde the windes restraints ;
Let sea-men offer him their vowes and plaintes :
 Envie lives with us, while our selves survive,
 But when we die, it is no more alive.

And





Sir Francis Drake.

And you, eternall *Joves* high progenie,
Whom at your birth the Gods, your parents, blest,
To consecrate unto eternitie
In never-dying registers of rest
Your selves, and others that deserve it best ;
 To whom they feal'd this chartar at your birth,
 Your souls should live in heaven, your fames on earth :

Joves deereft darlings, Gods best favorites,
Saints paragons, of pureft earth refine,
Scorn'd of the world, because heavens chiefe delightes,
Inheritours of Paradife by kinde,
Which was to you before your birth assign'd :
 The golden rings where honours iewels shines,
 Whose fun is Fame, heaven Zodiake, you the Signes :

Imbathe your Phoenix quils in Nectar streames
Of milken shows, that *Juno's* breasts did raine,
Let *DRAKES* high excellence be all your theames,
Whereon to spend the chieftest of your braine,
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 In holie heavens celestiaall Hierarchie.

C 4.

GRIN-





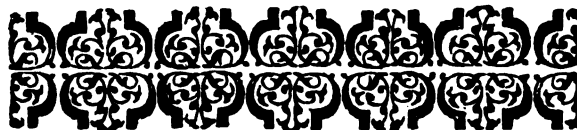
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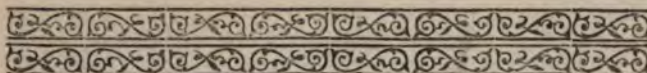
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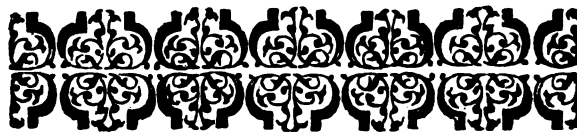
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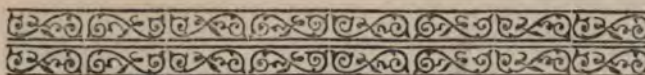
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Inheritours of Paradife by kinde,
Which was to you before your birth assign'd :
 The golden rings where honours iewels shines,
 Whose sun is Fame, heaven Zodiake, you the Signes :

Imbathe your Phœnix quils in Nectar streames
Of milken showrs, that *Juno's* breasts did raine,
Let *DRAKES* high excellence be all your theames,
Whereon to spend the chiefeft of your braine,
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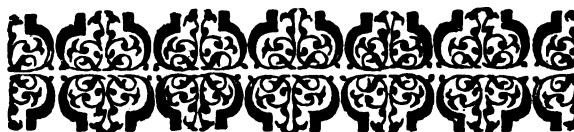
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Be thou religious to renowned DRAKE,
And place him in thy catalogue of faints ;
In steede of *Neptune*, God of sea him make,
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Joves deereft darlings, Gods best favorites
Saints paragons, of purest earth reines
Scorn'd of the world, because heavens choicest delights
Inheritours of Paradise by kinde
Which was to you before your birth assign'd :
 The golden rings where honours jewels shines
 Whose sun is Fame, heaven Zodiacke, you the Signes

Imbathe your Phoenix quills in Nether freames
Of milken shows, that *Juno's* breasts did frame
Let *DRAKES* high excellence be all your themes
Whereon to spend the chiefeft of your braine
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C 4

GRIN-





Sir Francis Drake.

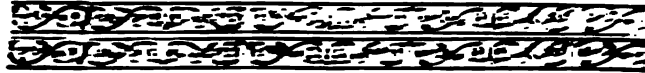
GRINVIL, a name that made *Iberia* tremble,
Whom *Jove* would make the *Atlas* of the west,
(So well he did his *Hercules* resemble)
Had not a waightier charge his minde posselt ;
For having plac'd him in *Elysian* rest,
In heavens star-chamber held a Parliament,
And made him Prorex of his regiment.

Well hath his Poet royaliz'd his acts,
And curiouſlie describ'd his tragedie ;
Quaintlie he hath eternized his facts
In laſting registers of memorie,
Even coëternall with eternitie :
So that the world envies his happie ſtate,
That he ſhould live when it is ruinate.

Some fierie Muſe with heavenly heate enflam'd,
Mount DRAKE likewise above the azur'd ſkie ;
Be not the Eagle *Joves* thunder-bearer nam'd,
Let DRAKE poſſeſſe that glorious diginitie,
Or rather let himſelfe the thund'rer bee,
And make the world his maieſtie to wonder :
For who more fit than DRAKE to rule the thunder ?

Hee





San Francisco, 1906

How still earth's thunder while he lies
Which when he lies will make your *Figure* dance
Angie will give him love that lives
Should make his name as exquisite as
But when he lies in the *San Francisco* place
He goes to rest in peace and in love
As one more in the great *San Francisco* place

San Francisco is the *San Francisco* of the world
And when you lie down in the *San Francisco* world
No matter how the *San Francisco* world is
Their *San Francisco* world is the *San Francisco* world
And when you lie down in the *San Francisco* world
Their *San Francisco* world is the *San Francisco* world
And when you lie down in the *San Francisco* world

The *San Francisco* world is the *San Francisco* world
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Sir Francis Drake.

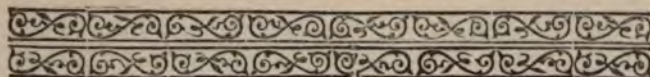
The *Pyraean* cloudie-topped mountaines,
At his approach, with mists their faces vail'd,
The hills shed teares, and made encrease of fountaines,
Still fleeting downe the clifts, and neuer fail'd,
When through the Ocean waves his navie sail'd :
And if cleere waters in the fleete were scant,
He made his foe-mens teares supplye the want.

Oft did the sourses, plow'd vp by his ship,
Seeme to ore-whelme the *Cassiterides* ;
While the *Cantabrian-Ocean* sea nymphs skip,
Together with the faire *Nerëides*,
And all the lovelie *Oceanitides*,
Dauncing about to have a sight of DRAKE,
Or of his ship a lovelie kisse to take.

As oft as neere the *Gades* both he sail'd,
And by *Cape-Sacers* sky-top'd promontory,
Their heades (like dappers) under waves they vail'd,
Th' *Herculean* maine it selfe seem'd to be sorry
Grieving it should such pondrous forces carrie ;
For though it could beare him who bare the skye,
It could not DRAKE, for DRAKE was more thē he.

The





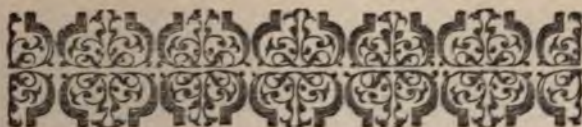
Sir Francis Drake.

The *Baleares* wisht them-selves unknowne
Or ioyn'd in league unto the *Brittish* maine,
Dreading they should by DRAKE be ouerthrowne,
And ravish'd from their neighbour-bordring *Spaine*,
Whose weakned powrs it selfe could not maintaine :
 They wisht some God would metamorphose them
 To sea-nymphs, that they might be safe from him.

Toledo's towres, and *Compostella's* Saint
Kept not *Hesperia* secure from dreade ;
The towres declind, the Saint with feare was faint,
Faint Saint, for feare that durst not shew his heade,
Dreading least greater dangers followed :
 Alas ! what could such fearefull Saints prevaile
 Where such great *Joves*, as DRAKE, meant to assaile ?

Iberus river in *Cantabria*
Oft wisht he had still kept him under grounde ;
His head-spring neere to *Juliobrica*
Thrise hid himselfe, and could no where be founde,
Thrise overwhelming, all the land was drown'd,
 For hearing that the conqu'ring DRAKE came by,
 Poore coward river knew not where to flie.

What





Sir Francis Drake.

What profited th' *Herculean Calpe* now,
That *Titan* in the Occidentall line
Trav'ling unto th' *Antipodes* belowe,
Daynes to salute him with his radiant shine,
As to the other world he doth decline ?
One meanes to dispossesse him of his might,
Who dispossessed *Titan* of his light.

Tagus, thy gold could not redeeme thy feare,
Nor all thy sands thy grieve could countervaile ;
DRAKE comes, and leades with him the Gods to war,
With victorie displaied on his sayle :
What can thy gold and water now availe ?
Thy precious water shall his thirst alaie,
Thy gold shall serve to give his souldiers pay.

Spaine annuallie prepar'd a royall fleete,
To sweepe the seas unto the *Indian* coast,
That comming home they might our Dragon meete,
And pay him tribute at their proper cost ;
England, thou hadst the gaine, and *Spaine* the lost :
Had he surviv'd, *Tempe* had beene our land,
And *Thames* had stream'd with *Tagus* golden sand.
Such





Sir Francis Drake.

Such as the *Hyperborean* Dragon, was,
That bare th' inchaunting daughter of the sunne
On scaled creft of triple-plated brasse,
When through *Campania's* coast he us'd to runne,
And ceas'd not ranging till his course were done ;
But with irrefragable force and might
Made obstant lets give waie unto his flight.

Such was our Dragon when he list to soare
And circuit *Amphitrite's* watric bowre :
The rampant lyon, and the tusked boare,
The ravenous tigar borne still to devoure,
To barre him passage never had the powre :
Whole heards and hostis could never make him stay,
His onlie fight foud to make him way.

Forth of his nostrils burning fumes of fire
(As from an oven's gaping mouth, did flame,
Wherewith he waisted in his raging ire
All that oppos'd themselves against the same ;
All the sea-monsters trembled at his name :
And when it pleas'd him progress through the sea,
His fame was heard to proclaim his way.





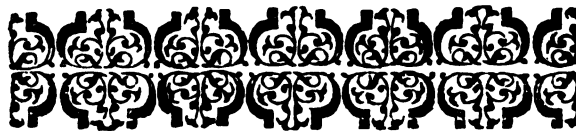
Sir Francis Drake.

O what an heavenly sight it were to view,
And with the eie survey him on the maine,
Incountring with a proud *Tartessian* crew,
The choyfest Martialists of war-like *Spaine*,
And swarthy *Moores*, and *Indian* slavish traine,
Mantling all *Tethys* with their Argos-eies,
With high-topt masts included in the skies.

Their gallies fraughted full with men of war,
Whose oares plow'd furrowes in the swelling waves
Than towred whales, or dolphins, larger far,
Of sife sufficient to be gyants graves,
Row'd with an hundred *Indian* captive slaves ;
Made glaucie *Nereids* groane, and seeme to shrinke,
Who often wisht to see their navie sinke.

Sea-castles, which they Galeazos nam'd,
Garded (like bul-warks) all the mightie fleete,
Whose masts of seaven conioyned oakes were fram'd,
By skilfull architecture made to meete,
Whose tops might seeme the element to greete :
Hoyfed aloft their failes display'd on high,
As though they ment to vaile the shining skie.

Who





Sir Francis Drake.

Who so beholding from the bordring shoare,
Had view'd their navie floating on the maine,
Would sweare they were no ships, that *Neptune* bore,
But woods of cedars growing on a plaine,
Whose tops above the region of the raine,
Were damp'd with circumfused clouds from fight,
Which no transpiercing eye could ken aright.

Neptune encircled in his watry armes
His silver-shining darling *Albion*,
And in his bosome shielded her from harmes,
That might endanger his chiefe paragon,
Fearing of nothing save his louelie one :
And like as *Perseus* kept his *Andromeda*,
So kept he her from monsters of the sea.

Now had our Dragon rouf'd him from his cave
Against his foe-men bending forth his flight :
All the sea-fourges passage to him gave,
Vntill he had his enemies in fight,
Gainst whome he bended all his force and might :
And in approch the adversarie deem'd
That all heavens hoast to march against them seem'd.
Who so





Sir Francis Drake.

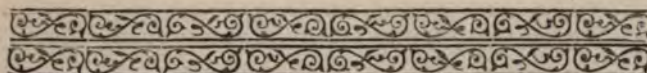
Who so had ever seene in *Arcadye*
The *Molorckean* Lion, through the feilde
Whole heards of beasts pursuing eagerlie,
That none escape but such as meeklye yeld,
Vntill desire of praie be largely fild :
 He might have iudged how our Dragon rag'd,
 Till full reveng his thirst had quite asswag'd.

On some he breath'd a fatall-burning fire,
That blew them up in ashes to the skye :
Others agast, dreadinge his wrathfull ire,
Duck'd downe their fearefull heades immediatlie
Vnder the waves to save themselves thereby :
 So that their fleete invincible by fame,
 Christninge anew he gave another name.

As on *Vlysses Circe* did bestowe
A blather, where the windes imboweld were,
That at his pleasure he might let them blowe,
Or keepe them in when danger did appeare :
So DRAKE about him still the windes did beare :
 And if misfortune forc'd some ships to fall
 Jove into sea-nimphs did transforme them all.

Fates





Sir Francis Drake.

If fates had fram'd him in the Gyants age,
When *Terra's* highe discent made heaven to tremble,
And *Titans* broode against the Gods did rage,
Whose trumpets (that did thunders noyse resemble)
Whole myriads of monsters did assemble ;
 Whose coale-black ensignes in the sky displayed,
 Out-bearded *Jove*, and made the Gods dismayed.

When *Phlægra's* feilds and proud *Pellene's* coast
Swarmed with troupes of gastlie Gyants bands ;
Where sturdie *Typhon* generall of the hoast,
Summon'd his kinsmen with the hundred hands
To come and fight with *Jupiter* for lands,
 Vnder the conducte of great *Briareüs*,
 With *Gyas*, *Cæus*, and *Halcyonëtis*.

Their pondrous waight did make their mother grone,
Dreading she should be pressed downe to hell :
Their father *Titan* seemd him selfe to mone,
As oft as from their mouths and nostrils fell
(Broade, like *Abyffus* gulfe where diuels doe dwell)
 Forth issued mightie clouds of mistye smoake,
 Whose duskie fogs his fierie beames did choake.

D 1.

Offa





Sir Francis Drake.

Typhon, whose ribs resembled cedar trees,
A quiver full of mountaines by his side
In-steede of darts did beare, and at his knees
Two dragons heads in knotted ioyntes were ti'd,
Which in their mouths two fierie tongues did hide :
 Against whose sting no plaister could preuaile,
 Not *Moly*, nor *Diſtannum* once could heale.

In-steede of trumpet, *Briareus* did roare,
And straind his high-refounding voice aloud ;
Whose ougly note a bafe so gaſtly bore,
As when, amid the aire some uncouth cloude
Meetes with an other, and together croude
 With ſuch a deadlie-founding fearefull voice,
 As heaven and earth doe tremble at the noiſe.

Heaven hid his hcade, and ſeem'd to flye for feare,
The daſtard Gods betooke themſelves to flight,
And vnto *Ægypt* forth-with made repaire,
Not daring to encounter them by might,
But truſting more to flight than vnto fight :
 Neere unto *Nilus* (hoping ſo to ſcape)
 Each one of them reſum'd a diuers ſhape.

D 2.

Jove





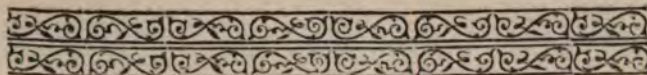
Sir Francis Drake.

Jove (like a ram) did weare both hornes & wooll,
(A livorie which of late he gave to manye)
Hence *Ammon* yet doth beare a horned scull :
Juno became a cow unknowen to anye,
To save her from the Gyants tirany :
Men to themselves their wives enioyned now,
While he did playe the sheepe, and she the cow.

Swift-footed *Mercurye* his talars chaunged
Into the serpent-slayeinge *Ibis* winge :
Venus (turn'd to a fish) the seaes now raunged,
Supposing that, which first her life did bringe,
Should save her life againe from perishing :
Phæbe did play the cat, *Phæbus* the crowe,
Bacchus disguised like a goate did goe.

O had victorious DRAKE among them then
In heaven (as now he is) beene deifi'd,
They needed not have dreaded mortall men,
Nor for a world of Gyants have deni'd,
Their God-heads, and, like cowards, in caves abide.
DRAKE shold have pierc'd thẽ with his burning darts,
Though all their thunder could not wound their harts.
Not





Sir Francis Drake.

Not to a fearefull ramme, or feeble cow,
But to a dragon DRAKE himfelfe should turne ;
From whose fierce nostrils flakes of fire should flow,
That in a moment all their tents should burne,
And headlong from their mountaines overturne
 Their big-bon'd carcasses to *Orcus* evils,
And bid them there wage battaile with the devils.

O where is now that cunning *Tarentine*
Archytas far renowned for his skill,
That could *Arts* purest quintessence refine,
And in faire *Practiques* limbecke at his will
The purest iuyce of *Theoriques* flowrs distill ;
 And by proportion Geometrical,
 Make wodden doves to flie, and not to fall ?

Where is that cunning man of *Syracuse*,
The first inventour of our Globes and Spheares,
So deeplie skild in *Mathematiques* use,
As that whole armies onlie one man feares,
Whose skilfull stratagems their might impaires ;
 And what a thousand could not doe by fight,
 One could atchive by arts celestial might ?

D 3.

Such





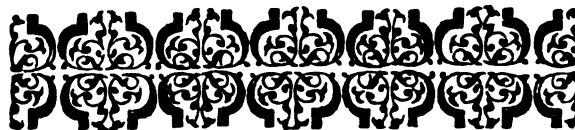
Sir Francis Drake.

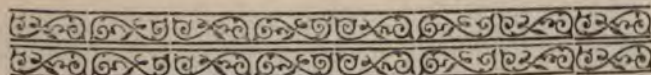
Such as were they, such was our worthy DRAKE,
Whose head a store-houfe was of pollicies,
That (like his valour) forc'd his foes to quake,
Making their hulkes to caper in the skies,
And quaver in the aire their *Argos-eies* :
 So by a proper sleight he knew full well,
 To send their ships to heaven, their soules to hell.

Sometime, when number vertue did surprise,
(As vertue sometime is surpris'd by number)
His pollicie could soone a waie devise,
To flie their forces that might bring him under ;
And how he could escape, it made them wonder :
 For of their *Indian* gold he made him wings,
 And (like a *Phœnix*) safelie from them flings.

Thinke how the Eagle, armourer to *Jove*,
Espying *Ganymede* on *Ida's* plaines,
Intended to convey him to his love ;
Which being noted by the *Phrygian* traines,
And other sturdie rutters, *Troian* swaines :
 They flocke together with confused cries,
 To rescue from the bird his lovelie prize :

An





Sir Francis Drake.

An hundred yron-pointed darts they fling,
An hundred stones flie whistling by his eares,
An hundred deadlie-dinted staves they bring,
Yet neither darts, nor stones, nor staves he feares ;
But through the aire his plumed crest he reares :
And in derision safelie scapes awaie,
Presenting unto *Jove* his long-lov'd praie.

So DRAKE (divine ELISA's champion)
Ceazing upon a praie of *Indian* gold,
Meaning to ship it home to *Albion*,
Ballasts his barke with treasures manifold ;
Which when the griev'd *Iberians* doe behold,
They swarme in troupes to take his prize awaie,
And to disrob him of his gained praie :

A thousand hel-mouth'd canons deadly shot,
A thousand ratling muskets hayle-stones flie,
Yet thousand deadlie canons hurt him not,
Nor thousand ratling muskets reckneth he,
But still rebeates them all as eagerlie ;
And, maugre all their beards, brings home the spoile,
Ritching ELISA, and ELISA's soile.

D 4

Those





Sir Francis Drake.

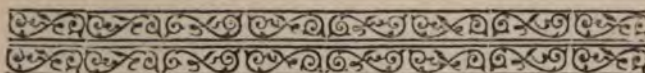
Those peereles Peeres, that through the world have spred
Their predeceffours vertues, and their owne,
And both with honour have enobeled ;
Who to nobilities chiefe point are growne,
The fage attendants on ELISA's crowne ;
Desir'd to venture on the foe with DRAKE,
And with his fortunes good or ill partake.

When forth they march'd against their eager foe,
HOPE, and REVENGE did beare them out to war ;
Garded with NON-PERILLE did they goe,
While BONADVENTVRE still their ensigne bare,
And cowardise by DREAD-NOVGHT bandon'd far ;
SWIFT-SVRE their race, though swift, yet alway fure ;
And good FORE-SIGHT to HOPE-WEL did allure.

Watchfull ADVISE did march in equipage
Together with her sister PROVIDENCE ;
RELIEFE with AYDE, and AYDE with high Courage,
Courage was guided with Experience,
And both did guide and garde their high pretence :
Where all such worthie vertues captaines were,
What coward would not be a conqueror ?

The





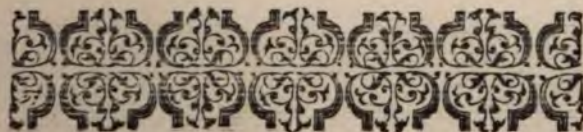
Sir Francis Drake.

The fouldiers followed eager for the fight,
Knowne to the foe by face, not by the backe,
Skilfull in fight, but ignorant in flight,
Swift in assault, but in retiring slacke ;
Never returning but with foe-mens wracke :
 Who would not be a fouldier in that band,
 Which, ere it fought, held VICTORIE in hand ?

Art-tamed TYGARS made waie with their pawes,
The VNICORN's sharpe horne the foe did goare,
The ravenous BEARE with blood imbru'd his iawes,
The LYONS with their tailes did hurt them foare,
And cut them short for comming once a shoare :
 And he that went out WHITE against his foe,
 Returnes home RED, for blood imbrued him fo.

A silver GRAYHOVND led a GOLDEN-HINDE,
Now reconciled to his utter foe :
A ROE-BVCKE that did beare a lions minde,
Together with DIANA still did goe,
And dreaded not her darts and murth'ring bowe :
 The PHOENIX in his fleete her nest did make,
 And HERCVLES himselfe attended DRAKE.

GODS-





Sir Francis Drake.

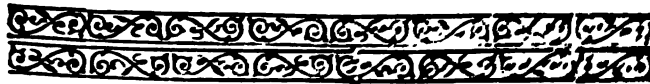
GODS-GIFT he had, and God his gift did SPEEDE,
No misadventure cros'd, where God did guide,
Where GOD did SAVE, none other salve did neede,
He sped the iournie, he did give the tide,
He fav'd the fleete from foes insulting pride :
How could the enterprife ill issue have,
Where GOD himfelfe did guide, did Speed, did Save ?

FORTVNE her felfe was present in the fleete,
But stoode not on her fickle-rowling wheele ;
Constant stabilitie ballasted her feete,
And being constant knew not how to reele,
But ruled the rudder and direct'd the keele :
How could mischance unto that ship betide,
Where FORTVNE was the pilot, and the guide ?

Garded with these associats royall traine,
Forth marched valiant DRAKE to martiall armes,
And makes an earth-quake through the coasts of *Spaine*,
When as his thundring drumme resoundes alarmes,
And roaring trumpets vollenge forth their harmes :
HOPE and REVENGE to warre conducted DRAKE,
And VICTORIE & TRIUMPH brought him backe.

Such



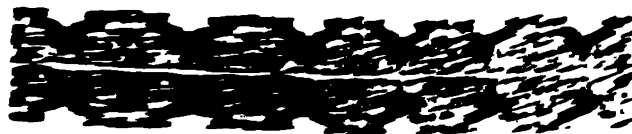


Sir Francis Drake.

Such were magnanimous DRAXIS accomplishments
Not of the vulgar, base, inglorious sort,
But such did follow wars as red in gold,
While very names their fortunes did improve.
Such were adventures fit to DRAXIS sort,
As he that but their various names did hear
Did still remember them in his heart.

Neither it was his worth was any more
Although his worth was much more than
But all as well as mine in peace was known
In moderating passions with a hand
As quieting the fire of passion
And as the Laurel crown: the conqueror
In that the Dove has the olive.

Like as a conqueror with his sword
He will not be his private soldier in
Even as a soldier with arms in hand
He will not be his private soldier in
Even as the peace that is his end
So all the war is but a means
To bring about the peace that is his end.



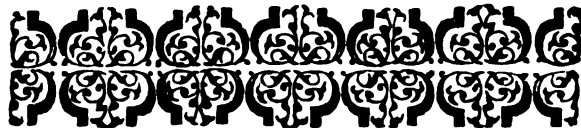


Sir Francis Drake.

Now Fame, the Queene of immortalitie,
Summons my Mufe from home-atchieved praife,
(Abandoning all partialitie,
A fatall finne to Poets now adaies)
Her leaden-winged creft aloft to raife,
And foare, in famous DRAKES memoriall
About the compaffe of this earthly ball.

Honour enmoves her to attempt the flight,
And wave her feathers (unneath taught to flie)
But faint despaire doth urge her feeble might
(That durft not yet her home-bred nest out-prie)
About the world to foare audaciouflie :
Honour replies, that if thee chance to faile,
The brave attempt the shame shall countervaille.

Bound on an high adventure thee intends
To tell the world that all the world can tell,
How all the triple earth's unbounded ends,
And landes where no inhabitants do dwell,
Where darke obfcuritie ftill keepes his cell,
Whereas the funne dares fcarce appearance make,
Have heard, and feene the fame of famous DRAKE.
Whofe





Sir Francis Drake.

Whose heauen-affecting thoughts could not remaine
Confin'd within the confines of the earth,
But still contended higher to attaine,
Since that the stars portended at his birth,
His praises plentie neu'r should feele a dearth,
But growe to that high exaltation
Of all the worlds peregrination.

A GOLDEN-HYNDE, led by his art and might,
Bare him about the earth's sea-walled round,
With un-resisted Roe-out-running flight,
While Fame (the harbinger) a trumpe did found,
That heaven and earth with echo's did abound ;
Echo's of DRAKES high praise, praise of his name,
Name royallif'd by worth, worth raif'd by fame.

Heart-stealing *Homer*, marrow of the Muses,
Chiefe grace of *Greece*, best pearle of poetrie,
Drowner of foules with arts ore-whelming fluces,
Embellished with *Phœbes* lunary,
Deckt with the *Graces* rich embroyderie,
Sweete hony-suckle, whence all Poets sp'rites,
Sucke the sweete honie of divine delightes.

Cease





Sir Francis Drake.

Cease to solemnize *Anticleas* son,
That famous *Ithacensian* roavers praise,
(Who greate *Achilles* armes from *Aiax* won)
His hard adventures, and his weary waies,
His wandering pilgrimages through the seas :
His dangerous travels, and his ten yeeres toyles,
Discovering new-found lands, and vncoth foyles.

First, how he bare himselfe ten yeeres at *Troie*,
And slew by skill the two *Dardanian* spyes ;
How from his foes he ravished with ioy
Their tall *Palladium* by quaint pollicies,
(Where *Priams* hart, and hope, and helpe relies :)
Then, how he spent ten other yeeres at sea,
Before to *Ithaca* he found the waie.

Rafe forth his name out of the *Odysses*,
Be hee no more the subiect of thy verse ;
But let thy Muse record *DRAKES* worthines,
And in *Vlysses* lieu his fame rehearse,
That far beyond *Vlysses* fame did pearse :
Searching the confines of this earthly round,
And provinces, that earft were never found.

Tell





Sir Francis Drake.

Tell how he bare the round world in a ship,
A ship, which round about the world he bare,
Whose saile did winged *Eurus* flight out-strip,
Scorning tempestuous *Boreas* stormy dare,
Discrying uncouth coasts, and countries rare :
 And people, which no eie had ever seene,
 Save Daies faire goldē Eie, & Nights bright Queene.

Tell how he hath escaped warilie
Loud-barking *Sylla's* ever-howling dogs,
And seal'd his eares, and lips up charilie
Gainst *Syrens* songs, and *Circes* poisoned drugs,
That metamorphose men to uglie hogs :
 Nor *Syrens* songs, nor *Circes* drugs he feares,
 Vertue had lock'd his lips, art seal'd his eares.

Tell how he pas'd *Charybdis* whirle-poole waves,
Whereas two mightie roaring chanel meete,
To swallow ships, and make their wombe their graves,
And cause their high-top't masts the gravell greete ;
Tell how *Caphareus* could not hurt his fleete :
 Neither the straights, nor quick-sands him amated,
 Nor waves, nor windes his valour once abated.

E 1.

Homer





Sir Francis Drake.

Homer tell how ; but ah, how canst thou tell
Homer, how DRAKE to purchase glorye wanted,
Since that sweete sp'rite that in thy foule did dwell,
And that sweete soule, sweete above all soules counted,
Longe since to soules sweete paradise is mounted ;
Wher thou with DRAKE to faints dost sing DRAKES praise,
Heere we bewaile his losse, our deepe diseafe.

O thou so high renowned for thy art,
In memorizinge base atchivements don
By one that bare a fearefull hares faint hart,
While subtile foxes heade his credit won ;
O had thy Muse once shin'd with DRAKES bright sun,
Or had thy golden verse his praise recounted,
Homer himselfe had *Homer* far surmounted.

Thy glorie, DRAKE would more have glorified,
His travell eased thee, that eased it,
In him thy felse thou hadst historified,
His fame would raise thy Muse, that raised it,
His name would praise thy verse, that praised it,
That after-ages should a question make,
Wheth'r DRAKE grac'd *Homer* more, or *Homer* DRAKE.
Marke





Sir Francis Drake.

Marke how a civet-smelling damaske rose,
In laurel-leaved garland quaintlie placed,
Yelds bewtie to the baie, where best it shoes,
And nether by the other is defaced,
But graceth that where with it selfe is graced :
So each the other should more famous make,
DRAKE *Homer* should adorne, and *Homer* DRAKE.

The fierie-sparkling precious Chrysolite,
Spangled with gold, doth most transplendent shine :
The pearle grac'd by the ring, the ring by it,
The one the others bewtie doth refine,
And both together bewties both combine,
The jewell decks the golden haire that weares it,
Honour decks learning that with honour rears it.

Valour, and art are both the *sonnes of Jove*,
Both brethren by the father, *not* the mother,
Both peeres without compare, both like in love,
But art doth seeme to be the elder brother,
Because he first gave life unto the other :
Who afterward gave life to him againe,
Thus each by other first his life receiveth

E 2

Art is





Sir Francis Drake.

How still the silver rockes of *Albion*,
Lightned translucent lustre from the shoare,
(Like to the carbuncles that shine upon
The faire sunnes golden pallace' ivorie dore)
Whose radiant splendour, and whose beauties lore,
 Vpon the world's extreamest wals reflect,
 Dazling the eies that gaze on such aspect.

How that their loftie mindes could not be bounded
Within the cancels, that the world doe bound ;
How that the deepest seas they searcho'd, and founded,
Beyond all landes that ever have beene found,
Making the farmost seas our praise resounde :
 And nations, which not Fame her selfe had seene,
 To carrol *Englands* fame, and fames rare Queene.

How they have travers'd sundrie forraine lands,
Lands, all environ'd with the swelling seas,
Seas, ignorant of endes, devoide of bands,
Bands, that might yeelde some harbour to their ease,
Ease, to refresh them in their wearie waies :
 Lands, bands, seas, waies their mindes amated not,
 By lands, bands, seas, and waies they honour got.

Vnto





Sir Francis Drake.

Vnto the confines of *Affyria*
Honour led princely EDWARD, (HENRIES sonne,
The third that did the *English* scepter sway)
Whose brave atchievements both in *Acra* donne,
And *Galile*, when *Nazareth* was wonne,
Inroles in ancient recordes of renowe,
The tributorie fame to *Englands* crowne.

Rich hart of Lyon, RICHARD *Lyon-hart*,
Twife match'd by name, but never in renowe:
Two more in RICHARDS title bare a part,
But none save hee (that wore the *English* crowne)
The name of *Lyon-hart* claim'd as his owne:
His hart was richest, that a Lyons was,
Save her rich hart, whose hart all harts doth passe

Tamcred can tell and all *Sicilie*,
But most *Melians* his great victories,
The coastes of *Palistin* and *Syrie*,
And *Cyprus* captivated *Emperours* den,
Sawe him stand in triumphous rolines:
And in the *Pyrgos* in *Antioch* of *Syrie*
His launce bare witness that he was a *Syrie*





Sir Francis Drake.

Art is nobilities true register,
Nobilitie arts champion still is fayde ;
Learning is fortitudes right calender,
And fortitude is learnings Saint & ayde :
Thus if the ballances twixt both be way'd,
 Honour shields learning from all iniurie,
 And learning honour from blacke infamie.

Why should *Vlyffes* be oppos'd to DRAKE ?
DRAKE, that *Vlyffes* worth exceld so farre,
As *Hyperion's* golden chariots flacke
Surmounts his silver sisters two-wheel'd carre ;
Or as her planet doth the smallest starre :
 DRAKE did *Vlyffes* worth exceede so farre,
 As sun exceedes the moone, the moone each starre.

Vlyffes was constrain'd to go to *Troye*,
DRAKE unconstrain'd, except constrain'd by fame :
Vlyffes fayning fury fayne would staye,
A heavenly fury DRAKES minde did inflame,
To purchase glory to *Ely/a's* name :
 He mad among his friends, milde with his foes ;
 But DRAKE was mild to them, and mad with those.
Both





Sir Francis Drake.

Both left their ladyes, fayre, & chaft : (a wonder :)
O who could leave a ladye chaft and fayre !
But fortune for a while their loves did funder ;
That fundred love could never love impayre :
Vlyffes left a ladie with an heyre :
 DRAKE left a ladie bounteous, fayre, and wife,
 For whose sweete love the Gods would leave the skies.

Vlyffes did the innocent betraye,
And in extreames forooke his aged frinde ;
No fuch defaults did ever DRAKE bewraye :
This difference betweene them both I finde,
Wherein greate DRAKE *Vlyffes* came behinde ;
 Vlyffes Homer had to pen his storie,
 DRAKE hath no *Homer* to emblaze his glorie.

Envie her felfe is forc'd to fay the truth,
(And yet the truth doth envie feldome fay)
Since *Brute* train'd hither firft the *Troian* youth,
(If ever *Brute* train'd hither youth of *Troye*)
The fmall remaynder of the *Greekes* deftroie,
 Noblye difcended from a vertuous line ;
 Noble difcents make vertue more divine.

C 3.

How





Sir Francis Drake.

Light-lesse and name-lesse *Prima-ry* hee
Till from his eyes it borrow'd name and light ;
Fama did never *Favilla* stay,
Roses, nor *Illyres* shew'd their flaming spire,
Till it was ruf'd and tinct with his right :
 Thrice happy light that radiant living compoſes,
By freſhing lands with *Illyres*, and with roses.

By *Lairniers* high Promontorie Cape,
Beyond the Ties of *Calix*, *CARRY* arriv'd
Discovering *Sacculus* unſur'd ſhape :
The mighty *Saiſer-river* not conceal'd
His tributorie ſtudies to him reveal'd :
 Nor ſtain'd it to be a tributour,
Unto the Ocean's mighty Emperour.

Honour of *England* brave *SERASTIAN*,
Mirror of *Britton* magnanimitie,
Although by birth a right *Foucheux*,
Yet ſee thy valour, art, and conſtancie,
Due unto *England* from thine infancy :
 Foucheux thou claimeſt his birth, *England* his art,
Now judge thy ſeife which hath the better part.

WYN-





Sir Francis Drake.

WYNDAM, although thy rash temeritie,
Hastning for endlesse gaine, gain'd hastned end ;
And though improvident celeritie,
Too soone accelerated death did fend :
Yet since so far thy valour did extend,
 And death for rashnes made full satisfaction,
 Why should not fame advance thy valorous action ?

When valours fire enflam'd young *Isadas*,
Rashlie to venture battaile unregarded ;
His rashnes by a mulct corrected was,
But with a crowne his valour was rewarded,
Because his prowesse had the *Spartans* guarded :
 For if by rashnesse valour have got honour,
 We blame the rashnes, but rewarde the valour.

Then WYNDAM, though thy high-resolved thought,
A hare-brain'd hardiment had ill prevented ;
Yet since so deere thou hast this rashnes bought,
Which at the fatall rate of death was rented,
Let envie with misfortune be contented :
 Hadst thou *Vlysses* head to *Hectors* hart,
 The world a braver peere could not impart.

With





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Bird





Sir Francis Drake.

Bold with successe, and prow'd on fortunes favour,
Againe his loftie failes he doth advaunce,
Allur'd by silvers soule-attractive favour :
But fortune (like the moone in change and chaunce,
That never twise doth shew like countenance)
At *Pettiflego* drench'd him in the seaes :
Thus most she hurts, when most she seemes to please.

O tempt not Fortune, shee will not be tempted,
Her thunder followes, when her lightning's donne ;
Her dangers are fore-seene, but not prevented ;
When shee doth frowne, think shee will smile anone ;
And when shee smiles, thinke not her frownes are gone :
What doth her laughter but her lowr's importune ?
Miffortune followes him that tempteth fortune.

Aske the *Wingandicoa* savages
They can relate of GRINVILE, and his deedes ;
The Iles of *Flores*, and *Azores*, these
Extol his valour and victorious meedes ;
While *Spaines* grip't hart fresh streams of anguish bleeds :
His worth withall the world his praise made even,
But he scorned earth, and therefore went to heaven.
What





Sir Francis Drake.

What time our flying thought so far could flie,
As the brave CAVENDISH drive his failes?
The great *Mogor* Kingdome did he see,
Where freezing *Siberia* rings his northern peales,
Sunt whome humming blast no heate availes:
His power hath beene knowne to *Mallaca*,
And to her neighbour-bordring *Bengala*.

Knighted by honour in deserts faire field,
Each morning *COLUMBUS* chronick'd by fame,
To *Spaines* *Marchese* did force to yeeld
The savage land that New-found now we name)
Making wilde people wilde submitt, and tame.
O were men free unto their praises tied!
Then wold *COLUMBUS* never hadst thou died.

But what fates did crosse brave *CHIDLIES* thought,
(O that brave thoughts by fates still cros'd should be!)
Nothing but worst his hungrie humour fought,
Nothing but heavens Nectar thirsted hee.
What death untimely did exact his fee:
But *CHIDLIE* that which death took frō thy daies,
Honor shall adde to thine immortall praise.

If





Sir Francis Drake.

If searching labyrinths inextricable,
By hard adventures, and ambiguous waies,
To purchase glorie, and renowne be able,
And meritorious of eternall praise :
Then FROBISHER out-lives the *Sybils* daies :
What death tooke from his life, this gives his name :
Death hath no dart to flaie deserved fame.

Out of the concave cavern's of the earth,
Her golden-oared entrals he descri'd,
Exiling famine, povertie, and dearth,
These precious bowels having once espi'd,
Where massie gold ingorged did abide :
He recompensed natures iniurie,
That gives earth gold, and leaves men povertie.

Rich *China*, and faire *Met' Incognita*,
Admir'd his valour, and extold his fame,
Cathaia, and the great *America*,
The dangerous straights that yet doe bear his name,
Are monumentall annals of the fame ;
Annals, wherein posteritie shall reade,
How fame the living falves, revives the dead.

Now





Sir Francis Drake.

Now drop my pen in inke of drery teares,
A name of late of laughter, and of ioye ;
But now (ô death, the agent of our feares !)
A name of dolour and of dire annoye,
The fad memoriall of the fates destroye ;
 HAVVKINS (ô now my hart cleave thou a funder !)
 In naming him (me seemes) I name a wonder.

Epitome of Gods, heavens counterfaite,
Fames *Pyramis*, honours imagerye,
Highe throne, wherein all vertues made their seate,
True prospective of immortalitie,
Faire mirrour of celestially maiestie :
 White palme, whose silver boughes inharbour'd rest,
 Snowe-feath' red swan, the *Nestor* of the West.

Nestor in wisedome, art, and pollicie,
Nestor in knowledge, skylle and prudencie ;
Nestor in counsell, and in gravitie,
Nestor in wit, fore-sight, and modestie,
Nestor in might, and magnanimitie :
 O would he had (as he had *Nestors* haire)
 Enjoyed *Nestors* age, and *Nestors* yeares !

A mortall





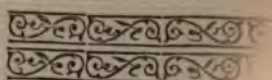
Sir Francis Drake.

A mortall man more then a man of late.
(If mortall man more then a man made be.
Since his lifes calender is out of date.
And deaths new-year exactes his countrol'd fate.
No more a man, nor mortall now is hee :
No more a man, because of breath betwixt.
Mortall no more, because a saint in heaven.

CLIFFORD, a name that still was glorious
Prefiguring an high-resolved mind.
Vigorous virtues various valours
Eternall affirm'd in that noble mind.
By nature's secret influence allig'd
Who can denie that names are glorious ?
For CLIFFORDS name hath still been glorious.

O had he perish'd in his enterprise
(As did the inventor of that braver death
Who first that fatal engine did devise
The dismal Gunne the author of death
Whose thunder-voice do peare the strongest breath.
O had he perish'd in his mothers womb
And that which gave him life had deen'd his womb
F : *Waller*





Now drop my pe

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Live

Air Francis Drake.

Over, ever-living spirites,
And live the spirites of vertuous livers,
Have your soules, the earth your fame inherits :
When earths maske apple turnes to shivers,
And fire conioines that nature now disfevers,
That hold's your soules shall then your fames containe ;
For earth shall end, your praise shall still remaine.

What though you left your bodies far from home,
And some on seas, some died on the sand,
Looing the honour of your fathers tombe,
Which manie seeke, few have, none understand ?
Heaven is as neere from sea, as from the land :
What though your coutry-tombe you could not have ?
You fought your countries good, not countries grave.

More then most blest (if more then most maie bee)
Spirites of more then most renowned wightes :
But if of more then most be no degree,
As much as most you are (victorious knights)
Earths admirations, and the heavens delights,
And as in worth you were Superlatives,
So shall you be in fame Infinitives.



Sir Francis Drake.

Nectar-tongu'd SYDNEY, *Englands Mars*, and *Muse*,
Heroique DEVOREVX, had never sent
Their royall bloode to earth's unworthy use ;
Nor FROBISHER his breath at *Brest* had spent,
We should not WINGFIELDS losse so much lament ;
Such worthies might have fav'd their vitall breath,
By one accurd vassals worthie death.

Then might victorious CLIFFORD yet survive,
And with renowne-invested BASCARVILL
Regreete faire *Albions* shining shoare alive ;
No *Spaniard* had triumphed in his il,
Nor boasted he so brave a knight did kill :
If, but by one, whose worth his worth could staine,
He had not beene slaine, he had not beene slaine.

Sleepe you securelie ô thrife blessed bones,
The sacred reliques of so faire a Saint,
In your rich tombe enchas'd with precious stones,
Till honour shall your destinie prevent,
And Fame revive the breath that Fates have spent :
And if no *Homer* will displaie your name,
Accept a *Cherilus* to doe the fame.

Live





Sir Francis Drake.

Live & live ever, ever-living spirites,
Where ever-live the sp'rites of vertuous livers,
Heavens have your foules, the earth your fame inherits :
But when earths massie apple turnes to shivers,
And fire conioines that nature now diffevers,
That hold's your souls shall then your fames containe ;
For earth shall end, your praife shall still remaine.

What though you left your bodies far from home,
And some on seas, some died on the sand,
Loosing the honour of your fathers tombe,
Which manie seeke, few have, none understand ?
Heaven is as neere from sea, as from the land :
What though your couñry-tombe you could not have ?
You fought your countries good, not countries grave.

More then most blest (if more then most maie bee)
Spirites of more then most renowned wightes :
But if of more then most be no degree,
As much as most you are (victorious knights)
Earths admirations, and the heavens delights ;
And as in worth you were Superlatives,
So shall you be in fame Infinitives.

F 2.

Now





•
Sir Francis Drake.

Now is the consummation of your griefe,
The fates have fet full period to your paine :
He, who on earth was all your hearts reliefe,
Whose absence you in heaven it selfe did plaine,
(If plaints attach them that in heaven remaine)
In heaven is now associate of your ioie,
Your glad, our griefe ; your pleasure, our annoie.

You, whose exploits the world it selfe admired,
Admire the strange exploits of peereles DRAKE,
And you whom nether lands nor sea's have tired,
Have tir'd your tongues when they rehearfall make
What hard adventures he did undertake ;
Then if that fuch *Atlantes* are too weake,
What marvell if this waight our shoulders breake ?

O you once matchlesse monarches of the seas,
But now advanced to an higher place,
Invested Vice-roy's and high Satrapes,
In that faire palace neere the milken race ;
O thinke not that his praise doth yours deface :
If he be iustlie prais'd, you iustlie graced,
Your graces by his praise are not defaced.

What





Sir Francis Drake.

What though his worth above yours is extold ?
Yet thereby is not yours extenuated :
What though your neighbours iewels dearer fold,
Than for the price whereat your gemme is rated ;
What thereby is your Diamond abated ?
Wherefore to give both him and you your due,
I faie he was the best, the next were you.

Like as some travel-tired passenger,
By silent-sliding *Thames* rose-shadow'd side
(Poore care-accloyed pilgrime traveler,)
Sits downe to view the sight-reviving slide,
The wanton bubling-waters gentle glide ;
Smiling to see the rivers quav'ring flankes,
Dallie upon the dayfie-diap'red bankes.

Thus while he feasteth both his eies and eares
With native musicke sweeter then a mans,
(Like to a showre of silver snowe) appeares
A flight of alabaster-feath'red swans ;
Whose number while his fence amasing scans,
Forth-with an other flight his mind doth comber,
And thus doth number bring him out of number.

F 3.

So





Sir Francis Drake.

So sitting by the *Tempe*-smilinge side
Of honie-droppinge *Aganippes* fount,
I had espied (or seem'd I had espied)
A troupe of vertues swarminge downe the mount,
Whose number while I studied to recount,
Downe from the mountaine ever issued more ;
Thus I forgot what I had told before.

Higher then heaven, farther then east, or west,
Beyond both Poles, and utmost *Thules* bandes,
Our loftie Dragon did advaunce his crest,
Exacting tribute of the strangest landes,
Wone by his wordes, or conquer'd by his handes :
His handes and wordes such powre impulsive bare,
These tam'd the wild, they made the strong to feare.

A glorious splendour of a luckie star,
Lightned upon his byrth a golden smile,
Portendinge valour and successe in war,
A thought which no dishonour should defile :
All crosse aspects his wisedome did beguile :
For what so ever stars seeme to importune,
Wisedome predominates both fate, and fortune.

The





Sir Francis Drake.

The *Spartans* once exil'd *Archilochus*
The author of *Lycambe's* tragedie,
Because he say'd it was commodious,
Rather to cast awaie his shield and fie,
Than boidlie to resist, and brave lie die :
O if such cowardlike *DRAKES* minde had stayned,
His valour never had such honour gayned.

Looke how th'industrious Bee in fragrant May,
When *Fibra* galls the earth with golden flowers,
Invellop'd in her sweete perfum'd aray,
Doth leave his honey-lim'd delicious bowers
More richlie wrought than *Princes* festive towers,
Wavinge his silken wings amid the aire,
And to the verdant gardens makes repaire :

First falls he on a branch of fragrant *Tyme*,
Then from the marigold he sucks the sweete,
And then the mint, and then the rose doth chime.
Then on the budding calmarie doth light
Till with sweete treasure having charg'd his feete,
Late in the eveninge home he turne againe.
Thus profits is the garden of his paine.

F 1

S. 11





Sir Francis Drake.

So in the May-tide of his fommer-age,
Valour enmov'd the minde of ventrous DRAKE,
To lay his life with winds and waves in gage,
And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,
Leaving his cuntry for his cuntry's sake ;
Loathing the life that cowardise doth staine,
Preferring death, if death might honour gaine.

At *Cuba* silver, at *Coquimbo* gold,
At *China* cloth and precious filkes he found,
Pearle at the Pearled Iles he did behold ;
Rich *Couchanelo* hoarded did abound,
Imbofom'd in *Tichamachalco's* ground :
Thus his industrious labour still did raise
The publique profite, and his private praise.

As *Nilus* with his inundation
Vpon all *Aegypt* fertile fatnesse shows ;
Or as *Euphrates* on the *Chaldee* nation
An over-flowing floud of plentie powrs,
And graceth all the continent with flowrs :
So DRAKE his cuntry fil'd with store & plentie,
And filling it, himselfe was almost emptie.

Whercas





Sir Francis Drake.

Whereas the night can never finde a place
The suns eternall shining to assuage ;
Whereas the sun durst never shew his face,
For feare of icye winters choaking rage ;
Nations unknown unto the antique age,
 There hath he bene, and made eternall light,
 Where, but for him, had bene eternall night.

Plung'd in the Ocean of perplexities,
With waves of death, and windes of blacke despaire,
Amid the *Scyllas* of uncertainties,
With fourges of sad death and drery feare,
Which to the skies their billowes oft did reare :
 Scorne-fortune DRAKE by fortunes rage was borne ;
 The more she rag'd, the more he did her scorne.

Where dismall dread, and agonizinge deathe
Hovers about them with their hellish wings,
Still threatning to intoxicate their breath,
And stop the conduits of the vitall springs,
That nutrimentall spirites to them brings ;
 Even in the iawes of death did valor beare him,
 That death himself might know DRAKE did not fear him.
Huge





Sir Francis Drake.

Huge mountaine Ilands of congealed ice,
Floating (like *Delos*) on the stormie maine,
Could not deterre him from his enterprife,
Nor bloud-congealing winters freezing paine,
Enforce him coward-like turne backe againe :
 Valour in greatest dangers shines most bright,
 As full-fac'd *Phæbe* in the darkest night.

He that hath beene where none but he hath beene,
Leaving the world behind him as he went ;
He that hath seene that none but he hath seene,
Searching if any other world unkent,
Lay yet within the Oceans bosome pent :
 Even he was *DRAKE* ; ô could I saie he is,
 No musicke would revive the soule, like this.

He that did passe the straites of *Magellane*,
And saw the famous Iland *Megadore* :
He that unto the Ile of *Mayo* came,
Where winter yeeldeth grapes in plenteous store :
He that the Ile of *Fogo* pass'd before,
 A second *Etna*, where continuall smoake
 Or bloudstone-burning vaults the aire doth choake :

He





Sir Francis Drake.

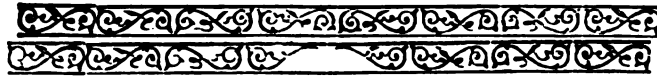
He that at *Brava* sawe perpetuall spring,
Gracing the trees with never-fading greene,
Like laurell branches ever flourishing :
He that at *Taurapaza's* port had beene :
He that the rich *Molucces Iles* had seene :
 He that a new-founde *Albion* descride,
 And safelie home againe his barke did guide :

He was (ô would he might have beene for ever!)
Victorious DRAKE (for more he could not be)
So much he was, till deſt'ny did diſſever
His ſoule and bodie (ô great crueltie!)
Leaving this to the ſea, that to the ſkie,
 But *England*, nothing, that firſt gave him breath,
 Save everlaſting dolour for his death.

O would we ſtill had lack'd this legacie,
And heaven had beene contented with his fame!
O would the ſeas had miſt this treaſurie!
O would the earth had ioi'd his living name,
And *England* ever had enioi'd the fame!
 But now the ſeas, and heaven ioie in their treaſure,
 But earth's and *Englands* woe exceeds all meaſure.

O





Sir Francis Drake.

O heavens, why take you that which late you gave ?
O seas, why hold you him that once held you ?
O earth, how hast thou mis'd that thou didst crave ?
O *England*, how art thou bereft thy due ?
O unto whom wilt thou for comfort sue ?
 To earth ? why thats partaker of thy mone ;
 To heavens ? ah they with-hold that is thine owne !

O now descend my ever mourning Muse
Downe from the by-cliffe of thy sisters mount :
Forfake *Cytheron*, nor frequent the use
Of th' amber-weeping *Pegase-hoofe*-made fount,
Now prune thy wings, aloft thou maist not mount :
 Sighe forth the humble modell of thy woe ;
 For ioie ascends, but sorrow fings below.

Now chaunge thy winter-scorning lawrell boughes,
That made thy temples swell with mounting braine :
And with sad cypresse all begirt thy browes,
The drerie ensignes of ensuing paine,
Sad presentations of a tragicke vaine ;
 In whose broad leaves spectatours eies maie see,
 The deepe-grav'd characters of extasie.

Now





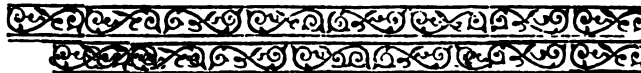
Sir Francis Drake.

Now leave *Pernassus* heaven-aspiring mountaine,
For sad *Avernus* hel-depressed plaines :
Leave *Aganippes* hony-bubling fountaine,
Whereby the Muses Chorus still remaines,
And to the waters warble forth their straines :
 Leave *Aganippe* for the *Stygian* lake,
 And for the fiendes the Muses songs forfake.

In steede of *Helicons* greene-varnisht grove
Walke in the silent shade of *Erebus* :
In steede of *Ida* (where the ladies strove,
Before the braine-sicke sonne of *Priamus*)
Frequent the bloomy walkes of *Tænarus* :
 Weare fable *Heben* for the springing bay,
 Chaunge ioies aucoutrements for griefes aray.

Sorrow be thou my Muse, sadnesse my song,
And death the subiect that I versifie :
The destinies despight, and fortunes wronge,
Is that which now I must historifie,
In silent cell of sad Melancholie :
 My *Heben* pen shall poure out ynkic teares,
 That he may weepe that reades, he sigh that heares.
Why





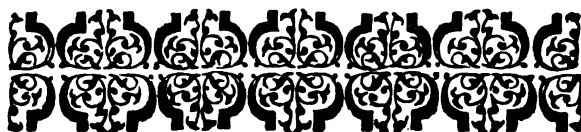
Sir Francis Drake.

Why doe I crave the fiends and furies aide,
To cause them weepe that cannot chuse but mone ?
What neede I strive to make men more difmaide ?
Why should I bid them doe that all have done ?
Say but great DRAKE is dead, who wil not grone ?
For he that heareth that, and sheds not teares,
Who will not faie, he nourfed was of beares ?

O you, whose adamantine-hard'ned harts
Delight in nothing, but in tragedies :
Who sit and smile at tortur'd wretches smarts,
Making your eares sweete musicke with their cries,
Sucking the teares distilling from their eies ;
Singing when all the world doth weepe, save you,
Applauding that which all beside doe rue :

Come heere and reade (ð that no cie might reade it !)
The ende of him whom all did love and feare :
Heare what is said (ð that no tongue had said it !)
His death, in whom all vertues numbred were :
And if you this can either reade or heare,
Not suffering teares from yron eies to glide,
Boast you can doe that none can doe beside.

But





Sir Francis Drake.

But you milde spirites, that have wept our all,
When first you hard, that hardelie you beleev'd ;
Feare not the sound, that have sustain'd the fall,
And having borne the fore that most you griev'd,
Shunne not the falve whereby you are reliev'd :
For having once sustain'd the bullets wounde,
What neede you feare the cannons harmelesse sound ?

Then tell me Muse, (if thou canst tell for teares)
When, how, and where he di'd ; and tell no more,
This is enoughe, yea to much too rehearse :
O would so much had not beene told before,
Nor should heereafter (to our greefe and fore)
Be trulie told ! ô had not fate denied
That he, who ever lives, had never died.

Then had not love and forrowe yet constrain'd
My out-cast eaglet Muse to looke so highe
As *Titans* beames, which now unneath sustain'd,
Bewraye unto the world with daz'led eie
A base degenerate ympe of Poetrie :
Nor Critickes censure should up-braid me so,
Thus to presume to flie, that scarce can goe.

But





But that which *Jove* and destinie hath don,
Men may lament, but never disanull :
And they that checke me for presumption,
(When love constrain'd me write, though I were dull)
Blaming presumption, must praise love at full :
And easilie the fault may be redressed,
Where love and dutie only have transgressed.

Now was the mon'the that olde *Sextilis* name
 Chaung'd by the *Roman* Senates sage decree ;
 And gloryinge so to innovate the fame,
 To have himselfe new-christ'ned did agree,
 Proud, that *Augustus* god-father should bee :
 While *Ceres* clad him in a mantle fayre
 Of bearded corne still quavering with the ayre :

When as a royall fleete, with ioyful mindes,
(O how mishap is neereſt ſtill to ioy !)
Daringe their hopes, and lives to ſea, and windes,
(Two truſtleſſe treaſurers, full of annoye)
Did toward the weſtern *Indes* their courſe imploy :
 Whoſe guide to DRAKE, & HAWKINS was assign'd,
 When they went forth, ô who would ſtay behinde ?
Whether





Sir Francis Drake.

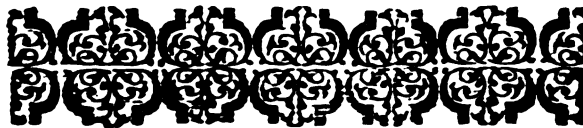
Whether to win from *Spaine* that was not *Spaines*,
Or to acquite us of sustained wronge,
Or intercept their *Indian* hoped gaines,
Thereby to weaken them, and make us stronge ;
Heere to discusse, to me doth not belong :
Yet if grieffe maie faie truth by natures lawes,
Ill was th' effect, how good so-ere the cause.

Now are they on the seas, resolv'd to proove
The mercie of a mercie-wanting wave :
England behinde them lies, there lies their love ;
Before them, and about them aire they have,
And sometime foggie mists their sight bereave :
Beneath them, seas ; above them, skies they finde :
Seas full of waves, skies threatning stormes & winde. ...

O *Neptune*, never like thy selfe in shew,
Inconstant, variable, mutable,
How dost thou *Proteus*-like thy forme renew ?
O where to is thy change imputable ?
O where unto art thou best futeable ?
Rightly the moone predominateth thee,
For thou art all as changeable as shee.

G 1.

Thus





Sir Francis Drake.

Thus still ambiguous twixt feare and hope,
Feare in the stormes, and hope in calmer tide ;
Passing faint *Michaels* promontorie toppe,
At length the bay of *Portingale* they spi'de,
Where not determining long time t'abide,
 Againe they venter on their daungers source,
 And to the Grand *Canaries* bend their course.

Now passe in silence, δ my drouping pen,
So manie famous townes and ports past by,
Some tooke, some burnt, some unassaulted then,
As that Port *Rico*, place of miserie,
Where (δ !) great HAWKINS, & brave CLIFFORD lie :
 The taking of the citty Hatch conceale,
 Nor many other brave attempts reveale.

Only two base ignoble places tell,
Famous for nothing, but for death and dreade :
Where (δ !) that, which my Muse lamentes, befell,
The stages where our tragedie was plaide,
Th' one *Scudo*, th' other *Portabella* faide :
 Both to be rased out of memorie,
 But for memoriall of this tragedie.

O





Sir Francis Drake.

O wherefore should so manie famous places,
Worthie eternall memorie and fame,
Be heere conceal'd, unworthy such disgraces,
And these two should be registred by name,
Though meritorious of eternall blame ?
 But some are sometime named to their shames,
 And therefore must I tell these places names.

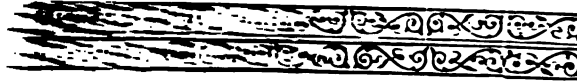
Whether of both was in the greatest fault,
I know not, nor I care not much to knowe :
(Far deeper passions now my minde assault :)
Thus much I know (ð that I knew not so !)
Both iointlie ioin'd to aggravate our woe ;
 Since he on whom his countries hope relied,
 At *Scudo* sickned, at *Port bella* died.

Accursed Ile, whose life-impoyf'ning aire,
Intoxicates his sanctified breath !
But most accursed port that did impaire
That flesh, compacted of the purest earth,
And made the same a sacrifice to death !
 O let them languish in eternall night,
 That did extinguish earths faire-shining light.

G 2.

O





- Francis Drake.

... small hell,
 ... ghasts,
 ... cell,
 ... hoasts,
 ... the coasts :
 ... purgatorie
 ... for DRAKES wofull story.

In thy deepest center
 The flaming fires of extasie ;
 The heavens territories enter,
 And the fires concavities
 The scenes of thy tragedie :
 Heaven and earth to witnesse of thy woe,
 And that thy griefe doth heaven and earth overflow.

. to the skies reaire ;
 smoke-exhalinge breaths enfold
 cloud of fighes amid the aire,
 in the element enrold
 active powre expelling cold ;
 enfold'd they bat on earth againe
 a deluge of man-showering raine.

Now





Sir Francis Drake.

Now dusky clouds have overcast the funne,
That latelie bright translucent splendour shed
In radiant rayes, that from his beames did runne
Into earths eyes, with darknesse dazeled,
Since first these clouds his face incurtained :
 A darke eclipse obscures his shining light,
 That latelie made cleare day in darkeft night.

Behold the loftie Cedars statelie toppe,
Whilome attir'd in summers riche aray,
That in the skies his prowde heade did enwrap,
Now are his greene-filke leaves gon to decay,
His tufted boughes, and braunches falne awaie :
 And since his nutrimentall sap is perisht,
 He falling breakes the trees he latelie cherisht.

He, that the bravest Champion was accounted
Boldlie t' encounter with the proudest foe ;
Now from his statelie courser is dismounted,
And hath by death receiv'd an overthrowe,
Vnto the worlds inconfolable woe :
 The tournament turn'd to lamenting feares,
 And all the triumphs into ruthfull teares.

G 3.

A facred





Sir Francis Drake.

O Death inhouf'd in hells profundities,
Now exercife on mee thy tyranie :
Anatomize me into atomies,
Set period to my full falne extafie,
Prolong no longer this long tragedie :
O Death fome ease unto my sorrow fend :
For Death, they fay, doth grieve and sorrow end.

What fay they ? Death doth grieve and sorrow end ?
O how they are deceav'd in faying fo !
Death onlie did this grieve and sorrow fend :
Death was the onlie agent of our woe,
Death was our drerie and our difmall foe :
For had not Death himfelf fubdued DRAKE,
The world befide could not him captive make.

This onelie comfort is unto us left,
(O fimple comfort in fo great diftreffe !)
That no prowde *Spaniard* hath his life bereft,
No man may boaft he cauf'd our wretchedneffe,
Nor triumph he fubdued earths worthineffe :
But onlie Death our treafure hath bereaven
And that was due to earth, he gave to heaven.

G 4

To





The Tenth Muse

~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ in greedie,
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ and needie?
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ and looses steed yee?
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ and rightly term'd a giver, (her?)
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ earth that shoulde relieve

~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ the *Harmonie*,
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ his eager brest,
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ the world had won,
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ from east to west,
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ a public rest:
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ two worldes had bin,
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ for him to win.

~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ than ever hee,
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ sometime seem'd to frowne,
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ and that all knowne should be;
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ other world to see:
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ he did attaine,
~~What is the purpose of this poem?~~ to returne againe.

As





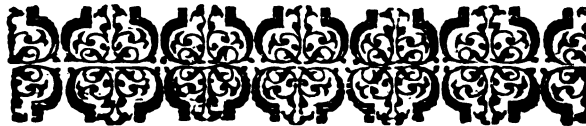
Sir Francis Drake.

As one, that vowes a folemne pilgrimage
To some canoniz'd Saints religious shrine,
Doth leave his solitarie hermitage,
And with a new-incensed zeale divine,
Vnto devotion doth his mind incline :
 Passing the way and day in meditation
 Beguiling both with holy contemplation :

At length with often-tired tedious race,
Alwaie invoking Saints successeive aide,
Arriveth at the sanctified place,
Where after all his orisons are saide,
And due oblations to his Saint are paide ;
 Ravisht in spirite with devoted zeale,
 Becomes a Priest and will not home repeale.

So DRAKE, the pilgrime of the world, intending
A vowed voyage unto Honours shrine,
At length his pilgrimage in heaven had ending,
Where ravisht with the ioies more than divine,
That in the temple of the Gods doe shine :
 There did a never dying life renew,
 Bidding bafe earth, and all the world, adewe.

Inten-





Sir Francis Drake.

Intending for to worke his countries pleasure,
O cruell chance ! he wrought his countries paine :
And minding to augment faire *Englands* treasure,
(Alasse!) he drowned in the *Ocean* maine
The richest treasure *England* did containe,
 Save one rare iewell, whose rich price is such,
 As none can either prize, or praise too much.

What treasure was it then that *DRAKE* hath lost ?
It was not silver, silver yeeldes to gold :
It was not gold, pearle is of greater cost :
Nor pearle, for precious stones are dearer sold :
Yet precious stones this treasure did not hold :
 O no ! it was himselfe, more worth alone
 Then silver, gold, or pearle, or precious stone.

O dire mischance ! ô lamentable losse !
Impov'ishing the riches of our Ile,
O wherefore should sinister destinie crosse,
And with her frowne incurtaine fortunes smile ?
O now I see she smiles but to beguile !
 O Fortune alwaie to deserts unkinde !
 That *England* lost, not all the world can finde.

O





Sir Francis Drake.

O let us loofe our fight with fheddiing teares,
And with eternall weeping loofe our eies,
Loofe breath with fighes, loofe minde with dreerie feares,
Loofe fence with terror, and loofe voice with cries,
Still meditating on our miferies :
 Since we have found his loffe, he loft his breath,
 Since we have loft his helpe, he found his death.

But oh ! why do we breake our hearts with grieffe,
And to the senceleffe aire figh forth our grones ?
Sith all in vaine, heavens fend us no reliefe,
But stop their eares againft our piteous mones ;
Our fighes as foone maie penetrate the ftones,
 As heavens hard eares : ô therefore doe we plaine,
 And therefore weepe, becaufe we weepe in vaine.

We weepe in vaine, becaufe for him we weepe,
Since he with faincs in thought-furmouting ioie,
At *Foxes* great feftiuall doth reuell keepe,
Where neither fcarfitie doth him annoie,
Nor loath'd fatietie his minde accloy :
 O fince that he from us is gone to bliffe,
 We doe lament our owne mishap, not his.

The





Sir Francis Drake.

Knowne to the heavens by honour long before,
Now by the presence of th' immortall soule,
O new-made faint, (for now a man no more)
Admit my tender infant Muse t' inroule
Thy name in honours everlasting scroule :
What though thy prayfes cannot live by me ?
Yet may I hope to live by praying thee.

And may thy prayfes live a while by me,
Though praying thus I doe but staine thy praise :
And I awhile may live by praying thee :
Vntill some heavenlie Muse begin to rayse
Thy fame from grave to live eternall dayes :
If ominous birds beguile not with their song,
I augurize, this shall be done ere long.

Phœbus himselfe shall chronicle thy fame,
And of a radiant sunne-beame make the pen ;
The inke, the milke whence Via Lactea came ;
Th' empyrean heaven, the volume shall be then ;
To register this miracle of men :
The sunne and moone, the letters capitall ;
The stars, the commas and the periods all.

Joves





Sir Francis Drake.

Joves silver foote-stoole shall be librarie
That shall these Actes and Monuments containe ;
Which that they maie to after ages tarie,
And as a true memoriall still remaine,
Eternitie is th' adamantine chaine :
And that the heavē' stil on DRAKES praise may look,
The Gods shall reade, and Saintes peruse the booke.

*Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Dignè scripserit ?*

FINIS.



II.
THE BLESSED BIRTH-DAY,
ETC.
1636.



NOTE

A correction to the first edition of *The*
[illegible] [illegible]

THE BLESSED
BIRTH-DAY,
CELEBRATED IN
some religious meditations
on the Angels Anthem.
Lvc. 2. 14.

ALSO HOLY
TRANSPORTATIONS
in contemplating some of the
most obseruable adiuncts about
our Saviours Nativity.

Extracted for the most { Sacred Scriptures, }
part out of the { Ancient Fathers, }
{ Christian Poets. }

And some moderne Approved Authors.

By CHARLES FITZ-GEFFRY.

The second Edition with Additions.

OXFORD,

Imprinted by *Leonard Lichfield* Printer to the Vniuersity,
and are to be sold by *Edward Forrest*.

ANNO DOM. 1636.



To the Devote Author, on his
severall workes.

SIR: I not praise your wit, for that all know,
Praises it selfe; each line that thence doth flow
Like to some pearle, or ray, or streame, well shoves
The mine, sun, fountaine, whence it first arose.

But that which ravishes iust praise from me,
Is the choice method of your Poetry,
And that you could with such due equipage,
Sute severall poems to your severall age,
So as in this, your exemplary art
Aets both the Poets and the Preachers part.

Your younger wit as taking a delight
In bold atchievements, ventred to recite
The deeds of valiant Drake, who by your skill
And strong description goes that voyage still
Which once he did: and with full blasts of fame
Yet sailes securely round the earth againe.

Then as experience taught you to survey
The worlds conditions, your free muse would play
In various Epigrams: where both for tongue,
Conceit, and choice of verse, you seeme to runne,
With foremost Martial, and so thrine therein,
That you come nearest to the goale next him.

* 2

But

*But having now retraited from the foame
 Of jurgling youth, and safe at length come home
 To quiet age, diviner thoughts inspire
 Your pregnant fancy, and with holier fire
 Enflame you to the sweet discovery,
 Of heavenly mysteries, where the most high
 Must exercise your soaring braine to tell,
 The Natals of our Saviour, which so well
 You have displaid with each nice circumstance
 Of time, and place, and persons, to advance
 Such lofty wonders that you make to us,
 These miracles seeme more miraculous.*

*This is your praise, but will you heare me noise,
 The haime of others, that grow old in toies?
 That since their wilde invention too much pent
 In sacred askes, and not their element
 To be in Heavenly things: as if such fluffe
 Were not conceited, rich, or fine enough
 For their loose fancies, or could not yeeld straines,
 Of matter high enough to fill their veines
 With Raptures. But O! how is this made vaine
 By wine Burtas, whose Heroicke braine
 Adorn'd Gods works, and like another light,
 Offer'd the whole creation to our sight?
 Nay how is this made ly by those Saint-men,
 Cypre, Ambrose, of old Tertullian, Nazianzen,
 Hilary, Lactantius and more you know who,
 These were the Fathers and yet Poets too:
 How were they could not their rude enemies pierce
 With words, nor yet they hatter'd them with verse.
 As is now possib, and such the empty shout
 As now you hear, which will shortly out*

*In stench and rottenness, and then commit
Their authors to the judgement of their wit.*

*But surely ; who would dye as they should doe
Good poets, must first learne to be like you.*

HEN. BEESELY,
A.M. A.A.



Clariffimo viro Domino CAROLO

FITZ-GEOFRIDO, Steph.

Haxby Cantabrigienfis

S. P. D.

W*Ho wifely reades thy lines may well be bolde,
Pythagoras his Paradoxe to holde,
That dead mens foules (for which men fondly mourne)
Are not extincł, but after death returne
To other bodies, and may plainely see
Old Geffry Chaucers foule reviu'd in thee.
Such heavenly Raptures, sentences divine
No foule could vtter, but or his or thine ;
If not his foule (which now to heaven is gone)
Yet is his verfe reviu'd in thee (his Sonne.)
So long as the worlds eye his light shall giue,
So long shall both you (Divine Poets) liue.
What ever Critick at thy verses fwarles,
He fhall be daunted by the name of Charles.
Adieu (Deare friend) let this thy glory be,
The sacred mufe long dead, now liues in thee.
And well may I my learned friend thus greete,
In whom Prudentius and Sedulius meete.*



THE
BLESSED BIRTH-DAY

Celebrated in some religious

Meditations on the Angels

Antheme :

LVKE 2. 14.

*Glory to God in the higheſt, and on Earth
peace, good will towards Men.*



Hy ſhould not we with ioy reſound and ſing,
The bleſſed Natals of our heauenly King ?
Why ſhould not we with mirth ſalute the morne
Of his Birth-day,¹ by whom we are new borne ?
See how each Creature in his kinde reioyces,
And ſhall not wee liſt vp melodious voices ?
Harke how the Angels ſing, ſhall wee be ſad ?
The greateſt good is ours, be we moſt glad.
Harke how the ſtar-enameld Heauens rebound
With Eccho's of Angellike Anthems ſound :

¹ *Hodie Chriſtus natus eſt, nos venati. Maximus Taurinenſis,
in natal. Domini. hom. 1.*

A

It is



THE
BLESSED BIRTH-DAY
Celebrated in some religious
Meditations on the Angels
Lucifer

THE

Day is that in the night and in dark
your soul will receive him



When we were by the river and the
water of the river of life
When we were by the river and the
water of the river of life
When we were by the river and the
water of the river of life

When we were by the river and the
water of the river of life
The great day is that in the night
When we were by the river and the
water of the river of life

I have seen the river and the
water of the river of life

It is for Vs, that they such ioyes expresse :
 And shall not wee sound forth some thankfulnessse ?
 When Heaven and Earth with ioyes for vs doe ring,
 Shall we be silent while all others sing ?
 Ioyne we in comfort these sweet Quires among,
 In sundry voices, sing we all one song,
*Glory to God on high, on Earth be peace,
 And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.*

Lascivious songs, vaine Carols hence avantt.
 And whatsoere prophane throats vse to chaunt,
 Which through the eare powre poyson to the heart :
 A better subiect doth this day impart.
 The King of Kings is subiect of our verse,
 Whose praise all tongues are too few to rehearse.
 That what the maker shall in verse offend,
 The subiect may both Verse and Maker mend.
 To sacred songs is *Sions muse* inclin'd :
 Some holy matter, fits an holy mind.
 Sing we high mysteries in an humble straine
 And lofty matters in a lowly veine.
 The sacred subiect which we sing, affords
 Strong lines, but strong in matter, not in words.
 For things so high they cannot be exprest,
 By any words ; the plainnest are the best.
 He who was borne so humbly, doth refuse
 To haue his birth sung by a swelling muse.
 Ill doth a flaunting Phrase *devotion* fit :
 Wee sing to shew our zeale, and not our wit.
 Let *Cenoticks* strue to be profanely witty,
 This holy day, calls for an holy ditty.
 Then let our ditty answere to the day :
 And with heauens *Quiristers* lets sing and say,

Glory

The Blessed Birth-day.

3

*Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.*

O God! O Man! O God and Man in one,
Th' eternall Fathers co-eternall sonne :
Who for mans sake, didst sonne of man become,
Disdaining not thine humble hand-maids wombe :
Nor of thy Creature to be made didst scorne,
Ere time begotten, in ^a *times fulnesse* borne.
Who ^b being in the forme of God wouldst take
The forme of man, and of a *woman* make
Thy selfe whom no man saw, now scene to bee,
² By that Suns light, which is and shines by thee :
Who by thy power did'st every day create,
And by thy birth did'st this day consecrate.
O thou who *Alpha* and *Omega* art,
Be th' *Alpha* and *Omega* of my heart :
And while my Muse thy praises doth reherse,
Be th' *Alpha* and *Omega* of my verse.
Thou who so lowly did'st descend to me
Mount vp my minde aloft, Lord vnto thee.
And from my soule errour's darke fogs expell
Who doest in ^d light inaccessible dwell :
And let that never erring *starre*, thy *Word*,
Vnto thy birth place me conduct O Lord :
Shew me thy *Cradle*, let my soule behold
Those fwathing-cloathes that did thee once infold :
Be thou the subiect and the Author too
Of what I muse, I say, I thinke, I doe.

a Gal. 4. 4. b Psal. 2. 6. c Ioh. 1. 18. ² *Factor solis sub sole
vulcri de voluit, formamq. Deus de virgine caput Humani ge-
neris. Corippus. l. 1. d 1 Tim. 6. 16.*

A 2

3 O

3 O might my tongue b' imploied all my daies
 Thy word to preach or to proclaime thy praise.
 Thou who doft lend me matter, fend me might,
 For none without thee, can thee fing aright.
 O thou who art the *Word* without beginning,
 Fill mee with words while I of thee am fing,
 My words with weight: and what I ſpeak of thee,
 (Who elſe am ſpeechleſſe,) ſpeak thou firſt in me.
e Who out of *ſucklings mouthes* doeſt ſtrength ordaine,
 Loofe thou the ſtrings, that doe my tongue reſtraine:
 And let that *f Ephphata* to me be ſpoken
 Whereby the ſtrings of ſtammering tongues are broken.
 O tune my harſh voice to thy heavenly Key,
 That for thy birth with Angels ſing I may,
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Chriſtians never ceaſe.

g The woman Seed, in Eden promiſed
 Is come to cruſh the curſed *Serpents* head:
 Whoſe comming all the *Prophets* have foretold,
 The complement of Prophecies of old,
 The Trueth of what the *Types* did repreſent
 The fulneſſe of the Figures true intent,
 The Subſtance which the Ceremonies veild,
h The Morning-ſtarre that ſeem'd to be conceald,
i Old Iacob's Shiloh, th' odoriferous *Flowre*
 Of *k Ieſſe's roote*, the *Rod* that did devoure
 The *Magick* rods turn'd *Serpents*: Even hee

*3 Vtinam prædicando verbum tuum, aut laudando nomen tuum
 tantummodò loquerer. Auguſtin. e Pſal. 8. 2. f Mark. 7. 34.
 g Genef. 3. 16. h Revel. 2. 16. i Genef. 49. 10. k I-
 ſai. 11. 1.*

Whoſe

l Whose *Day* old *Abraham* desir'd to see :
m The tribe of *Judah's Lyon*, who preveales
 T'unclaspe the Booke and loofe the seaven shut-seales :
 The saluing serpent for their cure erected,
 Who by th' infernall serpent were infected.
o King, p Captaine, q Counsellor, r Life, s Law, t Light, u Fountain
w Love, x Peace, y Rocke, z Ruler, a Hope, b vnmoued mountain,
 Nations desire, the whole worlds expectation,
c Old *Simeons* so long looked for salvation,
 All these are come to be by vs possesst,
d One, who all generations makest blest.
 4 What ever in th' old Couenant is found
 Did him, whose comming now we sing, resound.
 What others did expect we doe enioy
e To vs that child is borne, that blessed boy
 To *vs* is given, who promis'd was to them,
 The ioy and glory of *Ierusalem*.
 Shall we not then with blessed Angels sing,
 An holy Anthem to our heavenly King ?
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.

Glory to God on high, who this hath wrought,
 And mans salvation thus about hath brought
 By wondrous waies, which none could doe but one,
f Who wondrous is in all his waies alone.

l *Iohn* 5. 58. *m* *Revel.* 5. 5. *o* *Revel.* 19. 16. *p.* 2 *Chron.* 13.
 12. *q* *Ifai.* 9. 6. *r* *Iohn* 14. 6. *s* *Mich.* 4. 6. *t* 1 *Iohn.* 1. 5.
u *Zachar.* 3. *w* 1 *Iohn.* *x* *Ephes.* 2. 14. *y* 1 *Cor.* 10. *z* *Mat.*
 2. 6. *a* 1 *Tim.* 1. 1. *b* *Psal.* 68. 16. *Dan.* 2. 45. *c* *Luc.* 2. 30. 31.
d *Gen.* 12. 3. *Act.* 5. 25. *Gal.* 3. 8. 4 *Quicquid est veteris*
Testamenti Christum sonat. August. *c* *Ifai.* 9. 6. *f* *Psal.* 77. 14.
 & 71. 18.

A 3

well

Well might his name be called g WONDERFVLL,
 Whose Birth, Life, Death, whose rising were so full
 Of glorious wonders, and of wondrous glories,
 Such as the world nere found in all their stories.

O with what wonders doe his heavens abound,
 Sith sundry wonders in each worme are found?
 What thing so little is which he hath wrought,
 Which with a world of wonders is not fraught?
 And yet of all the wonders he hath done,
 Himselfe the greatest wonder is alone.
 ¶ Wondrous in all his holy Saints is he,
 5 Shall he not in himselfe more wondrous be?
 Who in his Baptists birth was wondrous knowne,
 Shall he not be more wondrous in his owne?

O sacred Riddles, which no ingeny,
 Or art of man or Angels can vnty!
 Which whosoere would haue to be disclos'd,
 Must with his heifer plough, who them compos'd:
 And being once disclos'd, who can refraine,
 His tongue from tuning this Angellike straine?

*Glory to God on high on earth be peace,
 And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.*

6 Behold a sonne as ancient as his Father,
 Being without beginning both together,
 Twixt whom and him this difference is alone,

g *Isai. 9. 6. h Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis, Psal. 68. v ult.*
 5 *Si in sanctis suis mirabilis Deus, quomodo non in seipso mirabilis? Sanctus Maximus, ubi supr.* 6 The divine nature of
 Christ, as he is the sonne of God, and equall with his Father.
 6 *Virginei partis æquæva parenti Progenies. Sanaz. de Part. Virg. l. 1.*

That

That he the Father is, and this the sonne :
The one begets, the other is begot,
Yet th' one in time from th' other differs not ;
For both a coeternall being had,
Ere time or any other creature else was made.
God alway was a Father, and was never
Without his sonne, who with him was for ever :
Whom of himselfe and with himselfe co-equall
He did beget, and likewise co-eternall.
The sonne begotten naturall we know
But how begotten* Nature cannot shew
Yet that we might beleue though not conceiue,
God would in Nature some expressions leaue.
So, of himselfe the glorious eye of heauen
Begets a beame which with himselfe is even
In time in being : for the beame begun
In the same instant with his fire, the *Sunne* :
So from the *spring* a springing *streame* doth flow :
Which in it is, and yet doth from it goe :
So yeelds the *Incense* a sweet smell, and this
Both of and with and in the *Incense* is :
So doth the pregnant *Minde* a *Word* beget
Twixt whom and it, time doth no distance set :
The *Sunne*, the *spring*, th' *Incense*, the *Minde* afford
At once the *beame*, the *streame*, the *smell*, the *Word*.

* No created nature can shew how Christ is the naturall Son of God, and God coeternall with his Father. Yet God hath left some impressions thereof in the creatures. As in the sunne and the beame. The spring and the streame. The incense and the smell. The minde and the word.

A 4

7. Could

7 Could not the Father doe that in his Sonne,
 Which in the creature we see daily done ?
 What they by him in time performe, could he
 Not in himselfe doe from eternitie ?
 But this eternall Son-ship scornes compare,
 i Who can his generation declare ?
 8 Before thou canst thy makers offspring shew
 Presumptuous man, first learne thine owne to know :
 But how the Father doth beget the Sonne
 The Spirit from both proceeding knowes alone.
 9 What Times-creator did ere time decree,
 Beleue'd it may, conceiu'd it cannot be.
 Admire, adore this mystery profound,
 And vnto Father, Sonne, and Spirit resound,
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.

Peace, * damned Heretike, blasphemee no more,
 Say not, the Father was in time before
 The Sonne : And that there was a time wherein
 The Sonne was not, who did in time begin
 To bee : For here is no priority
 In time, in Deity, in dignity.
 Indeed the Persons we doe different name,

7 *Si in natura genitum inveniri potest coærum genitori, an-
 non æquum est concedas, posse ista in creatore coæterna inveni-
 ri. Ludolphus de vit. Christi, ex Augustin. i Isai. 53. 8.*
 8 *Quid in Creatore tuo modum nativitatis vis cognoscere ?
 Nondum in homine intelligis, Heinsius hom. in Theophan.*
 9 *Quicquid fuit ante tempus creditur ab homine, non capitur.*
*Heinsius ibid. *Arius, who said there was a time when the*
 Sonne was not.

The

The substance, Essence, Honour is the same.
No time before the Father ever was,
No time before the Sonne did ever passe.
What thred of time before him could be spinning
Who is the *k* word which was in times beginning?
l That word which ever was with God : that Word.
m Which ever was, is, shall be, God the Lord.
What time could be before him, who did frame
n Both time, and all that man doth creature name?
Same God, same Essence, same Eternity,
And all the same saue Personality.
io *The Sonne* (we say, and doe not say amisse)
The same, not who, but what the Father is.
Same, not the same : The Father and the Sonne
Not same in Person, are in substance one :
One yet not one : Father and sonne, we say,
One God indeed, but not one person they.
The Sonne of God, both Sonne and God must be,
God of himselfe, Sonne of his Father he.
So nor the Father is the Sonne, nor yet
The Sonne the Father, who did him beget :
But both the *Father*, and the *Sonne* the *Word*,
One God we doe acknowledge and one Lord.
Shew then the time, proud Heretike, wherein
The Sonne was not, who ever God hath beene :
Shew when the Sonne was not, who though the Sonne
Yet o the eternall Fathers name hath wonne.

k In the beginning was the word, Ioh. 1. 1. *l* And that word
was with God. *m* And the word was God. *n* All things
were made by him. *io* *Non quia qui summus Pater est, &*
Filius hic est, Sed quia quod summus Pater est, & filius hoc
est. Sedulius. o Isai. 9. 6.

Shew

2

7-6

W.

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E. 1

W.

E.

P.

E.

T.

9 V.

B.

A.

A.

A.

P.

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7-8

The blessed Birth-day.

11

If he in time created were and fram'd ?
For might not, then some certaine time be showne,
When God was not or wisdome he had none ?
So must they say of God and so blasphemers,
Who of a time before the Son doe dreame,
Considering such a wondrous glorious birth,
Shall we not say and sing with heavenly mirth ?
*Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.*

* Behold a Sonne who *Father* hath and *Mother*
Yet may be said to haue nor one nor other :
In heauen a Father without mother knowne,
A mother here he had but Father none.
The true *x Melchizedec* from heauen descending,
Who nor beginning hath of daies nor ending.
y The first, the last : King, Priest, and Prophet true,
To teach to sacrifice and to subdue.
Who only worthy was to haue none other
† Father then God, nor then a virgin mother.
For 'twas not comely that one Sonne should know
* Two Fathers, one aboue, one here below.
And how could he man without sinne be made
If to his Father he some sinner had ?
Had any *Adams* sonne his Father bin
He had receiu'd with Adams seed his sinne :
And had he ought of Adams sinne possessed
Then how could Adams seed in him be blessed ?

* The humane Nature of Christ as he is the sonne of a woman and therefore man. *x* Heb. 7. 3. *y* Revel. 21. 3. † This Woman a pure Virgin. * Reasons why the Messias was to be so borne.

z Th'high

That they who by 16 a Virgins sin were slaine,
Should by a 17 Virgins feede be sau'd, 18 that whence
Sinne came, falvation might proceed from thence.

Let all the world shew such a sonne againe
Whose birth so many wonders did containe?
A Lamb new slaine, b slaine ere the world begunne
His Mothers Father, and his daughters sonne.
A Douc hatcht in the nest himselfe did build,
A Flowre in winter sprung that fram'd the field
From whence it sprung; *A Lilly* risen new,
That made the bed and garden where it grew;
A stone cut without hands which with one dash
The Iron, Clay, Brasse, Silver, Gold, doth quash,
Of which that dreadfull Image was compos'd,
Which to the great *Chaldean* was disclos'd
In visions of the night; *d The Corner stone,*
Who built and beares the fabricke built thereon,
Who, though the foolish builders him reiected
Now in the corner is chiefe stone erected.
e The Ladder which the Patriarch of old
Sleeping in body did in fowl behold:
Who by his foote, the flesh, to earth descends,
His top, the Godhead, vnto heaven extends:
By whom our prayers to God ascend; by whom
Gods graces vnto vs, descending come:

16 *It is probable that Eve when shee transgressed, was a Virgin, Polan. & alij.* 17 *Virginis antiquæ facinus Nova Virgo piavit. Sedulius l. 2.* 18 - - - *ut unde Culpa dedit pœnam, pietas daret inde Salutem. Id. ibid.* b Revel. 13. 8. c Dan. 2. 34. 35. d Psalm. 118. 22. 23. Matth. 21. 42. Acts 4. 11. e Gen. 28. 12.

19 Who

19 Who, comming high and low to pacify
Himselfe became so low to make vs high.

Let all the world againe shew such a child,
Of Adams seed not with his sinne defil'd :
A child, who nere by man begotten was,
Who doth his mother far in age surpasse,
And match his Father in antiquity,
Elder than th' eldest of his pedegree.
A child who made all Children and the place,
And time wherein and when himselfe borne was.
A child that's God, and *f* God mighty to saue,
g All those whom vnto him his Father gaue.
h *Th' ancient of daies*, borne in an houre : the light
Of both the Worlds arising in the night.
A child who had he not to Vs beene borne,
All generations had beene quite forlorne.
Should not the strangest Child who came to saue
The world, the strangest Mother likewise haue ?
And so he had : We truely may averre,
No Sonne like him, no Mother like to her :
20 *For such a Mother never was before,*
And such an other never shall be more.

Let all the World shew vs such a Mother
And say which is more wondrous one or other.
She for a Mother ; or he for a Sonne,
It must be said when all is said and done,
O wondrous Mother, but more wondrous Sonne !
For such a sauing Sonne, both Mother may

19 *Qui summa atq. infima pacans, Vt nos infereret summis, se
miscuit imis. Prosper de ingratis. f Isai. 63. 1. g Iohn 17. 12.
h Dan. 8. 9. 20 Nec primam similem visa est nec habere sequen-
tem. Sedulius : & ex eo Bernard. in Vigil. Nativit. Ser. 3.*
with

With Angels sing, and wee with them may say,
Glory to God on high, on Earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.

Behold a Mother, yet a Virgin still,
21 Whose wombe not lust, but liuely faith did fill.
22 Before, and in, and after birth a maid,
Of whom mong all her sexe it may be said,
Sh' inioy'd by bringing forth that heavenly Boy,
23 *A virgins honour, with a mothers ioy.*

Behold a maid who in her wombe did beare,
A sonne: and him conceiued by the 24 Eare,
Not by the womb. The Angels tongue the seed
Doth cast: she heares, beleeueth, and so doth breed.
A liuing soule and flesh doth loade her wombe,
Which not from flesh, but from the spirit doth come.
God for a time in a maids belly dwells,
Whose belly not by flesh but spirit swells:
Man without man i by heavenly overshade
Is of a woman in a woman made.

Behold a fruit which ere by man was tilld,
Wheat whence is made the bread of life, doth yeild.
1 Thus ere the heauen did sowes on earth distill,
A mist her pregnant wombe with fruite did fill.

21 *Maritam esse Virgine impregnari sed fides.* 22 *Virgo concepit, virgo gravidata est, virgo in partu, Virgo post partum.* Augustin. ser. 6. in illud. *Gen.* 21. *Gravidia matris habens cum Virginitatis nomine Bernard ex latine.* 24 *Cum sola virgo degerit Concepta non fuit, Concepta fuitum corpore, Turgescit aliam spiritum: Quod corpus post partum est Franciscus Tulinus, in hym. Sancte Virgini. Lat. 1. 33. & linea 6. 33. i Gen. 2. 5. 5.*

xx Tūna

27 *What humming high and low to pacify
Humble became so low to make us high.*

Let all the world againe shew such a child
Of Adams seed not with his time best d:
A child who nere by man begotten was,
Who such his mother for a age forgave,
And match his Father in antiquity.
Either that the child of his pedigree
A child who made all Children and the place
And time wherein and when humble borne was
A child that's God, and / God mighty to doe,
g All time whene run him his Father gave
A *fewer of Adam* borne in an houre: the light
Of both the Worlds arising in the night
A child who had he not to Vs borne borne,
All generations had bene quite forborne
Should not the strangest Child who came to save
The world, the strangest Mother likewise have?
And so he had: We truly may averre,
No *Sonne like him, no Mother like to her:*
so *For such a Mother never was before,*
And such an other never shall be more.

Let all the World shew vs such a Mother
And say which is more wondrous one or other.
She for a Mother; or he for a Sonne,
It must be said when all is said and done,
(O wondrous Mother, but more wondrous Sonne!
For such a saving Sonne, both Mother may

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h Dan. 8. 9. 20 Nec primam similem visa est nec habere sequen-
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with

With Angels sing, and wee with them may say,
Glory to God on high, on Earth be peace,
And let good will towards Christians never cease.

Behold a Mother, yet a Virgin still,
21 Whose wombe not lust, but liuely faith did fill
22 Before, and in, and after birth a maid,
Of whom mong all her sexe it may be said,
Sh' inioy'd by bringing forth that heavenly Boy,
23 *A virgins honour, with a mothers ioy.*

Behold a maid who in her wombe did beare,
A sonne: and him conceiued by the 24 Eare,
Not by the womb. The Angels tongue the seed
Doth cast: she heares, beleeuers, and so doth breed.
A liuing soule and flesh doth loade her wombe,
Which not from flesh, but from the spirit doth come.
God for a time in a maids belly dwelis,
Whose belly not by flesh but spirit swels:
Man without man *i* by heavenly overshade
Is of a woman, in a woman made.

Behold a field which nere by man was tild,
Wheat whence is made the *k bread of life*, doth yeild.
1 Thus ere the heavens did showres on earth distill,
A mist her pregnant wombe with fruit did fill.

21 *Mariam non libido, impregnauit sed fides.* 22 *Virgo concepit, virgo gravida est, Virgo in partu, Virgo post partum.* *Augustin. ser. 6. in Nat. Domini.* 23 *Gaudia matris habens cum Virginitatis honore.* *Bernard. ex Sedulio.* 24 *Cum sola virgo uegerit Concepit aure filiā; Stupente factum corpore, Turgescit alius spiritu: Quod lingua jecit semen est.* *Eunodius Ticinous, in hym. Sanctæ Virginis.* i *Luk. 1. 35.* k *Iohn 6. 35.* l *Gen. 2. 5. 6.*

m Thus

m Thus *Galeons* fleece was moist when all was drie,
 And dry when all about it moist did lie :
n And thus on *Aarons* rod ripe Almonds grew
 Not set in Earth, nor moistned with the dew :
 25 And thus from *Maries* wombe, a *o Plant* proceeded,
 Which neither planting, neither watring needed :
p Thus *Moses bush* sent forth a flaming fume
 And burning did not with the fire consume.
 So did faiths fire the Virgins heart inflame,
 And yet abolisht not her Virgin name :
 26 Her swelling belly nothing did abate
 Th' entirenesse of her maidenheads estate.

Never till now two Phenixes were seene
 At once : For this the vsuall course hath beene,
 (If all be true that Naturalists haue told)
 The young ones birth brings death vnto the old :
 One Phenix here an other forth doth bring,
 And yet her selfe is sau'd from perishing :
 The Mother there dies to produce an other,
 But here the child must dye to saue the Mother ;
 The young one must himselfe of life depriue
 Or else the mother-Phoenix cannot liue.

If thou O man doest aske how this may be ;
 The same which answered her must answere thee,
 When of the messenger she did demand
 How this with possibility might stand,
 That she should haue a Manchild of her owne,

m Iudg. 6. 38. 40. *n* Numb. 17. 8. 25 *Vt virga floruit
 atq; germine, sic Virgo concepit non ex semine. Bernard. super
 Michas est, Ser. 2. o* Isai. 53. 2. *p* Exod. 5. 2. 26 *Vterus
 quidem factu tumuerat, sed virginālis integritas non recessit.
 (Arctif. hom. 2. de Susan.*

Who

Who never man in all her life had knowne :
 q *All things are possible with God* : whose skill
 And power to worke, are equall with his will.
 27 He who at first to frame a man did need
 Neither a *Mothers* wombe, nor *Fathers* seede,
 Could he not now frame in a Virgins wombe,
 A Child which from no Fathers seede should come ?
 Could not the same who first made man of earth,
 Procure a Virgin to bring forth a birth ?
 He who a woman of a man could frame
 Without a Womans helpe, could not the same,
 A perfect man now of a Woman make,
 One who no man should for his Father take ?
 Let this suffice : 28 the reason of the deed
 Doth from the doers will and power proceed :
 Consider who it is that wrought the fact,
 Once know the Author, doubt not of the act.
 But for the Act the Author magnific,
 Ioyning with th' Angels in their melodie :
 Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.

Astronomers of the *Zodiack* cease to talk,
 And the twelue signes, through which the Sun doth walk.
 Say what you will, you cannot well avow,
 The Sunne in *Virgo* truly was till now :

q Luk. i. 34 35. 27 *Annon putas cum novum puerum
 in alvo virginis potuisse formare, qui ut primum conderet
 hominem nec semen patris, nec viscera matris quæ sivit ?
 Sancti. Maximus de Nativit. ho. 3. 28 Ratio facti est
 potentia facientis : considera authorem, & tolle dubitati-
 onem. Tertullian. de Resur. Carnis.*

B

You

You never did untill this day espie
~~Heaven~~ *as Earth, & Earth as Heaven made high.*
 You never saw what now you see is done,
A pregnant Moon, a subinary Sunne,
 In all your houses such a match was never,
~~Heaven~~ *now and then, and weddeth earth for ever.*
 Now may you finde that motto much mistakes
 Which oft hath frontispiz'd your Almanacks,
~~*I will be ruler o're the stars shall be :~~
 The Wise-men now ruld by a starre we see,
 Who from the rising of the Sunne are prest
 To see the Sunne arising in the west.
 20 O you whose triple office is to know
 The stars, the power of hearbs and plants to show,
 T attend according to your country guise,
 The service of your fained Deities :
 Come see a starre on earth, more bright, more cleare,
 Than ere did any in the skie appeare :
 Come see a plant beginning now to flourish :
 Whose powre and vertue Heaven and Earth doth nourish.
 Here in a narrow manger you may view
 That Deity which yet you never knew.
 Come noble Persians, now learne to adore,
 A greater Sunne then that you did before :
 A Sunne which th' other made, and to him lends
 That light which he vnto the world extends :
 r A Sunne which once commanded yours to stay
 His restlesse course, and to produce the day :
 f And at an other time enforc'd his shade,

**Sapiens dominabitur astris. 29 Ille penes Persas Magus
 est, qui sidera novit, Qui sciat herbarum vires, cultusq.
 Persepolis facit ista Magos prudentia triplex.
 Næpius Mantuan. de Epiphaniæ. r Ios. 10. 12. f Isai. 35. 5.*
 To

To turne full ten degrees quite retrograde :
‡ And who shall shortly so ecclipse his light,
That all the world at noone should put on night :
When Earths vast globe in fable darknesse shall
Attend as mourner at his funerall.
Then shall the learned Areopagite
Cry out astonisht at the vncouth sight,
* *Either the God of Nature suffers wrong
Or the worlds frame shall be dissolu'd ere long.*
Boue all your Starres, adore this rising Sunne,
And if the spheares make musique as they runne,
Be sure no better straine then this can be
The sweet Faburthen, to their melodie :
*Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.*

† Behold the Lamb of God, the Lamb and God,
Who maketh these things even which erst were odde :
* *Three Substances, two Natures, Persons one,*
The sacred *God-heads* chiefe expression.
As in that ever blessed *Trinity*
One holy nature is in *Persons* three :
So in the Sonne who flesh for vs did take
Two Natures, Gods and ours, one Person make.
Three Persons there one substance doe possesse,
One Person here enioyes three substances.
* O blessed blood ! ô sacred Vⁿion,
That joyneth three in two, and two in one !

‡ Luk. 23. 44. * *Aut Deus naturæ patitur, aut mundi
machina dissolvetur.* † Christ God and man in one
Person. * The substance of the body, of the soule, and
the divine substance. * The Personall vnion.

B 2

Three

You never did untill this day espie
Heaven less as Earth, & Earth as Heaven made high.
 You never saw what now you see is done,
A pregnant Moone, a sublunary Sunne,
 In all your houses such a match was never,
Heaven comes and woes, and weddeth earth for ever.
 Now may you finde that motto much mistakes
 Which oft hath frontispiz'd your Almanacks,
**A wise man ruler o're the stars shall be :*
 The Wise-men now rul'd by a starre we see,
 Who from the rising of the Sunne are prest
 To see the Sunne arising in the west.
 29 O you whose triple office is to know
 The stars, the power of hearbs and plants to shew,
 T' attend according to your country guise,
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 Here in a narrow manger you may view
 That Deity which yet you never knew.
 Come noble Persians, now learne to adore,
 A greater Sunne then that you did before :
 A Sunne which th' other made, and to him lends
 That light which he vnto the world extends :
 r A Sunne which once commanded yours to stay
 His restlesse course, and to produce the day :
 / And at an other time enforc'd his shade,

**Supra dominatur astris. 29 Ille penes Persas Magus
 et qui sidera regit. Qui suis herbarum vires, cultusq.
 Norum: Per ipse fuit et Magus prudentia triplex.
 Apud Manum de Epiphon. r Ios. 10. 12. / Ios. 35. 5.*

To

To turne full ten degrees quite retrograde :
 And who shall shortly so eclipse his light,
 That all the world at noon should put on night :
 When Earth's vast globe in sable darkness shall
 Attend as mourner at his funeral.

Then shall the learned Astronomer

Cry out admiring at the mournful sight,

* Either the God of Nature suffers wrong

Or the world's frame soon is dissolv'd ere long.

Brave all your doubts about this thing divine,

And if the spheres make music as they move,

Be sure no better frame than this can be

The Great Architect in their machine :

But in God we live, we move, we are,

And as God will, thus we shall never cease.

+ Behind the Land of Truth the Land of Falsity

Who makes these things men which are men's state.

* Three Kingdoms are there, Three Kingdoms are

The Great God's world made manifest.

As in that one world there

One King reigns, a King of Kings

In the same way, for the same

Two Kingdoms are there, the Kingdom of the

Three Kingdoms are there, the Kingdom of the

One Kingdom are there, the Kingdom of the

* One Kingdom are there, the Kingdom of the

The Kingdom are there, the Kingdom of the

* One Kingdom are there, the Kingdom of the

One Kingdom are there, the Kingdom of the

One Kingdom are there, the Kingdom of the

One Kingdom are there, the Kingdom of the

Three substances in natures two agree,
 These two in one, this One, one, two, and three :
 30 By vertue of an Vnion personall,
 Though not of Persons, neither naturall,
 Although of natures, but substantiall,
 Because of substances, vnited so
 That neither their owne properties forgoe :
 But such a friendly enterchange they make,
 That each with other doth in speech partake :
 And what is said of God the same of Man
 (Sith God and Man are one) affirme we can :
 And what of man said properly may be,
 The same likewise of God affirme may we.
 Thus doe we say, and what we say is true,
That God did dye, and Man did death subdue.
 God died because the Person who did dye
 Was not meere man, but God eternally :
 And man subdued death, because the same
Christ, God and Man, both died and overcame.
 u So sins of men the sonne of man forgiues,
 w Which none can doe but he who sin-lesse liues.
 x So by his bloud a Church God purchased
 Vnto himselfe : What bloud hath God to shed ?
 y So was the Lord of glory crucifide
 When Christ, the Lord of glory for vs dy'de.

30 *Vnio Personalis sed non personarum, vnio naturarum
 sed non naturalis, quia supernaturalis. Polanus Syntag.
 Tom. 1. l. 6. c. 16. Naturas in te geminas miranda ligavit
 Vnio, quod nostro planè immemorabilis ore, Humano supe-
 rat conceptus pectore sensus. Chytræus : citatur à Phil.
 Camerar. Med. histor. Cent. 3. c. 8. u Mark. 9. 6. w Mark.
 2. 22. x Act. 20. 28. y I. Cor. 2. 8.*

Thus

Thus God to be an infant ; and a maid,
Of God to be the Mother, may be said.
These speeches in the Abstract disagree,
† In sense compounded well accorded be
*Lord, what is man, that only for his sake,
Th' Almighty should such strange exchanges make*

31 What higher is than God, then earth more low?
Yet so farre God vouchsafed earth to grow,
So humbly God doth vnto Earth defend.
So largely God doth cause earth to extend ;
So neereby God earth is humbly vnto
So firme a league twixt him and it is pincert.
That what God doth, that earth is said to doe,
And what earth suffer, God doth suffer too
To man, know thou art dust, Earth, hence thou shalt
Man, thou art joyous in dust, he not repaite :
But sing to him, by Whom thou art created,
With lofty voice, but with a lowly heart :
*Great is God, on high, on earth, in peace
And in government, there is no sin, no sorrow, no strife
* Lord, what a name, but only for his sake
Th' Almighty should such strange exchanges make*

Exceeding as might be
The strength of that which is, and which is to be

* For in converse with God, we are as angels
In truth, in wisdom, in power, in love, in grace
In all things, we are as God, and as he is
In all things, we are as God, and as he is
In all things, we are as God, and as he is
In all things, we are as God, and as he is

32 He whom the heauen of heauens cannot containe
 In narrow bowels doth impent remaine.
 Borne is he in a base vnrworthy stall,
 Who Vs aduanceth to Heauens glorious Hall :
 He who doth all things fill fills not a Cratch,
 Heauen vnto Earth. God vnto man doth match.
 He who doth fill man like Angels make
 As homely lodging with poore beafts doth take,
 The Worlds Creator and Commander great
 An Inne for loue or mony cannot get :
 But from fit lodging they doe him expell,
 Who with a word can lodge them all in Hell :
 He cries, to whom all hearts for helpe doe call,
 He cannot helpe himselfe who helpeth all :
 Even he from whom th' Angels their knowledge learne,
 His right hand from his left cannot discerne.
 s Who all things by his word vpholds, even he
 By womans feeble hand vpheld must be
 For feare of falling. And th' *Almighty* one,
 Without his Creature cannot stand alone.
 The way as yet the way to none can show,
 The truth not yet can truth from falshood know,
 Th' immortall putteth on mortality,
 The everlasting life begins to die,
 That by his death, he may that debt defray
Which man did owe, but none saue God could pay :
 The foules Physitian is to death giuen over,
 That so the sin-sicke patient may recover :
 A despr'ate cure for despr'ate malady
 The head must off, or the whole body dye.

34. *Et qui non spatiis terræ non æquoris undâ, Non capitur
 cælo paruos confluit in artus.* s Heb. 1. 3.

Who

Who is mans head but God ? But ô how can
 God dy ? God may if he become a man ;
 God is become a man subiect to death :
 A subiect which the Conquerour conquereth :
a Because the children were of flesh compos'd,
b Their Father would be in that flesh inclos'd :
 That so by death he might orecome that evill,
 Which had the power of Death, that is, the Devill.
c The Angels nature he refus'd to take,
 But man of *Abrahams* seed himselfe would make :
 That in our Nature, he might him subdue
 Who first our feeble nature over-threw :
 That man on Satan might avenge mans wrong,
 And them redeeme, whom he held captiue long :
 For greater is the glory and the merit,
 When feeble flesh orecomes a potent spirit.
 * God is become a man. The joyfullst newes
 That ever was or shall be, yet ensues :
 No alteration neither diminution,
 No losse no mixture here, much lesse confusion.
 35 Becoming what he was not, he remains
 That which he ever was. Though man-head gaines,
 The God-head loseth not. To me he gives
 Himselfe, and yet his owne he ever lives :
 That which he was he is yet once was not

a Heb. 2. 24. *b* Christ called the everlasting Father. *Isai*
 9. 6. *c* Heb. 2. 16. * Christ by his humiliation loseth
 nothing of his glory. *¶ Ille manet quod semper erat,*
quod non erat: et Incipiens, nos quod fuimus iam non su-
mus, aucti. Nequius in melius: mihi contulit & sibi man-
fit: Nec Deus ex vâris mirat sua, dum sua nobis Consert.
Prudent. in Pssalm. 24.

24

That

The sacred Birth-day.

That which is a A nature he hath got
 That which is man and yet he still retains
 That which is God And having both, remains
 That which is both he take one nature more
 That which is both Person as before.
 That which is both he man until this tide;
 That which is both God and man he doth abide.
 That which is both man he was not showne
 That which is both God, no time was knowne:
 That which is both and in times fulnesse Christ,
 That which is both the greatest and the high'st.
 That which is both the word remaineth still,
 That which is both through the flesh it fill.
 That which is both his highnesse ought abate,
 That which is both he descend to our estate:
 That which is both he standing in advance vs who before
 That which is both is nothing yet the lower:
 That which is both he made sonne of man he be,
 That which is both the same of God remaineth he.
 That which is both he is a Sonne,
 That which is both yet not two sonnes but one.

Enigma, Sum quod eram, nec e-
 dicor utrumq.: Ignoras nisi me par-
 37 Ante illum tempus Deus, atq. in
 Sædænius Apol. Car. 16. 38 Verbum
 non destitit esse Quod fuerat, verbum
 iam gignat vsum: Maiestate quidem non degene-
 rat per ipsum Carnis, sed miseros ad nobiliora trahente
 Prædicatoris tui sapr.

39 One

39 One way the Sonne of God, Sonne of his Mother
 An other way, both waies one, not another.
 The God-head so the man-hood doth possesse
 That for the man God nothing is the lesse,
 Neither by taking ours encreas'd he is,
 Nor yet impaired by imparting his :
 But by a way vnto himselfe best knowne
 40 So takes he ours, as not forsakes his owne.
 41 His glory not cast off, but laid aside,
 To earth he comes, yet doth in heauen abide.
 Even so some Prince or Lord of great repute
 Laics by his owne, puts on a Servants fute ;
 Who though a servants habit him invest,
 Yet is not of his honour dispossess't.

That golden eye which gilds the world with day,
 Reaching to earth yet still in heauen doth stay.
 So doth the sonne of God to vs arriue,
 On earth, and yet with God in heauen doth liue.
 And as my speach arriueth vnto thee
 Whose eare receiues it, yet remaines with me,
 So did the Fathers word to me attaine
 And with the Father vnremou'd remaine.
 Or as mine arme extended doth abide,
 With joints and sinnewes to my shoulder tide,

39 *Non alter ex Patre, alter ex matre, sed aliter ex Patre, aliter ex Matre. Sanctus Eucherius hom. 2. de Nativit. Sic homo sic Deus es, ut non sis alter & alter. Prosper de Providentiâ. In Christo est ἄλλο καὶ ἄλλο, aliud & aliud, non alius & alius. Bucanus. 40 Sic aliena gerens ut necesse lingua possis. Sedulius. l. 1. 41 Venit in mundum non depositâ sed sepositâ, maiestate, assumpta est humanitas, non consumpta divinitas. Eucherius ubi supr.*

So

So reach't the Lord his *ſ* Arme to me in loue
 Yet from humilitie he did it not remoue.
 Whilst though he did both reach forth and retaine,
 Though he looke nothing while I him doe gaine,
 And in him all things, yet how could there be
 More lowlineſſe in him, more loue in me?
 What brother ſhould we yeeld to him who thus
 Was pleas'd t' embrace himſelfe to honour vs?
 Can we doe leſſe then in our beſt-tun'd layes
 With holy Angels ſing vnto his praiſe :
*Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And let good will t'wards Chriſtians never ceaſe.*

Thus *greatneſſe* little to become was pleas'd
 Yet to continue great he never ceas'd :
 Thus heauens high king ſwath'd in a Cratch doth ly,
 Yet looſeth nothing of his Maieſty :
 He who the glorious Angels did create
 Becomes a worme, yet keepes his own eſtate.
 God had his lowlineſſe enough commended
 Had he but to an Angels ſtate deſcended,
 For twixt an Angel and a worme more odds
 Is not, then twixt an Angels ſtate and Gods.
 Thus highneſſe to be low doth not diſdaine,
 Yet being loweſt higheſt doth remaine.
 42 Had he not daind himſelfe to humble thus,
 What good had all his *greatneſſe* done to vs?
 * Great cauſe haue we t' embrace Humility,

*d Vid. ſupr. pag. 10. in margine. 42 Nihil profuiſſet ſub-
 limitas niſi adfuiſſet humilitas. Heinfius hom. in Theo-
 phan. * Chriſt by his humiliation ſhould teach vs humi-
 lity.*

Sith

Sith God himselfe embraced vs thereby.
 When greatnesse vengeance for our sins did craue
 Humility it was that did vs saue:
 When Maiefty and iustice 'gainst vs stood
 Then Mercy fought, Humility wrought our good.
 When Man to Hell was faine then God did daine
 To stoope to Earth to raise him vp againe;
 Never had man, from earth to heauen attain'd
 Had God to stoope from Heauen to earth disdain'd.

43 Learne of thy Lord, proud man, humble to bee,
 Who read this humble Lecture vnto thee,
 Ere he could read or speake. His *Incarnation*
 Was his first Lecture of *Humiliation*:
 When being God, he stooped to be man,
 Whence greater honour at the last he wan:
 When as his Father did him so aduance,
 And set his name above all names exaltation;
 e *That at the name of IESVS every knee*
In Heauen, on Earth, in Hell should bow'd be.
 *What man can booke by his humility,
 Sith God his life aduanced was thereby?
 That meekenesse which at first he took, did growe
 His words his deeds throughout his life did shewe.
 f *Learne ye of me, said he, for I am meeke:*
 What better thing than learning can we haue?
 What better thing than better teaching can there be?
 What better lesson than His say?
 Who would not that the good from Him should come?

43 *Take I hence your eyes as ye see: O Lord, I desire
 instruction, for I am meek, and lowly in heart. Angustin
 de Tenz. lxxx. c. i. f. 1. 2. 3. *The grace of humility
 with instruction, the grace of love, &c.*

If the best teacher the best lesson learne?
 By the same gates yet to God must tend
 By which his Sonne did vnto vs descend.
g Should thy King ever waite to thee: Wilt thou
 Come proud vnto thy King? Will he allow
 To them who are with brittle clay invested,
 That at his glorious Angels be detested?
 From them from Heauen and glory did eiect,
 Humility must vs to Heauen erect.
 When him who highnesse is it selfe, more high
 Nothing is head then low Humility.

The quare made void by *Iudas* foule defection
 Must be replenish'd: & two are on th' election,
 Each vnto each in the lot must arbitrate
 Whom to the Office God doth destinate:
 The one furnished * *Iu.* the other little,
 What would not deeme the *Iust* the greater title?
 Or who is he that both their titles heard,
 But would conclude the *Iu.* should be preferd
 Before the *Little* one? 44 But oh! what ods
 Is there betwene mans suffrages and Gods?
 The *Little* one of God advanced is
 Vnto the honour which the *Iust* doth misse;
What to him life and to the world doth seeme
*The *Little* to him God the greatest doth esteeme.*
i Proud vaunting Pharisee how hast thou lost
 All thy good workes, while thou of them doest boast?

g Mat. 21. 3. *h* Act. 1. * *Ioseph* furnamed *Iustus*, and
Matthias: that is (according to some) the little one of
 God. 44-- *O quantum distant humana supernis Iudiciis!*
parvi merito transcenditur iste Laude hominum qui Iu-
stus erat. Arator in Act. l. 1. i Luk. 18. 10.

45. While

45 While the poore Publican who humbly cry'de
Himselfe a sinner, goes home justifie.

The just condemned is, the guilty free,
He for his Pride, this through Humilitie.
Divine Saint *Austine* we applaud thy writ!
This diffrent couple haue confirmed it,

46 *In Gods esteeme much rather is allow'd
An humble sinner then a iust man proud.*

Is not God high? yet he that will attaine
Vnto his highnesse, lowly must remaine?
Erect thy selfe; he doth from thee retire:
Deiect thy selfe, thou doest to him aspire:
For when he sees thy stooping to deiect thee,
Himselfe stoopes downe more highly to erect thee.
The proud a farre off he beholds to scorne them,
The humble he regards with grace t' adorne them.

Sweet Saviour by thy lowlinesse thou showest
The best ambition is who shall be lowest.

What more becomes a Christian, then the same
To be to Christ, what Christ for him became?
What grieues the blessed spirits who seeke our blisse,
What more doth glad the fends our foes, then this
To see a lowly God, a lofty man,
An humble Christ, and a proud Christian?

Thus God is one become, O Man, with thee,
That thou againe at one with God maist be
Thus is the *Abyssus* fill'd, the *Chasme* clos'd

45 *Et magis iustificatus fuit Publicanus humili confessione peccatorum quam Phariseus superba inulatione virtutum. Hieronymus ad Romanos. 4. Melior est apud Deum peccator iustus quam iustus superbus. Augustin. Ser. 49. de Tempore*

Wicks

So reach't the Lord his *d* Arme to me in loue
 Yet from himfelfe he did it not remoue.
 Which though he did both reach forth and retaine,
 Though he loofe nothing while I him doe gaine,
 And in him all things, yet how could there be
 More lowlineffe in him, more loue in me?
 What honour should we yeeld to him who thus
 Was pleas'd t' embafe himfelfe to honour vs?
 Can we doe leffe then in our beft-tun'd layes
 With holy Angels fing vnto his praife :

*Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And let good will t'wards Christians never ceafe.*

Thus *greatneffe* little to become was pleas'd
 Yet to continue great he never ceas'd :
 Thus heauens high king fwath'd in a Cratch doth ly,
 Yet loofeth nothing of his Maiefty :
 He who the glorious Angels did create
 Becomes a worme, yet keepes his own eftate.

God had his lowlineffe enough commended
 Had he but to an Angels ftate defcended,
 For twixt an Angel and a worme more odds
 Is not, then twixt an Angels ftate and Gods.

Thus highneffe to be low doth not difdaine,
 Yet being loweft higheft doth remaine.

42 Had he not daind himfelfe to humble thus,
 What good had all his greatneffe done to vs?

* Great caufe haue we t' embrace Humility,

*d Vid. fupr. pag. 10. in margine. 42 Nihil profuiffet fublimitas nifi adfuiſſet humilitas. Heinfius hom. in Theophan. * Chriſt by his humiliation ſhould teach vs humility.*

Sith

45 While the poore Publican who humbly cry'de
Himselfe a sinner, goes home justifide.
The iust condemned is, the guilty free,
He for his Pride, this through Humilitie.
Divine Saint *Austine* we applaud thy writ!
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Vnto his highnesse, lowly must remaine?
Erect thy selfe; he doth from thee retire:
Deiect thy selfe, thou doest to him aspire:
For when he sees thy stooping to deiect thee,
Himselfe stoopes downe more highly to erect thee.
The proud a farre off he beholds to scorne them,
The humble he regards with grace t' adorne them.
Sweet *Saviour* by thy lowlinesse thou showest
The best ambition is who shall be lowest.
What more becomes a Christian, then the same
To be to Christ, what Christ for him became?
What grieues the blessed spirits who seeke our blisse,
What more doth glad the fiends our foes, then this
To see a lowly God, a lofty man,
An humble Christ, and a proud Christian?
Thus God is one become, O Man, with thee,
That thou againe at one with God maist be
Thus is th' Abyssus fild, the Chasma clos'd

45 *Et multò iustificatio recessit Publicanus humili confessione vitiorum, quàm Phariseus superba iactatione virtutum. Hieronym. ad Oceanum.* 46 *Melior est apud Deum peccator humilis, quàm iustus superbus. Augustin. Ser. 49. de Tempore.*

Which

*o Similitude of sinfull flesh arraies
His God-head, so sinne in the flesh he slaies.
Similitude of sinfull flesh he takes,
But yet in taking it this difference makes :
47 The flesh he takes in truth with flesh endude,
The sinne he takes but in similitude :
The flesh he takes is ours, but so he takes it
As that his owne, and cleane from sinne he makes it.
The sinne he takes is ours, and not his owne,
For sinne in him, saue ours, was never knowne.
The flesh he takes for ever to enioy it,
The sinne he takes but only to destroy it.
p He knew no sinne, yet sinne was made, that wee
The righteousnesse of God in him might be.
Both what he made and made not, he did take,
Flesh which he made, sinne which he nere did make :
That which he never made, and doth detest
He would be made for vs, to make vs blest :
That which he never was, never could be,
(Such was his loue) he would be made for me.
Lord what is man that onely for his sake
Thi Almighty should such strange exchanges make ?*

*The Royallest exchange for vs was this,
When God chang'd his for ours : we ours for his :
When with his royall robes vs to adorne,
To take on him our rags he did not scorne.
When that man might be freed, God would be solde,
When for our drosse he gaue in change his gold.*

*o Rom. 8. 34. 47 Accepit carnis veritatem, non simili-
tudinem : accepit peccati similitudinem, non veritatem.
p. 2 Cor : 5. 12.*

O

How the same Woman truly may be said
At once to be a Mother and a Maid :
How Mothers milke into her breasts should come,
Who nere receiu'd mans seed within her wombe :
How God from heauen should come to ioyne with clay,
Yet God with God in heaven should ever stay.

The heathen wifards though they did avow
Men to be Gods, yet never would allow
God to be man, supposing God would scorne
In a poore mortall vessell to be borne,
(And reason sure would say ; *as eas'ly can*
Man become God, as God become a Man.)
Yea they who best iudg'd of the Deity,
Would soon'ft of all deride this mystery :
That he who immortality possesses,
Should become mortall. He who others blesses
And is most blest himselfe, should be a curse,
(For who would change a good estate for worse ?)
*That he who thunders in the Clouds on high
Become an infant, in a cratch should crie :
That Heavens imperiall Lord should thus become
A subiect, and possesse a *r* servants roome :
That the Law-giver *f* who from Law is free
t An vnderling vnto the Law should be.
And this not for his friends, but even for those
Who of his friends became his mortall foes :
That so they might for ever friends remaine,
Though by their friendship he can never gaine.

**Sic puer in cunis, Deus ut regnaret in astris. Guntherus Ligurin. lib. 5. r Phil. 2. 7. f The sonne of man is Lord of the Sabboth. Mat. 12. 8. t Made under the Law. Gal. 4. 4.*

C

The

The Highest Festival-day.

The king of men is not him to procure it,
 But he who holds the destiny to ensure it;
 Who is against the rule of justice
 To that a thousand enemy
 To all the virtuous man to bind to bring
 To him who is . . . Then shall we die to sing
 That of the world is *not* to fear
 And of you will *not* be *lost* *any* *more* *at* *last*.

And that we know the great mysteries
 And the great mysteries
 The king of men is not him to procure it
 But he who holds the destiny to ensure it:
 Who is against the rule of justice
 To that a thousand enemy
 To all the virtuous man to bind to bring
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 To all the virtuous man to bind to bring
 To him who is . . . Then shall we die to sing
 That of the world is *not* to fear
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And that we know the great mysteries
 And the great mysteries
 The king of men is not him to procure it
 But he who holds the destiny to ensure it:
 Who is against the rule of justice
 To that a thousand enemy
 To all the virtuous man to bind to bring
 To him who is . . . Then shall we die to sing
 That of the world is *not* to fear
 And of you will *not* be *lost* *any* *more* *at* *last*.

Saue

Saue such as of their owne first emptied are :
These shee dismisseth full, but such as come
Full vnto her, shee sendeth empty home :
u The simple she invites, it is her guife,
To take the foolish and to make them wise.
Had not these Sages faith 'boue wisdom priz'd
To come so farre to Christ they had despis'd :
Had they not come their empty pailles to fill
At wisdomes well, they had beene empty still :
And had they not from him true wisdom gain'd,
For all their owne, they had but fooles remaind.

Come we with them, and let Faith come with vs,
Which doth beleue, adore, and not discusse ;
A better present to our heavenly King
Then Gold, then Myrrhe, then Frankinsense wee bring :
All which faith offers, when it doth beleue
The deed, and to the doer praise doth giue
For that whereof it can no reason render.

*The true beleever is the best commender
Of Gods all wondrous works, most glory bringing
When with the blessed spirits hee fals a singing,*

*Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.*

51 Grant we that God can something doe, which man
Can never reach with Wisdomes narrow span.
52 Could man of all the actions God can doe

u Prov. 9. 4. 51 *Demus Deum aliquid posse, cuius nos
rationem reddere non possumus. Augustin.* 52 *Si homo
potest intelligere divina, potest & facere: nam intelligen-
te, est quasi à vestigio subsequi. Lactantius Institut. l. 7.
c. 2.*

C 2

The

Of knowledge, but a lusting after more?
 While he would wiser be then he was made,
 He lost the substance, catching at the shade:
 Enough he had, enough could not content him,
 This discontent lost him th' enough was lent him.
 Yet will not his bold issue warned be,
 But still are tasting the forbidden tree,
 As if a blind man fought his sight to finde
 By the same meanes, which made his Father blinde
 So seekes some gamester's almost beggerd heyne,
 By play his Parents losses to repaire:
 Where as he soonest his lost store regains
 Who best improues that little which remains,
 Sufficient for salvation is revealed,
 Why should we search for that which is concealed?
 Sith God to Vs enough for Vs hath shewne,
 Can we not giue him leave to keepe his owne?
 54 To breake into Gods sealed secret
 This is not searching, but bold burglary.
 This life is for behest, the next for light,
 As Heere we doe walke by Faith, and there by sight.
 55 What can be wanting to our perfect willie,
 When all that heart desireth is first contained in?
 The choicest wisdoms here attain'd can be,
 Is it to be wise thus? Is it to be
 Awaile then taught curiosity
 Longing to see what lies hid?

56 *What can be wanting to our perfect willie,
 When all that heart desireth is first contained in?
 The choicest wisdoms here attain'd can be,
 Is it to be wise thus? Is it to be
 Awaile then taught curiosity
 Longing to see what lies hid?*

37

*y God sooneſt doth his myſteries impart
Vnto the humble and beleeuing heart.*

56 The humble ſuitor doth by prayer obtaine,
That which the curious ſearcher ſeekes in vaine.

57 Let him who diues into Gods ſecreſie,
Dread to b' orewhelmed with his maieſty.
Here nothing doth found knowledge more advance,
Nor is more learn'd then humble *Ignorance*.

Ceaſe then to argue, or if you diſpute,
Let Faith be moderator, reaſon mute.
Twere hard for me, and many a filly man,
Wer't art and wit that made a Chriſtian,
Not Faith, and Hope, and Charity. Theſe three
As well in ſimple as in wiſe may be.

58 *Bleſt be Gods wiſdome who doth mans exclude
In heavenly matters.* Here the raw and rude
May with the wiſeſt walke. The wiſeſt man
Can but beleue, and ſo the ſimpleſt can :
Yea ſometimes ſooner then the wiſer doe,
Who humane wiſdome truſting too much to
Runne mad with reaſon, and then furiouſly
Doe cut the knot they know not to vnty.

'Tis well that God this wondrous worke hath done
Whereby to vs is brought ſalvation :
Suffice it that the matter is reueald,
Although the manner be from vs conceald :
'Tis well the benefite doth ours remaine

*y Pſal. 25. 9. 14. 54 Inueniet pius pulſator quod curio-
ſus indagator non poteſt. Bern. in Cant. Ser. 36. 57 Scr-
utator maiestatis opprimetur à gloriâ. 58 Benediſta ſit
divina ſapientia, quæ in negotio ſalutis humanam penitus
excluſit. Dan. Heinfius hom. in Theoph.*

Though

Though to the secret we cannot attaine :
59 'Tis faire our King into his court doth take vs,
Though of his Counsell he refuse to make vs.
Each Saint may say, such honour is for mee
Too high, yet all his Saints so honour'd bee.
Then let his praise still in their mouthes be found,
And let them with his royall guard resound,
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.

O blest be God ! who giues faith to supply
That, which for reasons reach is farre too high,
Which man aboue himselfe to mount doth teach,
Reaching to what surmounteth humane reach :
Whereby a Christian doth excell the rest
Of men, as farre as Man excels a beast.
Saith God the Word ? Faith doubts not of the deed,
How farre soere it doth mans fence exceed.
z Christs generation cannot be declar'd,
60 Beleeu'd it may be. Nothing is too hard
For Faith : where wit and language both doe faile
To speake, to thinke, Faith wins and doth prevaile.
What Art by arguing cannot comprehend,
Faith by beleeuing soone doth apprehend :
Things whereof 'tis impossible to giue
A reason, Faith doth easily beleeue.

59 *Dr Hall B. of Exon. Meditat. z Isai. 53. 19. 60 Fra-*
tres, generatio Christi enarrari non potest, credi potest,
& ubi lingua deficit fides proficit. Maximus ubi
supr.

61. Faith

61 Faith made the man-vntouched Virgins wombe
 To swell, and milke into her breasts to come :
 Had she not first by Faith the word conceau'd
 Within her soule, her wombe had beene bereau'd
 Of that preferment to conceiue the word,
 Which to the World saluation doth afford.
 Faith made the Virgine pregnant, Faith must make,
 The Christian, Christ into his soule to take :
 As she by faith conceived him, so hee
 In Christians still by faith conceau'd must bee.
 62 *Faith to saluation's a compendious way,*
Wisdome to Faith an obstacle and stay.
a Not many wise nor mighty God doth chuse,
Nor say that lack Faith he doth refuse:
 O let me wise vnto saluation bee,
 Lord giue me faith, take wit who will for mee.
 63 All things in God doe humane wit transcend,
 But nothing Faith. Where humane wit doth end
 Let Faith supply. *What only God can doe*
Faith only can beleue and want to see.
 The things which God for vs hath done to day
 Conceiue we cannot, but beleene we may :
 And if we doe beleue, lets not dispute
 But speake our Faith in accents which doe sute

61 *Ipse uirginis uentris sine virgine miseri Credi-*
dit, ut esset conceptus uentris Christiani: Credentes nam
Christus ante incarnationis partus sui nichilum esse carno
concreuit: hunc Probatum est ipse. Et Compendi-
um saluatis est ipse, sine obsequio sapientie. Hicq; fas
est ipse. Et Cuius est. Et Cuius in Deo fides ra-
tionem: ubi fides habet. Hicq; fas est. Et Cuius
est. Hicq; fas est. Hicq; fas est. Hicq; fas est.

Vnto

41

b Into this mystic they to look desire,
 And looking do not argue but admire,
 Solemnizing the day, while that before
 They never saw, they never shall see more.
 An holy happy Day, a Day of Peace
 Greater than any day, what radiant light
 Had they not this I had brought this blessed light,
 The world had been drawn in eternal night.
 Better far to the weather I had come
 Than to come on this day for those come.
 66 O Day of Peace which is the salvation
 Expects the first tales of the World's Creation
 Not all the works which time has ever brought forth
 Can equal this one day work for worth
 Then out of darkness for the light shone
 Now God himself is light a work that none
 Who live in darkness can begin to say, how
 Might into the very mind and life be made
 Then did he are the Earth the Heaven reveal
 Now Heaven is full of worlds
 And made the Earth the mother of man
 And with himself is light and life and love
 Then after this day there is no more

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 CITIES: [REDACTED]
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The last of Creatures, whom he Man did name,
 Now after mans owne Image he doth make
 Himselfe, and our similitude doth take :
 Himselfe is made that which he made, that he
 Might what he made from finall marring free.
 All things of nothing then were made, but here
 We are new made who worfe then nothing were.
 Hee spake the word, and all things were made then,
e Now is the word made flesh and dwels with men.
 That men made spirit who were but flesh before,
 With him *d* one spirit might be for evermore.
e The Angels shouted at the worlds Creation,
 More joyfully they sing for th' Incarnation,
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will towards Christians never cease.

The divine Nature our fraile nature takes
 And *f* of his nature vs partakers makes.
 God of a Virgin pure is borne, thereby
 To purge mans fowle impure nativity.
 The bread of life is in a manger laid,
 That Man (become a beast because he straid
 From his Creator, now by grace restor'd
 T' a better state then nature could afford)
 Might with this Heavenly provender be fed.
 Come man, and eate of this most blessed Bread,
 (Bread which did more then all the Worlds worth cost)
 And gather vp the crums that none be lost.
 One crum of this doth farre that feast surpasse
g Which by th' Assyrian Monarch once made was.

e Iohn 1. 14 *d* 1. Cor. 5. 17. *e* Iob 38. 7. *f* 2. Pet.
 1. 4. *g* Hester. 1. 3.

Come

In full abundance and for gatherers cals :
That Man with food of Angels may be fed
And vnto life eternall nourished.

There goes and flows from the celestial fountain
Bread against hunger and grief thirst & sadness
Drinke of this Fountaine where wee have life
Shall never thirst The fountaine where we live
But is to feede the soules & the bodies
To life eternal and true lasting joy
A double vertue for the Fountaine

66 Habe ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~referred~~ ~~article~~ ~~published~~ ~~in~~
quarto intente ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~used~~ ~~for~~ ~~any~~ ~~other~~ ~~purpose~~
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* peace. Ephes. 1. 14. / The
 14. 16. * Christ his pas-

To

He made his soule a sacrifice for sinne,
 When he tooke body. He began to dy
 When, when assuming our mortality,
 He made himselfe one able to be slaine :
To put on man is but to put on paine.
 His death was at his birth, he then began
 To dy when he began to put on man
 This Flowre ere it sprang forth began to fade ;
 Thus was his Croffe before his Cradle made.
 The drops of blood which at his death he shed
 Were but his infant drops of teares dide red :
 His swathing clothes did with that blood most,
 Whereof good *Joseph* made his winding sheet :

His blood was as a faire bequest thereto :
 This plaiter cures our foules corruption
 Behold how he a tender infant was
 Who wipes all teares from our repentant eyes.
 O let vs if this infant seems to weep
 That from eternal teares he may us keep
 Restore I pray the praynings which he sent
 Returne the teares which he for thee hath sent
 Consider how much thou art bound to owe
 Who would for thee a wonderfull sorrow
 Suffering for thee vnto a wonderfull sorrow
 Work at his Death, but first a wonderfull sorrow
 Who therefore weep for thee that thou might'st sing
 With him *Angels* in thy heavenly King
Glory to God be now, in earth, in heav'n
And in good will to all, for Jesus sake amen

What should we weep for him who was our King
 Hail from eternal infancy
 And what shall we to thee for this blessing

Wm.

The blessed Birth-day.

That so the dead may liue eternally.
Lord what is man that only for his sake,
Th' Almighty should such strange exchanges make?
What can poore mortals in requitall bring?
Nothing. Yet with Heauens Quiristers wee'l sing,
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And let good will t'wards Christians never cease.

FINIS.

1

2



Votum Authoris ad Iesum
Redemptorem.

*Meum est agnoscere, sanctis enim fuisse Redemptor
Fac meum agnoscere, sanctisq. tibi.*



4

1

1

1



HOLY TRANSPORTIONS

in contemplating some of
the most observable adjuncts
of our Saviours Nativity.

TRANSPORTAT. I.

The season of the Yeare wherein our Saviour was borne: namely in the Winter Solstice or Sun-stead.

NOW seemes the 1 Sunnes vnwearied Waggonere,
Who every day furrounds this earthly sphere,
To make a stand, and breath his restlesse teames,
Which through the world convey his golden beames:
Nor doth the day to our appearance seeme,

1. A description of the winter-Solstice. 1. *Quid est quod Arctum circulum, Sol jam recurrens deserit? Christus-nè terris nascitur, Qui lucis auget tramitem? Cælum nitefcit lætius, Gratatur & gaudens humus Scandit gradatim denud Iubar priores lineas. Prudentius Cathemar, hym. 8. Kal. Ian.*

D.

As

As yet, his captiue minutes to redeeme
 From the prevailing Night, but doth begin
 To steale thereon, and some advantage win :
 Henceforth the night shall loose, the day shall gaine,
 Nor will the sister long in debt remaine
 Vnto the brother, but will fairely pay
 Some part of what she borrowed every day
 Till both be even. This feason of the yeare
 Did our eternall Sunne chuse to appeare
 In our Horizon, our Day to restore
 Which sins inroaching night abridg'd before.
 2 In Summers Equinoctiall conceau'd,
 In Winter-Sunstead borne. We were bereau'd
 Of gladfome day, invellop'd in fad night,
 Till this bright starre arofe and brought vs light.
 Thus did our Day at his conception,
 And at his Birth take augmentation :
 When such a light into the World is sent
 How can the night but shrink, the day augment ?

All haile, ô holy, happy, heavenly day
 Which turnst our Winter into joyfull May,
 And springing makest an eternall spring,
 Where erst sins *Autumne* a fad Fall did bring :
 A Day that makest everlasting *Summer*
 By the approaching of this heavenly commer,
 Who did from Heauen to earth so kindly come,

*2 Conceptus enim est in Æquinoctio verno, natus in sol-
 stitio hyberno: Et in conceptione eius, & in nativitate dies
 accepit incrementum, & nascente verâ luce, lucis & diei
 augmentatur officium. Augustin de Temp. Ser. 22. Hodie
 noctis damna in diei transeunt lucra. Sanctus Eucherius.
 hom. 2 de Nat.*

That

That Earth by him in Heaven might haue a roome.

O were it winter Solstice once with me !

That this fims night no more encreas'd might be,

But that the blessed day of reformation

In me might finde a joyfull augmentation.

O Sunne of righteoufnesse who wouldst appeare

In shordest, saddest season of the yeare,

Who being (*a*) brightnesse would'ft in *black-month* come

That by thy comming all might bright become ;

Come vnto me, come into me, that I

To righteoufnesse may liue, to sinne may dy.

'Tis *black-month* still with me because of sinne,

O come, that I may bright become within.

Come that the night of sinne may shrink in me,

And that the Day of grace encreas'd may be.

a Heb. 1. 3.

TRANSPORTAT. II.

The time of his birth. By night.

T *He light which shines in darknesse comes by night,*
Those who did sit in darknesse to enlight :
What meanes the *Day-starre* in the night to rise ?
To shew that he giues light to blindest eyes.
To shew that he the worlds light is, who may
Turne the most gloomy night to gladfome day.
But why doth truth who never shuns the light
Come as a Theefe, in darknesse of the night ?

To make both commings, first, and last, t'agree :

For they who him expect must watchfull bee.

b 1 Iohn. 1. 5.

D. 2

Transport

TRANSPORTAT. IV.

The place of his Birth. A Stall.

c **M** *An being in honour had not vnderstanding,*
But turned beast, from his Creator wandring :
Him to restore, and to make man againe,
God to be born 'mong beafts doth not disdain.
His Mothers *Child-bed-Chamber* is a Stall,
A Cratch his Cradle, and the Lord of all
For his poore Parent ready to ly downe
d Cannot command an Inne in all the towne.
5 And he who coms men to advance to Heaven
For his first lodging vnto beafts is driven.
Vncivill Cittizens and people vild,
Thus to exclude a woman great with child
So neere her time ! Had you humanity
You would haue shew'd to such more curtesy :
You would haue found for her a fitter place,
For might it not haue beene your Mothers case ?
Rather then she should in a stall remaine
Your selues vpon the cold ground should haue laine.
Are there not still such Inns, to whom no guest
Lesse welcome is, then Christ, who is the best
Sweet Saviour, I an Inne-keeper will be,
The signe shall be my Heart : Come lodge with me :
The damned crue I entertain'd before
(My roaring sins) I'le all turne out at dore :
I'le not afford them lodging in a Stall,

c Psal. 49. 20. *d* There was no roome for them in the
Inne. Luk. 2. 7. 5 D. Hall Bishop of Exon : Contem-
plat. 1. 1. on the New Testam.

D 3

Thou

Thou shalt have Parlor, Chamber, Hall, and all
 The best cheere that I can I will prepare
 For thee. And this shall be my chiefest care,
 Because I know tis that which likes thee best
 That all be neate and cleane for such a guest
 Thou who, when first thou canst it wouldst it in no bed
 Same in a Virgins wombe repose thy head:
 Thou who in all thy life lov'dst purity,
 And being dead wouldst it in pure linnen lay:
 Thou who compar'd art unto a Dove,
 The bird which seemeth both and seemeth true;
 I know that he who shall thee entertaine
 Must chiefly care that all be neate and cleane.

Then how can I hope thou wilt lodge with mee,
 In whom all things be fowle and fordid bee?
 Yet come and lodge. For why? I know tis true,
 That where thou com'st thou makest all things new.

O thou whose Birth a Stall could stallify
 With Heaven within, and a bright starre on high,
 That not the best *Star-Chariot* of them all
 For glory could compare with this *Starve-hall*:
 O grace me with thy presence, who art able
 To make a Pallace of th' *Magnum* stable.

O thou who hadst things of no better worth
 Then Straw, and Hay, to set the Chamber forth
 Where thou wert borne: Be borne in me this day,
 In me poore wretch, who withered am like Hay.

Be borne in me: so shall this Hay be made
 Fresh as the Rose, and never after fade.

℞ Revel. 21. 5. 2. Cor. 5. 17. ℞ Phil. 102. 11.

Transpor.

TRANSPORTAT. V,

On the same argument.

ART thou so humble, Lord, thou dost not scorne
To be 'mong Oxen and 'mong Asses borne?
O scorne not me, who am become, alasse,
More brutish, foolish, then the Oxe or Ass,
For they, poore beasts, *g their owners know*, we see,
But farre more brutish I, haue not knowne thee.
Thou mad'st me first a man, a noble creature,
Little inferiour to th' Angellike Nature:
But I through sinne into a state did throw
My selfe, these brutish Creatures farre below:
Be borne in me, that I being borne againe
In thee, a new borne Creature may remaine.

g Isai. 1. 3.

TRANSPORTAT. VI.

*The publishing of his Birth. First
vnto Shepheards.*

TO *Shepheards* is his Birth first signifi'de
Who by their flocke night-watching did abide.
To shew that the great *Shepherd* now is borne
Who no base office for his sheepe will scorne,
But watching ore his flock doth still remaine,
And they must watch who will him entertaine.

h Luk. 2. 8. 9.

D 4

6 Fitly

6 Fitly the *Lamb* first to the flocke is showne,
 The Sheepheard first to shepheards is made knowne,
 To teach his shepheards faithfull watch to keep
 To feed his Lambs and to attend his sheep.

I see night-watchings are not still pernicious,
 These shepheards, had they not been so officious
 To watch while others slept, had mis'd that *i* Light
 Which mid-day made to them in midst of Night.
 Nor had their Fares beene happy with the hearing
 Of the first Sermon preacht at Christs appearing.

O blessed Vigils, which to men afford
 The sight of Angels, and of Angels Lord!
 O blessed Vigils, where one Angel brings
 Newes of a Saviour, and an Army sings,
Glory to God on high, and Peace procur'd
On earth to men of favour well assur'd.

O blessed Vigils, where advise is giuen
 To men, to finde on Earth the God of heaven.
 See shepheardes he who never sleepes, doth keep
 Watch over you while you watch ore your sheep.
 * Be not affrightned at the splendent sight,
 Darknesse is to be dreaded, not the light,
 Devils not Angels. Let them dread who dare
 Sleep in their sins, not they who watchfull are.
 No danger from an Angell can proceed,
 Whose speech remoues the scare his sight doth breed.
 Sweet is the word to an astounded care

6 *Tum prius ignaris pastoribus ille creatus Emicuit, quia*
Pastor erat, gregibusq. refulsit Agnus. Sedulius l. 2.
i The glory of the Lord shone round about them. Luk.
 2. 9. * And they were sore afraid. Luk. 2. 9.

when

When he forbids to feare whom all doe feare.
 Let me feare him, who faith *Feare not*, alone :
 7 *How many doth he feare that feares not one ?*
 I Great sheepeheard of our soules, who dain't to grace
 Me most vnworthy, with a sheepeheards place,
 Who wouldst to sheepeheards haue thy birth reveald
 Which yet from Kings and Iudges was conceald,
 8 And while they watcht, thy light to them didst send
 Which they from thee to others might extend ;
 First manifest thy selfe, ô Lord to mee,
 That I to mine may preach and publish thee.
 Dispell my darknesse with thy light divine,
 Shine thou on me, that I on them may shine.
 Reflecting on my flocke that double light
 Of doctrine pure, and conversation right.
 Thou who doest watch ore them who watchfull are
 Grant me to watch ore mine with heedfull care :
 Least if I faile to keepe a carefull watch
 The ravening wolfe both sheep and sheepeheard catch.
 Confer'd thou hast on me, ô Lord, likewise,
 An other charge ; a bolome benefice,
 A true *peculiar*, that will not dispenſe
 With the least *oscitance*, my *Conscience* ;
 This over me at all times watchfull is,
 O make me alwaies watchfull over this.
 Let me be carefull, wary eye to keep

7 -- *Quem, quisquis non timet unum Omnia jure timet.*
Paulinus. I Heb. 13. 20. I Pet. 2. 25. 8 *Pastores vigi-*
lantes bene claritas Dei circumfulget, qui fidelibus gre-
gibus sollicitè præesse sciunt, dumq. ipsi p̄ se super gregem
vigilant, divina super eos gratia largiùs coruscat. Beda
ex Gregor. hom. 8. in Evangel.

Over

Over my home-bred flock, domestick sheep,
My thoughts, my words, my actions all, least they
Beyond their fixed boundaries doe stray:
This twofold charge let me, O Lord, attend
Till this my weary pilgrimage doe end:
Let me, like to the Lamp that burns by night
Not spare to spend mine oile to lend them light:
Till both my charges I resigne to thee,
Then be thou pleas'd to crowne thy gifts in mee.

TRANSPORT. VII.

*The Publisher of his Birth. A
blessed Angel.*

A *Glorious Angel* is the Referendarie
Who first these tidings unto men doth carry.
O An heavenly *Herald* fittest was to bring
Newes of the coming of the heavenly King.
That Gospell by an Angell first was brought
To men, which now by men to men is taught:
That Gospell which now God by vs doth teach
No heavenly Angell is too good to preach.
O let God's Ministers as they are stil'd
Angels, be like the Angels vndefil'd!

9 *Cœlestium munerum etiam cœlestis nuncius est. Ger-*
hardus Medit. 1. 4.

10 Let

10 Let them not with an earthly life defame
 The reputation of an heavenly name :
 But striue they others to excell so farre
 As Angels vnto them superiour are.
 That whereas others are but men at best
 They may like Angels shine aboue the rest.
 What is heaven's greatest griefe, Earth's greatest evill ?
An Angel's place possessed by a Devill.

O let not an vnholly conversation
 Fowly bely an holy appellation !
 Holy the function wee may well repute
 Which holy Angels joy to execute :
 Holy he is, the holiest of all,
 Who doth vs to this holy function call :
 Holy the message is which we must doe,
 O let the messengers be holy too.

10 *Nihil enim est turpius quam excellentem esse quemlibet culmine, & despicabilem vilitate. Quid enim est dignitas in indigno, nisi ornamentum in luto? Et ideo cunctas qui sacri altaris suggestu eminent, tantum excellere oportet merito, quantum gradu. Salvian: ad Ecclesiam. l. 2.*

TRANSPORT. VIII.

On the same subiect.

How glorious is the newes, how full of joy,
 In which God none saue Angels will imploy ?
 How gladly doe these fiery Posts attend,
 When for man's good their master will them send ?
 No message they more willingly goe on
Then

Then that which tends to man's Salvation.
 An Angel first is vnto Mary sent
 T^e acquaint her with his heavenly Lord's intent,
 Who of all maids made choice of her, that thee
 Should both a maiden and a Mother bee,
 And that of all her sexe God had decreed
 This woman should bring forth *in that woman's seed*
 Which promis'd was, that curst head to bruise
 Who first the silly woman did seduce.
 An Angel settles *Ioseph's* doubtfull thought,
 Tells him, *n the Holy Ghost this worke hath wrought* ;
 He need not feare, her for his wife to take,
 Whom God not man did thus a mother make.
 An Angel bids him into Egypt hie
 To saue the babe from *Herod's* butchery :
 And when the Infant-slayer had breath'd last
 An Angell bids him home againe in hast.
 An Angell first this gladfome Gospell preaches,
 A few poore shepheards, th' Audience whom he teaches :
 Nere was such distance, in regard of glory
 Betweene a * Preacher and his Auditory.
 Why should the greatest Doctor now disdaine
 To be a Preacher to the simplest swaine ?
 o If he who sends vs no respecter bee
 Of persons, (as he saith) then why should wee ?
 Looke we when on our message we are bent
 Not vnto whom, but from whom we are sent.
As welcome vnto Heaven is he that brings
A shepheards soule, as he that doth a King's.

m Gen. 3. 16. n Matth. 1. 20. * A Preacher who was
 only a Creature. o Act. 10. 34.

Transpor.

TRANSPORTAT. IX.

p *The Celebration of his birth by a
multitude of Angels.*

THE *Sermon* ended is, the *Psalme* enfues,
A *Psalme* which futeth with the joyfull newes,
The subiect of the Sermon preacht by one,
A multitude begins when one hath done :
An hoast of Heavenly Quiristers doe sing
A joyfull Birth-song to heaven's late-borne king :
And in their song his praises doe recount
Whose praise all songs of Angels doth surmount.
There needed but one Angel to impart
Such newes to any true beleeuing heart :
Good newes doth spread it selfe, flies vnrestrain'd,
And wished tidings soone are entertain'd :
How quickly did this heavenly Sermon sound
Throughout the World ! How many hath it found
To entertaine it with such constancie,
That all Hel's rage could not them terrifie ?
This long-expected newes desir'd so much
And by so many, when it came was such
As that one Angell was enough to bring it,
But all the Angels few enough to sing it.

p *Luk 2. 14 15.*

Transfyn.

TRANSPORTAT. X.

*The Shepheards going to Bethlehem
to see the Babe.*

Hie vnto *Bethlem*, Shepheards, that your eyes
May not envy your eares felicities :
But that they may be blessed to *q* behold
That word, which vnto them the Angel told.
Then greatest credite gaineth the relation
When th'eye vnto the eare giues attestation.
11 As for your flocke, you left your sweetest sleepe,
So for the Shepheard leaue awhile your sheep.
But hie with hast, that so with speed againe
You may returne, and with your flock remaine.
The supreme *Shepheards* hardly will dispence,
With any *Shepheard's* long *non residence*
From their own charges : Nor is absent being,
Longer allow'd, then while himselfe is seeing :
But when in seeking them imploy'd they are
Himselfe for them and for their flock takes care.
12 Come ; let vs with these joyfull Shepheards hie
Vnto the Cratch where this sweet babe doth lie,
That is, his Church. This place doth still afford
This blessed Infant swathed in his word.
Let vs when there he doth his words impart,

q Videamus hoc verbum quod factum est. Luc. 2. 15.
11 Dr Hall B. of Exon. Contemplat. vt supr. 12 *Adeamus & nos cum pastoribus, Christi præsepe, hoc est, Ecclesiam : & in fasciis. i. in Scripturis sacris involutum inveniemus hunc infantulum. Gerhard. Meditat. 14.*

Lay

Lay them vp all with Mary in our heart :
 More blest by bearing them she did become,
 Then by her bearing him within her wombe.
 O blessed Man, who in his heart doth swathe
 And bind vp sure his word ! For he that hath
 His word hath him. The word it selfe is he ;
 Then where his word is, needs himselfe must be.
 This Stall about a Pallace I will prize,
 This Cratch about a Crowne. No Paradiſe,
 Shall my transported soule affect but this :
 This she esteemes on earth her chiefeſt bliſſe,
 Still in thy temple, blessed Lord to be,
 Where she thy word may heare, thy selfe may see.

13 What is the object of the Eare ? *A ſound*
 What the best sound ? A voice. What voice is found.
 To be the best ? A voice of words compos'd.
 What words the best ? The words by God disclos'd.
 All other words in vttering vanisht been :
 God in his word is heard, and also seene.

O blessed they who heare the joyfull sound !
 Most blest who him of whom they heare haue found.
 Who in the field the Trumpets sound disdaines
 He never in the Triumph part obtaines.
 They never shall in heaven embrace thee, Lord,
 Who here refuse to heare thee in thy word.

Here let me haue a glimpse of thee by hearing,
 That there I may enioy thy full appearing.

13 Greenham's Godly instructions. l. 36. pa. 107.

Transportat.

Then shall we take vp this melodious Ditty
t As we haue heard, fo now ô Lord, wee see
How thou in Heaven doest walke, and wee with thee.

t Pſal. 48. 8.

TRANSPORTAT. XII.

The Wife men bringing their presents.

FOLLOW your guide you wife-men of the Eaſt :
 (Though laſt invited to this heavenly feaſt)
 The new-created Starre which ſhewes the way
 Vnto this bleſſed Babe, and will not ſtay
 Till he hath brought you where he doth abide
 But ſhortly after out of ſight will ſlide :
 For when the Sunne with beames the world once graces,
 The Stars aſhamed are to ſhew their faces.
 Think not that you are guld ſo farre to come
 To ſeeke a King and find ſo baſe a roome :
 Thinke not the roome is baſe, where there is ſcene
 A Starre without a glorious Sunne within.
 Here ſhall you finde that Child you farre haue fought,
 Preſent to him the Preſents you haue brought :
 15 Giue Gold to him as tribute to your King,
 To him as God incenſe for ſervice bring :

15 *Aurum, Thus, Myrrhum Regiq., Hominiq. Deoq., Dona ferunt. - - Iuencus l. 1. Dant tibi Chaldæi prænuntia munera reges: Myrrha Homo, rex aurum, ſuſcipe thura Deus. Claudianus Mamercus ſiue Damasus, de miraculis Chriſti.*

Bring

Bring Myrrhe t' embalme the man who once die
Leaft all mankinde doe dy eternallie.

16 Take Frankincence ô God, take Gold ô King,
Take Myrrhe ô Man from thofe who can them bring :
Poore I, nor Gold, nor Myrrhe, nor Frankincence,
Haue to prefent, fuch is mine indigence,
Yet will I wifh thefe noble Perfians bring
Some prefent ftill, when I falute my King :
I'le giue my felfe. A gift too vile, too bafe
To be prefented to fo high a grace
But thou who all thou tak'ft doeft better make,
Render me better then thou did'ft me take.

My felfe a worme, no man, I giue to thee
Reftore my felfe a man, a Saint to me.

16 *Aurea nascenti funderunt munera regi, Thura dedere
Deo, Mirrham tribuere fepulchro. Sedulius. l. 2. Magi fe-
rebant munera Primi legati gentium, Quæ cum Sacro my-
fterio fignant latentis gloriam: Aurem potentis regmina,
Numen facrum thus indicat, carnemq. myrrha mortuam,
Mundi plantem machinam. Rabanus Maurus. Hym. in
Epiphan.*

TRANSPORT. XIII.

On the fame.

WAlke on you wifemen ftay not till you come
Where wifdome hath tane vp an homely roome,
Thinke not fo long a journey little worth,
Wifer you fhall returne then you came forth.
Will you be wife indeed? Drink of this well

E 2

Which

When wilLOWES comes in a day full
 Of love and joy and peace and love
 But not the sorrow of a broken policy,
 Your humble WilLOWES prays for thee
 So that you may the wilLOWES love
 And you may know the love should become
 That all the WilLOWES you have met in love
 Secure and being sure I report and say
 To that dear WilLOWES who in love did stay,
 Not all the WilLOWES they ever love could show
 So much to them as the WilLOWES did to you.
 To them in all the WilLOWES they never shall
 A greater love than you found in a soul.
 O thou eternal WilLOWES make me wish
 That from my heart's desire I may wish
 My Father's house and kindred to be
 Cause me that I to thee the way may take
 And that I may not ever be away.
 Let that bright star, thy Word, lead me the way:
 Be that unto my feet a light and to
 My steps a safe conducting Lampe that so
 With thee will go, I surely may arrive
 Vnto the place where thou, Lord, dost remaine:
 And finding thee who art my Soules best store,
 Let me fall downe and humbly thee adore
 Offering those gifts which cannot euer be
 By me, vnto thee I then receive from thee
 The Gold of true obedience I will bring
 A tribute due to mine eternall King:
 My Frankincence shall be my daily prayers,
 (A pleasing perfume vnto thee) my teares.

O may this Myrrhe still drop, till I arriue
Where thou and thine in lasting joyes doe liue :
Where thou, from whom all comfort doth arise,
Wipest all teares from true repentant eyes :
u Where they shall reape in joy who here below,
The pretious seed of plenteous teares doe sow.
Let this short life of teares a seed-time bee
That I may reape eternall joyes with thee.
17 I'le goe forth weeping, bearing pretious seed,
Mourning my Father's and mine owne misdeed,
In hope by thee exempt from all annoy,
To laed home sheaues of everlasting joy.
*w Sorrow (thou saist) may for a night remaine,
But in the morning ioy returnes againe.*
All this Life's night I'le be content with sorrow,
That night once past joy may giue me *good morrow.*

u. Psal. 126. 5. 17 - - *Nos qui deflemus in Adam Semina mittentes, mox exultabimus omnes Portantes nostros Christo veniente maniplos. Sedulius l. 1. w Psal. 30. 6.*

TRANSPORTAT. XIV.

*The Infant sought by Herod to
be destroyed.*

IS this into the world thy welcome Lord?
Is this the entertainment men afford
To thee, who com'st from heauen to blisse the earth,
To handsel with thy bloud thy blessed Birth?
No sooner borne but forthwith sought to dy,
E 3 Enforc't

Sith even to moderate princes none can bring
 Tidings more harsh then of another King.
 The Sunne by you ador'de could tell you this
 20 *Each powre, of partnership impatient is.*
 For sooner he an other Sunne can brooke,
 Then Kings with patience on corrivals looke.

Herod, of all the rest you should forbear,
 21 For what more eager then a Tyrant's eare?
 Who never but in blood drinks the relation
 Of what he feares t' affront his vsurpation,
 And rather wishes all the rest forlorne,
 Then once to heare another King is borne.
 How many Infants vnto death are done,
 By your enquiry for the birth of one?
 Yet sith not man but only God did moue you
 Vnto this journie, who dares to reprove you?
 For slighting man in following God's direction,
 Ensur'd 'gainst Earth and Hell of safe protection?
 When God commaunds to goe, Man must not stay
 Were there a thousand Lyons in the way.
 What needs he doubt who hath God for his warrant,
 Or dread, who to seeke Christ makes it his errand?
 23 *Humane edicts admit deliberation,*
But on with God's with stiffe determination.

On then, graue Sages, and whatere ensue
 Enquire for Christ who hath ordained you,
 The first-fruits of the Gentils home to bring
 To him, who of the Iewes is borne the King,

20 *Omnisq. potestas Impatiens consortis. Lucan. l. 1.*
 22 *Quid enim violentius aure tyranni? Juvenal.* 23 *Nil*
dubites authore Deo: mortalia quærunt Consilium, certus
jussa capeffe Dei, Ausonius.

And

Enforc't ere thou canst goe or creepe to flie ?
 Will they as soone as thou to earth art come
 Needs send thee back vnto thy heavenly home ?
 And must the Butcher and the Midwife striue
 He how to slay, she how to keep aliue ?

Herod, what beast ? Adjourne thy cruelty,
 18 He had not come but that he meant to dy,
 But not as soone as to the World hee's showne,
 Nor yet by mans appointment but his owne.
 Think'ft thou to haue his life at thy command
 Who hath both thine and all mens in his hand ?
 What King what Creature else can him depriue
 Of life, by whom all Kings all Creatures liue ?
 x The powre of his owne life he doth retaine
 To lay it downe, and take it vp againe :
 None takes it from him till it be his minde,
 And then 'tis not tane from him but resign'd.
 But first much heavenly Doctrine must be taught
 And to confirme it mighty wonders wrought :
 Water must into wine be chang'd to proue
 Tis he that turnes Gods wrath into his loue : (heare,
 Blind borne must see, lame leape, dumbe speake, deafe
 That so strong God in weake man may appeare.
 Fowl leproous bodies clenfed must proclaime
 That leproous soules are cured by the fame :
 Diuels by him dislodg'd must shew that he
 Emancipates vs from Hels slavery.
 Seas raging Tempests calm'd by his controul

18 *Expecta paululum, ad hoc venit ut tuam etiam pessimam impleat voluntatem, sed sustine ut suam etiam colligat hereditatem. Augustin. l. 2 de Symbol. ad Cathecum.*
 x Ioh. 10. 17. 18.

Must

Must tell who 'tis that stills the troubled soul :
 The dead must first be vnto life restor'd
 To shew that he of life and death is Lord.
 y Death is the last of that malignant crue
 Whom he by dying meaneth to subdue.
 19 That which is now in vaine desir'd by thee
 Another Herod shall hereafter see.

This Herod who so soone would him destroy,
 More hasty is then any Butchers boy,
 No butcher is so fell, but will allow
 The new-falne Lamb some little time to grow :
 For well he knowes it is not fit for food,
 While yet the milke is hardly turn'd to blood.
 This Lamb is fought to render vp his life
 While yet is throat is lesfer then the knife.
 When others are not tane till they be meat,
 This Lamb is fought to bleed ere he can bleat.
 O Lambs an harmeleffe yet an haplesse creature
 Who haue so many enemies in nature !
 So many that doe seeke on you to prey,
 And thinke you wrong them by a small delay.
 While the poore Ewe is yet her Lambkin licking
 The Ravon thinks it long ere he be picking.

'Tis still thy lot ô Lord. No sooner brought
 To life art thou but straight thy death is fought.
 No sooner now in *Bethalem* thou borne art
 (The *house of bread*, the true beleeuers heart)
 But Hels fierce *Herod* and his curfed Court
 Sore vext and fore perplext at the report,
 Doe seeke thine Infant-life away to take

y I Cor. 15. 26. 19 *Heredesq. alius quod tu molire videbit. Sedulius.*

E 4

whose

Penknives the fittest tooles are you can take :
For of those members you meane to destroy
Their Saviour meanes so many pens to make
Wherewith their names (ere some doe names enioy)
 Shall in his Booke of Life be registred,
 With their owne blood which for his sake was shed.

O Tygers into humane shape transchang'd
With more then Tygers thirst of blood posselt !
Could men from man-hood be so farre estrang'd,
To snatch the suckling from the mother's brest
 And in her sight the Cradle-cloathes defile
 With that new blood which was but milke ere while.

Peace, pretty Innocents, forbear to cry,
Receiue with willing sides the fatall blow :
Best is that Death which comes in infancy,
A longer life had but prolong'd your woe :
 He that to-day is borne, and dies to day
 Comes to his port as soone as sets to sea.

Your journie's end at setting forth you met,
Your whole daies taske you in the morning finisht :
Your Sunne no sooner did arise but set,
Yet was your day produc'd, your night diminisht :
 You op'd your eyes and seeing nought but paine
 In this base world, you clos'd them vp againe.

Death to be priz'd 'bove any life's deare rate,
Save that best life, which doth such death ensue.
Your Saviour's kindnesse you anticipate,
Dying for him ere he do die for you :

30 How

m Thus *Geleons* fleece was moist
 And dry when all about it moist
n And thus on *Aarons* rod ripe A
 Not set in Earth, nor moistned w
 25 And thus from *Maries* wombe
 Which neither planting, neither w
p Thus *Moses bush* sent forth a fl
 And burning did not with the fir
 So did faiths fire the Virgins hea
 And yet abolisht not her Virgin
 26 Her swelling belly nothing di
 Th' entirenesse of her maidenhea

Never till now two Phenixes
 At once: For this the vsuall cou
 (If all be true that Naturalists ha
 The young ones birth brings dea
 One Phenix here an other forth
 And yet her selfe is sau'd from
 The Mother there dies to produ
 But here the child must dye to
 The young one must himselfe o
 Or else the mother-Phœnix can

If thou O man doest aske ho
 The fame which answered her
 When of the messenger she di
 How this with possibility mig
 That she should haue a Manc

m Iudg. 6. 38. 40. *n* Num
absq. germine, sic Virgo concep
Missus est, Ser. 2. *o* Isai. 53
quidem fœtu tumuerat, sed vi
Chrysost. hom. 2. de Susan.

30 How soone are you of Martyrs crownes possessors
Who *Martyrs* were ere you could be *Confessors*.

31 Champions, who conquerors were ere you could fight,
Who overcame before you knew your foes,
Subduing them ere you had armes to smite,
Not by inflicting but receiuing blowes :

32 Swift runners who the goale & Crowne haue won
Before you had the skill or will to runne.

Rachel although thy cause of griefe be great,
Yet to be comforted refuse no more,
As if thy children were not : They are yet,
And thou and they more happy then before :
Thou who by bearing Martyrs get'st renowne,
They who exchange a Cradle for a Crowne.

Why saiest thou then they are not ? Say thou rather,
Thy children never truely were till now : (ther,
They're not with thee, they're with their heavenly Fa-
They are aboue, they are not here below :
Why should'st thou then for thẽ make such complaints
Who never were but Innocents and Saints ?

30 *Infantes facti sunt Martyres quando per gratiã Christi pro eo meruerunt mori, priusquam cum poterunt coram hominibus confiteri. Fulgentius Ser. de Eptphan. 13 Ætas nondum habilis ad pugnam extitit idonea ad Coronam. Cypr. ep. 36. 32 Infantia passionis ignara Martyrij palmas rapuit & coronas. Veri isti sunt gratiæ Martyres, confitentur tacentes, nescientes pugnant, moriuntur inconscij, ignari tollunt palmas, coronas rapiunt ignorantes. Petrus Ravennas, siue Chrysologus Ser. 4.*

O

O blessed Babes, who from your Mothers womb,
To *Abraham's bosome* fetcht a speedy spring
Ere you can goe! Who, ere you speake, are come
Your Hallelujahs vnto him to sing
Who would vnto your Parents duly show you
But on his Sonne as choicest Iew'ls bestow you.

He, leaft you long with sinners should abide
From among men you to himfelfe doth take :
Of your short fwathing-cloathes which red were dyde
With your owne blood, he long white robes doth make
Dyde in his owne, which only hath this might
To dye the deepeft scarlet into white.

O from how many blowes doth one blow free you!
How pure are they whom bloud doth thus baptize!
Nere shall your Parents hence-forth weeping fee you :
Thefe teares shall wipe all others from your eyes,
With Palms in hands triumphant ore your foes
* Follow you doe the Lamb where ere he goes.

Why had not I of that bleft beavie beene
Who from the shell fo foone to heaven did flee,
Ripe for faluation fooner then for finne,
Whom few small blowes from many great did free?
To whom an Antidote the † daughter lent
The Mother's poifned potions to prevent.

Blind fuperftition, did no day appeare
On which thine inaufpicious Crosse could reft,

† Ifai. 1. 18. * Revel. 14. 4. † Death, the effect, and fo
the daughter of finne.

To

To brand it for vn lucky all the yeare,
 Saue only this which made so many blest ?
 Why should that day to Vs disastrous bee
 Which them from all difasters did set free ?

If sins soul-clogging shackles off to shake,
 If nere to doe nor speake nor thinke amisse,
 If all t'enioy that man can happy make,
 If that a Crosse-day be that brings all this,
 Then all my daies that day await will I,
 To crosse and cancell all my misery.

Quandò erit ille dies ? quandò erit ille dies ?

FINIS.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- [illegible]

- trunk* = trunk or back : l. 21, '*with Arms*'—as in the 'white cliffs of Dover' : l. 22, '*low-lyfe*' = beloved and 'fair'.
- Page 25 : l. 3 '*scam* = seam—on edge or bordering. A 'seam' is simply the junction of sewing of two edges or margins of two pieces of fabric stuff, but for clothes sake 'seam' would have been better : l. 7, '*ex-walled*' = ex-walled; l. 18, '*ex-fence*' = ex-fence; l. 22, '*ex-fence*' = ex-fence.
- .. 21, l. 2 '*low-lyfe*' = the subject of letters; l. 14, '*low-God*'—name of 'low-God' : l. 17, '*Eye*' = goddess of war.
- .. 27, l. 21 '*low-God*' = battle.
- .. 28, l. 24 '*low-God*'—on these names lines of Psalm 100, 6, and St. John 1, 24.
- .. 29, l. 21 '*low-God*' = impossible, devices; l. 11, '*Ex-fence*' = a fence; l. 22 '*ex-fence*' = ex-fence.
- .. 31, l. 1 '*low-lyfe*' = *low-lyfe*, i.e. Fitz-gerney, who, in 1596, was in his twenty-first year only, and doubtless the poem was worked in much earlier : l. 22 '*low-lyfe*' = support.
- .. 32, st. 3—on these allusions to Spenser and Daniel and others, see our Introduction, and of p. 22, st. 3; l. 16, '*low-God*' = *low-God* : st. '*low-God*' = authentic. So 'authority' for authority.
- .. 33, l. 7 and p. 24, l. 1 '*low-God*' = three; l. 10, '*Ex-fence* gold may from your low *low-God*'—the reference is to the dainty and charming gold-pressed 'hand-writing' of the period, exquisite examples of which by John Davies of Hereford and others, have come down to our times.
- .. 34, st. 2-3—see Introduction on these two most noticeable stanzas; l. 9, '*low*' = enumerated, as those that deserve enumeration.
- .. 34, l. 10, '*Cyparissus*' = cypress—the tree, not 'black crape,' as shewn by 'boughs' in next line; l. 16, '*low-God*' = feather-tufted or adorned. The bassinet was "the skull sleight helmet or head-piece worn in old times by the French men at arms." Cotgrave.
- .. 35, l. 5 '*low-lyfe*' = the liver in its unfoldings; l. 14, '*low-God*' = sorrow, un-ease, not physical 'disease.'
- .. 36, st. 1-3 onward—see Introduction on these (again) most noticeable stanzas; l. 12, '*low-God*' = prize.
- .. 37, l. 7, '*Low-God*' = dam, i.e., stopped up.
- .. 38, l. 2, '*low-God*' = bandy—toss from one to the other, as in tennis, the game so named; l. 7, '*low-God*' = name alone; l. 13, '*principates*'—by stress of rhyme for 'princes' as 'principalities'; l. 19, '*Eliza's*' = Elizabeth's.
- .. 39, l. 11, '*low-God*' = condition of the sot; ll. 13-14, '*viper, impiously that files the wombe*'—the odd 'Vulgar Error' that the young vipers gnawed out their way to birth.

- Page 30, l. 7, 'maine and might'—again by stress of rhyme for the usual 'might and main'; l. 10, 'Unwain'd'=unweaned; *ib.*, 'at a stay'=a stand; l. 11, 'ruth'e'=sorrow or repentance.
- „ 31, l. 14, 'mush-rumps'=mushrooms; l. 17, 'biles'=boils—a pronunciation still common among the vulgar; l. 18, 'aboades'=inhabits or makes habitation.
- „ 32, l. 17, 'ure'=use.
- „ 33, l. 1, 'eviternall'=ever-lasting, ever-living; l. 11, 'Cynosure'=canis cauda or Ursa minor, in which the 'pole-star' is; l. 14, 'Illice'=Ursa Major. According to some accounts Illice and Cynosura were nurses to Jupiter.
- „ 35, l. 1, 'Jove's high progenie'=men.
- „ 36, l. 1, 'Grinvil'—see Introduction; l. 7, 'Prorex'=pro-rex—representative of royalty; *ib.*, 'regiment'=government; l. 8, 'Ale Poet'=Gervase Markham in *The most Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinville, Knight.* 1595; l. 10, 'facts'=deeds.
- „ 38, l. 17, 'dappers'=the di-dapper, dab or dob-chick.
- „ 39, l. 8, 'Compostella's Saint'—The city of Compostella, now called Santiago or Santiago de Compostella in Galicia, had a cathedral with a very rich shrine dedicated to St. James, the patron saint of Spain. Thence arose the ancient Spanish order of knight-hood of St. James of Compostella; l. 18, 'Thriſe'=thrice.
- „ 40, l. 17, 'loſt'=loss, by stress of rhyme.
- „ 41, l. 7, 'obſtant'=opposed; *ib.*, 'lets'=hindrances; l. 14, 'onle fight'=sight or view of alone.
- „ 42, l. 6, and p. 50, l. 5, 'Argos-ries,' punningly printed = Argus' eyes; l. 7, 'included'=shut within; l. 13, 'glauncie'=bluish or gray; l. 15, 'Galeasos'=Galeazza, the Italian word for a galleasse.
- „ 43, l. 6, 'damp'd.' Cf. note on p. 27, l. 7.
- „ 44, l. 16, 'blather'=bladder.
- „ 46, l. 4, 'ſpill'=spoil or plunder, *i.e.*, take possession of; l. 21, 'rebatel'=beat-back, repelled.
- „ 47, l. 7, 'Moly'=a medicinal plant held in the greatest esteem; *ib.*, 'Diclamnum'=medicinal herb so named, very frequently noticed in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature; l. 21, 'reſum'd'=licentiously for 'amm'd'.
- „ 48, l. 6, 'enjyn'=a misprint for 'enjyned'; l. 8, 'talars'=alaria, on the small wings attached to the ankles of Mercury.
- „ 50, l. 19, 'ratters'=a German trumpet, but applied to others of like character—see Halliwell, *s.v.*
- „ 51, l. 8, 'Elizab's'=Elizabeth's; l. 21, 'Ritching'=enticing.
- „ 52, l. 9, 'Hope'—the 'Hope' was one of the fleet in 1588, 'Captain Sampson'; *ib.*, 'Kewings'—the 'Kewings' was Drake's own ship, in 1588; l. 11, 'Benedictors'—this was Drake's ship in 1587; l. 12, 'bandol'd'=bandanied; l. 14, 'Pore-fight'—

was in the Fleet of Sir John Hawkins in 1590; l. 15, '*Advise*,' l. 16, '*Reliefe*' and '*Ayde*'— 'Advice,' 'Relief' and 'Aid' were all names of the queen's ships in 1588; l. 19, '*pretence*'— contemporaneously this and the verb 'pretend' were at times used in their primary sense of stretching forth to, or intendment.

- Page 53, l. 7, '*Victorie*'— Sir John Hawkins' ship in 1588; l. 10, '*Bear*'— the 'White Bear' was commanded by Lord Sheffield in 1588; l. 11, '*Lyons*'— the 'Lion' was Lord Thomas Howard's ship; l. 15, '*Golden hinde*'— Drake's ship in the voyage round the world.
- „ 54, l. 10, '*ballaffed*'= balanced; l. 21, '*Triumph*'— Frobisher had the 'Triumph' in 1588.
- „ 55, l. 11, '*publique wealth's*'= common-wealth's; l. 16, '*insultations*'= boasting.
- „ 56, l. 5, '*iusticer in peace*'= a justice of peace.
- „ 57, l. 4, '*a riuer*'— Drake greatly improved 'Plymouth'—see all the Memoirs of him; l. 5, '*uncouth*'= strange; l. 19, '*opprobry*'= opprobrium; l. 21, '*glide*'= gliding, or flow.
- „ 58, l. 8, '*enmoves*'= moves, but 'en' prefixed— to be noted (as in other words) in relation to 'be-getter' for 'getter' or obtainer of the famous Sonnets' dedication; so also p. 84, l. 2; l. 9, '*unneatn*'= scarcely.
- „ 59, l. 8, '*Golden-hinde*'—see note on p. 53, l. 15; l. 9, '*round*'= globe or circle; l. 18, '*lunary*'= of the elect of Pheebeus not Pheebe, and therefore had a halo like a R. C. saint.
- „ 60, l. 7, '*vncoth*'= strange.
- „ 61, l. 20, '*amated*'= feared or amazed.
- „ 62, l. 7, '*disfafe*'—see note on p. 25, l. 14; st. 2—by the last line of this stanza, and by the previous and the succeeding stanza, and all from st. 3, p. 59, to st. 1, p. 62, all of which speak of Ulysses and the Odyssey, it would seem that here he speaks of these, but with a sub-reference as well to Homer's (mythical) minor poems.
- „ 64, l. 10, '*flacke*'—qu. a misprint for 'flake'= flake—used in sense of framework. See Halliwell, *s.v.*, flake or flaik. It can't be = flacke, a stroke.
- „ 65, l. 14, '*emblaze*'= blazon; l. 17, '*brute*'= Brutus; *ibid.*, '*train'd*'= led.
- „ 66, l. 9, '*cancel*'= limits or bournes, *cancelli*, being bars or lattice-work, whence our English verb to cancel, by drawing strokes across; l. 20, '*amated*'—see note on p. 61, l. 20.
- „ 69, l. 8, '*Mandevil*'—like Herodotus, Sir John Maundeville was too long flouted as unauthentic; but our own times have seen his integrity of fact and narrative established beyond gainsaying. The other mythic-historic and familiar historic references need

he himself commanded the 'Elizabeth Bonaventure' in the fleet opposing the Spanish Armada. In 1589 he sailed in the 'Victory,' with two other ships, for the West Indies. He captured the town of Fayal with twenty-eight prizes, worth 20,000*l.*, but was severely wounded. In 1591 he led a fleet to the Mediterranean, and in 1592 to the Azores, again in 1593 and 1594. In 1598 he sailed in the 'Malice-Scourge,' with a fleet of nineteen other ships, and harassed the Spaniards in the West Indies. He died, as already stated, in 1605; *ibid.*, 'Howard' = Lord Thomas Howard, who was the eldest son of the fourth duke of Norfolk, by his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Lord Audley of Walden. He was born in 1561, and commanded a ship in the fleet of 1588. In 1591 he was off the Azores, retiring on the approach of a superior Spanish force. He served with Essex against Cadiz in 1596, and was created Lord Howard of Walden in 1597. James I. made him earl of Suffolk in 1603. He died in 1626.

Page 105, l. 4, '*ali*'—misprint for 'all'; l. 15, '*Dragon*'—here, as throughout, there is a play on the name as = Draco. Drake's first ship was also named the 'Dragon'.

„ 106, l. 14, '*augurise*' = foretell as the augurs did.

II. THE BLESSED BIRTH-DAY . . . , p. 111—see Introduction on the other editions of this poem.

Page 113, l. 1, '*Devote*' = devout; l. 21, '*Epigrams*' = his Affanix—see our Introduction; p. 115, last line, '*Hen. Beefdy*'—see Introduction.

„ 117, l. 14, '*his sonne*' = Fitz = son : geffrey = geoffrey, as before.

„ 123, l. 4, '*saluing*' = healing; *ib.*, '*erected*' = auto-type of the brazen serpent put on the 'erected' pole by Moses.

„ 124, l. 15, '*ingeny*' = wit, genius, intellect; l. 23, '*Behold a sonne*,' &c.—here and onward Fitzgeoffrey anticipates many of the '*Paradoxes*' of Herbert Palmer's '*Orthodox Paradoxes*,' so long and disastrously mis-assigned to Lord Bacon. See my '*Lord Bacon not the author of the Paradoxes*' (1863).

„ 126, l. 5, '*compare*' = comparison.

„ 128, l. 12, '*dumbe*,' *i.e.*, without 'The World'

„ 129, l. 19, '*then*' = than; l. 26, '*raghe*' = *ragged* or *raw*.

„ 131, l. 7, '*fume*' = smoke.

„ 137, l. 13, '*Faburthen*' = the old name for a kind of counterpoint.

„ 140, l. 2, '*impent*' = pent in; l. 4, '*Crack*' = *cracking*; l. 7, '*illy*' = weak.

„ 148, l. 12, '*derius*' = *derision*.

„ 150, l. 1, '*Burfe*' = *Exchange* or *Bourse*.

„ 154, l. 26, '*Impi*' = *was*, *derision*.

„ 161, l. 7, '*Man*' = *man*, with a play upon *Man* = the Man Christ Jesus.

Page 170, l. 13, '*Winter Sunstead*' = place of the sun. So girdle-stead = girdle-place or waist; home-stead or steed, &c.; l. 23, '*Fall*'—an excellent example of the two names for the third season, 'Autumn' and 'the Fall.'

„ 171, Transp. II., l. 2, '*enlight*' = enlighten.

„ 173, l. 11, '*vild*' = vile.

„ 174, l. 11, '*neatneffe*' = niceness; l. 18, '*Stellify*' = make starry.

„ 176, l. 6, '*officious*' = obliging.

„ 177, l. 23, '*ofcitance*' = drowsiness, and expressed by yawning.

„ 178, Transp. VII., l. 1, '*Referendarie*' = referee, or one to whose decision a cause is referred.

„ 181, l. 1, '*enfues*' = succeeds.

„ 183, l. 18, '*been*' = be, *r.g.*

„ 189, l. 10, '*Father's*' = Adam's; l. 12, '*loed*' = lade; Transp. XIV., l. 4, '*handfell*' = first use of anything.

„ 199, l. 19, '*beavie*' = bevy, company.

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- Page 30, l. 7, 'maine and might'—again by stress of rhyme for the usual 'might and main'; l. 10, 'Vnwain'd'=unweaned; *ib.*, 'at a stay'=a stand; l. 11, 'ruthe'=sorrow or repentance.
- „ 31, l. 14, 'mush-rumps'=mushrooms; l. 17, 'biles'=boils—a pronunciation still common among the vulgar; l. 18, 'aboades'=inhabits or makes habitation.
- „ 32, l. 17, 'ure'=use.
- „ 33, l. 1, 'eviternall'=ever-lasting, ever-living; l. 11, 'Cynofure'=canis cauda or Ursa minor, in which the 'pole-star' is; l. 14, 'Helice'=Ursa Major. According to some accounts Helice and Cynosura were nurses to Jupiter.
- „ 35, l. 1, 'Jove's high progenie'=men.
- „ 36, l. 1, 'Grinvil'—see Introduction; l. 7, 'Prorex'=pro-rex—representative of royalty; *ib.*, 'regiment'=government; l. 8, 'his Poet'=Gervase Markham in *The most Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinville, Knight*. 1595; l. 10, 'facts'=deeds.
- „ 38, l. 17, 'dappers'=the di-dapper, dab or dob-chick.
- „ 39, l. 8, 'Compostella's Saint'—The city of Compostella, now called Santiago or Santiago de Compostella in Galicia, had a cathedral with a very rich shrine dedicated to St. James, the patron saint of Spain. Thence arose the ancient Spanish order of knighthood of St. James of Compostella; l. 18, 'Thriſe'=thrice.
- „ 40, l. 17, 'leſt'=loss, by stress of rhyme.
- „ 41, l. 7, 'obſtant'=opposed; *ib.*, 'lets'=hindrances; l. 14, 'onlie ſight'=sight or view of alone.
- „ 42, l. 6, and p. 50, l. 5, 'Argos-ciet,' punningly printed = Argus' eyes; l. 7, 'included'=shut within; l. 13, 'glancie'=bluish or gray; l. 15, 'Galeazar'=Galeazza, the Italian word for a galleasse.
- „ 43, l. 6, 'damp'd.' Cf. note on p. 27, l. 7.
- „ 44, l. 16, 'blather'=bladder.
- „ 46, l. 4, 'ſpill'=spoil or plunder, *i.e.*, take possession of; l. 21, 'rebated'=beat-back, repelled.
- „ 47, l. 7, 'Moly'=a medicinal plant held in the greatest esteem; *ib.*, 'Diſtammum'=medicinal herb so named, very frequently noticed in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature; l. 21, 'reſum'd'—licentiously for 'aſum'd'.
- „ 48, l. 6, 'enjoyne'—qu. misprint for 'enjoyed'; l. 8, 'talars'=talaria, or the small wings attached to the ankles of Mercury.
- „ 50, l. 19, 'rutters'=a German trooper, but applied to others of like character—see Halliwell, *s.v.*
- „ 51, l. 8, 'Elizs'=Elizabeth's; l. 21, 'Ritching'=enriching.
- „ 52, l. 9, 'Hope'—the 'Hope' was one of the Fleet in 1572, Captain Sampson; *ib.*, 'Revenge'—the 'Revenge' was Drake's own ship in 1588; l. 11, 'Bonadventers'—this was Drake's ship in 1597; l. 12, 'bandw'd'=bandaged; l. 14, 'Fore-ſight'—

Page 107, l. 2, '*Actis and Monumentis*'—reminiscence of title of Fox's great work.

- „ 124, l. 2 (from foot) '*partis*' read '*partus*.'
- „ 143, l. 3 (from foot) '*necius*' read '*nec tua*.'
- „ 179, l. 19, '*cunctas*' read '*cunctos*.'
- „ 190, l. 4 (from foot) '*tuom*' read '*tuam*.'
- „ 191, l. 15 '*is* throat' read '*his* throat'; *ib.* l. 2 (from foot), '*Heredes*' read '*Herodis*.'
- „ 195, l. 4 (from foot), '*arriſſit*' read '*arriſſit*.'
- „ 196, last l., '*lugulo*' read '*inguis*.'



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